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A SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

(DEDICATED TO AN ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.)

HEAR!

Hear!

Oh, will you hear?

Reed-notes clear,

Fluted in flowery, May-drowsed solitudes,
Filtered through sun-steeped woods:

Come, catch a breath

Of balm-buds sweet as meth;

Come, drink a melodyspiced with things as good
As made the bragget that old Chaucer brewed.

Or if Villon

You dote upon,

I have his note and more,

And Ronsard's best in store,

Caught from a gay *garçon*

Who sang them, clear and strong,

On Bayou Teche,

With a Creole dash

In his voice and the brim of the hat he wore!

What cheer!

What cheer!

That is the cardinal grosbeak's way,
With his sooty face and his coat so red;—
Too shrill, too red, too loud and gay

(Top-knotted, like a jay),

Too crude for the critical eye and ear!

In a wild-plum thicket of Tennessee

He flung a challenge out to me,

And, as Marsyas, easily

Beaten and flayed alive was he.

Cheer! cheer!

What cheer!

Where blows

The Cherokee rose

Amidst Floridian hills, a slave I heard

Halloo across a green tobacco-field,

And sing, as gleeful as a brook or bird,

The whiles a heavy hoe his hand did
wield:

I mixed his tune

With the heat of June,

And sang it

And rang it

By the slow Aucilla

And the deep Santilla

In groves of palm and pine by tropic breezes
stirred.

Oh!

Ho!

The brown thrush

In the underbrush!

Conceited, self-conscious, inclined to gush,

A voice that will not wear;

Faulty *timbre* and volume weak,

He wrings from his beak

A spiral squeak

That bores like a gimlet through the air!

And the cat-bird, too,

With that feline mew,

Is only fit for the springe and the snare!

I like

The shrike,

Because, with a thorn for a guillotine,

He does his work so well and clean!

A practical bird,
Whose common sense
Must be immense;
For, tell me, who has ever heard
Of such a thing
As a logger-head shrike that tried to sing?

Not a mere mimic I,
That is a courtly lie
To give precedence to the nightingale
Bred in a classic vale,
Shadowed by ruins old and dim.
Give me a tilt at him!
Prestige of fame?
Romance of ages in his name?
What care I!
That bird shall die
And lie,
My countless list of slain among,
On the flowery field of song!

He
A match for me!
No more than a wren or a chickadee!
Mine is the voice of the young and the strong,
Mine the soul of the brave and the free!

But I can pipe the oldest runes
And trill the rarest tunes
Of every tongue in which song's perfume is.
Each swell I know,
Each quaver low,
The precious rhymes and rhythmic ecstasies
Dreamed of by master-bards long dead
And buried;
And in my treasure
The lightest measure,
Rondeau, ballade, or virelay,
To music set,
Can match the vagabond troubadour's man-
dore fret for fret,
And in a key more gay
My triolet!

And when Night's vast and shadowy urn
Overbrims with dreams,
I stir the vales of sleep with my nocturne;
Slowly, tenderly
Outflow its rippling streams
To blend with Night's still sea of mystery;
The pungent savor of the dewy buds,
The coolness and the languor of old woods,

And the slow murmur of the darkling rills
My art distills
Into a subtle philter, wild, intense,
Of tenuous melody
And slumbrous harmony,
Blown round the dusky hills,
Through fragrant, fruity tropic thickets dense,
Lingering and lapsing on,
And lost before the dawn!

Higher!
Higher!
I aspire
To Freedom's fullest note;
The vigor of waxing birdhood thrills my
throat;
Morn's wide horizon, rimmed with fervid
fire,
Broadens my hope
And sets far limitations to the scope
Of my desire!
Cage me not!
Enrage me not!
Confine me to no purpled garden-plot:
My song must grow, as grows the plant or
tree,
Out of the sun, and earth, and winds of
Liberty!

Upon no vast
Dead past
I turn my eyes;
But every budding moment's blossom I fore-
cast,
And take each day's new melodies by sur-
prise!
I leap to meet fresh weather,
And feel through every feather
The first delicious foretaste of a change;
I test the range
Of Nature's every franchise, every tether!
Dream on, O Nightingale!
Old things shall fade and fail,
And the glory of the Past shall not avail
Against the Future, all-encompassing,
Whose prophet and whose poet I would
be,
Whose promise and whose meaning I
shall see,
Whose fires shall flame in every note I sing!

Maurice Thompson.



A GLANCE AT BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.



THE first flower I plucked in Britain was the daisy, in one of the parks in Glasgow. The sward had recently been mown, but the daisies dotted it as thickly as stars. It is a flower almost as common as the grass: find a square foot of greensward anywhere, and you are pretty sure to find a daisy, probably several of them. *Bairnwort*—child's flower—it is called in some parts; and its expression is truly infantile. It is the favorite of all the poets, and when one comes to see it he does not think it has been a bit overpraised. Some flowers please us by their intrinsic beauty of color and form; others by their expression of certain human qualities; the daisy has a modest, lowly, unobtrusive look that is very taking. A little white ring, its margin unevenly touched with crimson, it looks up at one like the eye of a child.

"Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!"

Not a little of its charm to an American is the unexpected contrast it presents with the rank, coarse ox-eye daisy so common in this country, and more or less abundant in Britain too. The Scotch call this latter "dog daisy." I thought it even coarser and taller there than with us. Though the commonest of weeds, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" sticks close at home; it seems to have none of the wandering, devil-may-care, vagabond propensities of so many other weeds. I believe it has never yet



Fumitory



under any hedge, or on the border of any field, and the chances are ten to one you will take it back again with surprising alacrity. And such a villainous fang as the plant has! it is like the sting of bees. Your hand burns and smarts for hours afterward. My little boy and I were eagerly gathering wild flowers on the banks of the Doon, when I heard him scream, a few yards from me. I had that moment jerked my stinging hand out of the grass as if I had put it into a hornet's nest, and I knew what the youngster had found. We held our burning fingers in the water, which only aggravated the poison. It is a dark-green, rankly growing plant from one to two feet high, that asks no leave of anybody. It is the police that protects every flower in the hedge. "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety," is a figure of speech that has especial force in this island. Our nettle grows in the woods, is shy and delicate, is cropped by cattle, and its sting is mild. But apparently no cow's tongue can stand the British nettle, though when cured as hay it is said to make good fodder. Even the pigs cannot eat it till it is boiled. In starvation times it is extensively used as a pot-herb, and, when dried, its fiber is said to be nearly equal to that of flax. Rough handling, I am told, disarms it, but I could not summon up courage to try the experiment. Ophelia made her garlands

"Of crow-flowers, daisies, nettles, and long purples."

It would be interesting to know how she managed the nettles.

A Scotch farmer with whom I became acquainted took me on a Sunday afternoon stroll through his fields. I went to his kirk in the forenoon; in the afternoon he and his son went to mine, and liked the sermon as well as I did. These banks and braes of Doon, of a bright day in May, are eloquent enough for anybody. Our path led along the river-course for some distance. The globe-flower, like a large buttercup with the petals partly closed, nodded here and there. On a broad sloping semicircular bank, where a

appeared upon our shores, though Wordsworth addressed it thus:

"Thou wander'st this wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt."

The daisy is prettier in the bud than in the flower, as it then shows more crimson. It shuts up on the approach of foul weather; hence Tennyson says the daisy closes

"Her crimson fringes to the shower."

At Alloway, whither I flitted from Glasgow, I first put my hand into the British nettle, and, I may add, took it out again as quickly as if I had put it into the fire. I little suspected that rank dark-green weed there amid the grass under the old apple-trees, where the blue speedwell and cockscombs grew, to be a nettle. But I soon learned that the one plant you can count on everywhere in England and Scotland is the nettle. It is the royal weed of Britain. It stands guard along every road-bank and hedge-row in the island. Put your hand to the ground after dark in any fence corner, or



WILD HYACINTH, OR BLUEBELL.



Woodruff.

level expanse of rich fields dropped down to a springy, rushy bottom near the river's edge, and which the Scotch call a brae, we reclined upon the grass and listened to the birds,—all but the lark new to me,—and discussed the flowers growing about. In a wet place the "gillyflower" was growing, suggesting our dentaria, or crinkle-root. This is said to be "the lady's smock all silver-white" of Shakspeare; but these were not white, rather a pale lilac. Near by upon the ground was the nest of the meadow pipit, a species of lark, which my friend would have me believe was the wood-lark, a bird I was on the lookout for. The nest contained six brown-speckled eggs,—a large number, I thought. But I found that this is the country in which to see birds' nests crowded with eggs, as well as human habitations thronged with children. A white umbelliferous plant, very much like wild carrot, dotted the turf here and there. This, my companion said, was pig-nut, or ground chestnut, and that there was a sweet, edible tuber at the root of it; and, to make his words good, he dug one up with his fingers, recalling Caliban's words in the "Tempest":

"And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts."

The plant grows freely about England, but does not seem to be troublesome as a weed.

In a wooded slope beyond the brae I plucked my first woodruff, a little cluster of pure white flowers, much like those of our saxifrage, with a delicate perfume. Its stalk has a whorl of leaves like the gallium. As the plant dries its perfume increases, and a handful of it will scent a room.

The wild hyacinths, or bluebells, had begun to fade, but a few could yet be gathered here and there in the woods and in the edges of the fields. This is one of the plants of which Nature is very prodigal in Britain. In places it makes the under-woods as blue as the sky, and its rank perfume loads the air. Tennyson speaks of "sheets of hyacinths." We have no wood flower in the Eastern States that grows in such profusion.

Our flowers, like our birds and wild creatures, are more shy and retiring than the British. They keep more to the woods, and are not sown so broadcast. Herb Robert is exclusively a wood plant with us, but in England it strays quite out into the open fields and by the roadside. Indeed, in England I found no so-called wood flower that could not be met with more or less in the fields and along the hedges. The main reason perhaps is that the need of shelter is never so great there, either winter or summer, as it is here, and the supply of moisture is more uniform and abundant. In dampness, coolness, and shadiness, the whole climate is woodsy, while the atmosphere of the woods themselves is almost subterranean in its dankness and chilliness. The plants come out for sun and warmth, and every seed they scatter in this moist and fruitful soil takes.

How many flowers we have which grow in the woods only, most of our choicest kinds being of sylvan birth, flowers that seem to vanish before the mere breath of cultivated fields, as wild as the partridge and

HAREBELL CAMPANULA,
OR BLUEBELL.



FOXGLOVE.

the first to the last of July the fields in Scotland and England were white with it. Every square inch of ground had its clover blossom. Such a harvest as there was for the honey-bee, unless the nectar was too much diluted with water in this rainy climate, which was probably the case. In traveling south from Scotland, the foxglove (*Digitalis*) traveled as fast as I did, and I found it just as abundant in the southern counties as in the northern. This is the most beautiful and conspicuous of all the wild flowers I saw—a spire of large purple bells rising above the ferns and copses and along the hedges everywhere. Among the copses of Surrey and Hants I saw it five feet high, and amid the rocks of North Wales still higher. We have no conspicuous wild flower that compares with it. It is so showy and abundant that the traveler on the express train cannot miss it, while the pedestrian finds it lining his way like rows of torches. The bloom creeps up the stalk gradually as the season advances, taking from a month to six weeks to go from the bottom to the top, making at all times a most pleasing gradation of color, and showing the plant each day with new flowers and a fresh, new look. It never looks shabby and spent, from first to last. The lower buds open the first week in June, and slowly the purple wave creeps upward; bell after bell swings to the bee and moth till the end of July, when you see the stalk waving in the wind with two or three flowers at the top, as perfect and vivid as those that opened first. I wonder the poets have not mentioned it oftener. Tennyson speaks of "the foxglove spire." I note this allusion in Keats:

the beaver, like the yellow violet, the arbutus, medeola, dicentra, claytonia, the trilliums, many of the orchids, uvaria, dalibarda, and others. In England, probably, all these plants, if they grew there, would come out into the fields and opens. The wild strawberry, however, reverses this rule; it is more a wood plant in England than with us. Excepting the rarer variety (*F. vesca*), our strawberry thrives best in cultivated fields, and Shakspeare's reference to this fruit would not be apt:

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality."

The British strawberry is found exclusively, I believe, in woods and copses, and the ripened fruit has a pale-greenish look, not at all inviting.

Nature in this island is less versatile than with us, but more constant and uniform: with less variety and contrast in her works, and less capriciousness and reservation also. She is chary of new species, but multiplies the old ones endlessly. I did not observe so many varieties of wild flowers as at home, but a greater profusion of specimens; her lap is fuller, but the kinds are fewer. Where you find one of a kind, you will find ten thousand. Wordsworth saw "golden daffodils"

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,"

and one sees nearly all the common wild flowers in the same profusion. The buttercup, the dandelion, the ox-eye daisy, and other field flowers that have come to us from Europe, are samples of how lavishly Nature bestows her floral gifts upon the Old World. In July the scarlet poppies are thickly sprinkled over nearly every wheat and oat field in the kingdom. The green waving grain seems to have been spattered with blood. Other flowers are alike universal. Not a plant but seems to have sown itself from one end of the island to the other. Never before had I seen so much white clover. From



"— where the deer's
swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the
foxglove bell";

and this in Coleridge:

"The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells or in the
gust,
Or when it bends beneath the upspring-
ing lark,
Or mountain finch alighting."

Coleridge perhaps knew that the lark does not perch upon the stalk of the foxglove, or upon any other stalk or branch, being entirely a ground bird and not a percher, but he would seem to imply that it does in these lines.

The prettiest of all humble roadside flowers I saw was the little blue speedwell. I was seldom out of sight of it anywhere in my walks till near the end of June; while its little bands and assemblages of deep-blue flowers in the grass by the roadside, turning a host of infantile faces up to the sun, often made me pause and admire. It is prettier than the violet, and larger and deeper-colored than our houstonia. It is a small and delicate edition of our hepatica, done in indigo-blue, and wonted to the grass in the fields and by the waysides.

POPPIES.

"The little speedwell's darling blue,"

sings Tennyson. It was very touching to see it blooming, as I did, upon the grave of Carlyle. The tender human and poetic element of this stern rocky nature was well expressed by it.

In the lake district I saw meadows purple with a species of wild geranium, probably *Geranium pratense*. It answered well to our wild geranium, which in May sometimes covers wettish meadows in the same manner, except that this English species was of a dark-blue purple. Prunella, I noticed, was of a much deeper purple there than at home. The purple orchids also were stronger-colored but less graceful and pleasing than our own. One species which I noticed in June, with habits similar to our purple-fringed orchis, perhaps

the pyramidal orchis, had quite a coarse, plebeian look. Probably the most striking blue and purple wild flowers we have are of European origin, as succory, blue-weed or bugloss, vervain, purple loosestrife, and harebell. These colors, except with the fall asters and gentians, seem rather unstable in our flora.

It has been observed by the Norwegian botanist Schübeler that plants and trees in the higher latitudes have larger leaves and larger flowers than further south, and that many flowers which are white in the south become violet in the far north. This agrees with my own observation. The feeble light necessitates more leaf surface, and the fewness of the insects necessitates larger and more showy flowers to attract them and secure cross fertilization. Blackberry blossoms, so white with us, are a decided pink in England. Our *houstonia* and *hepatica* would probably become a deep blue in that country.

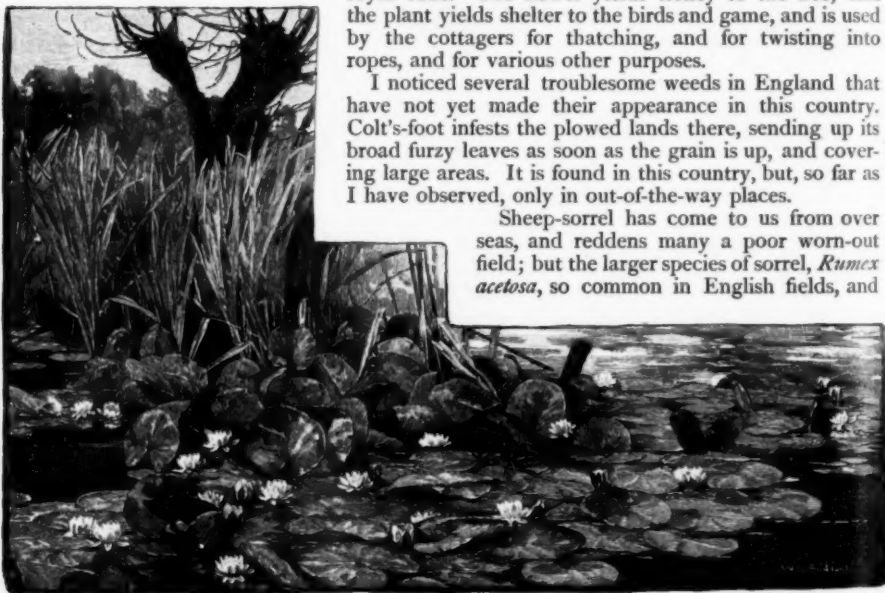
A flower which greets all ramblers to moist fields and tranquil water-courses in midsummer is the meadow-sweet, called also queen of the meadows. It belongs to the *Spiraea* tribe, where our hardhack, nine-bark, meadow-sweet, queen of the prairie, and others belong, but surpasses all our species in being sweet-scented—a suggestion of almonds and cinnamon. I saw much of it about Stratford, and in rowing on the Avon plucked its large clusters of fine, creamy-white flowers from my boat. Arnold is felicitous in describing it as the "blond meadow-sweet."

They cultivate a species of clover in England that gives a striking effect to a field when in bloom, *Trifolium incarnatum*, the long heads as red as blood. It is grown mostly for green fodder. The horse-bean or Winchester bean, sowed broadcast, is a new feature too, while its perfume, suggesting that of apple orchards, is the most agreeable to be met with.

I was delighted with the furze, or whin, as the Scotch call it, with its multitude of rich yellow blossoms exhaling a perfume that reminded me of mingled cocoa-nut and peaches. It is a prickly, disagreeable shrub to the touch, like our ground juniper. It seems to mark everywhere the line of cultivation; where the furze begins the plow stops. It covers heaths and commons, and, with the heather, gives that dark hue to the Scotch and English uplands. The heather I did not see in all its glory. It was just coming into bloom when I left, the last of July; but the glimpses I had of it in North Wales, and again in northern Ireland, were most pleasing. It gave a purple border or fringe to the dark rocks (the rocks are never so lightly tinted in these islands as ours are) that was very rich and striking. The heather vies with the grass in its extent and uniformity. Until midsummer it covers the moors and uplands as with a dark-brown coat. When it blooms, this coat becomes a royal robe. The flower yields honey to the bee, and the plant yields shelter to the birds and game, and is used by the cottagers for thatching, and for twisting into ropes, and for various other purposes.

I noticed several troublesome weeds in England that have not yet made their appearance in this country. Colt's-foot infests the plowed lands there, sending up its broad furzy leaves as soon as the grain is up, and covering large areas. It is found in this country, but, so far as I have observed, only in out-of-the-way places.

Sheep-sorrel has come to us from over seas, and reddens many a poor worn-out field; but the larger species of sorrel, *Rumex acetosa*, so common in English fields, and



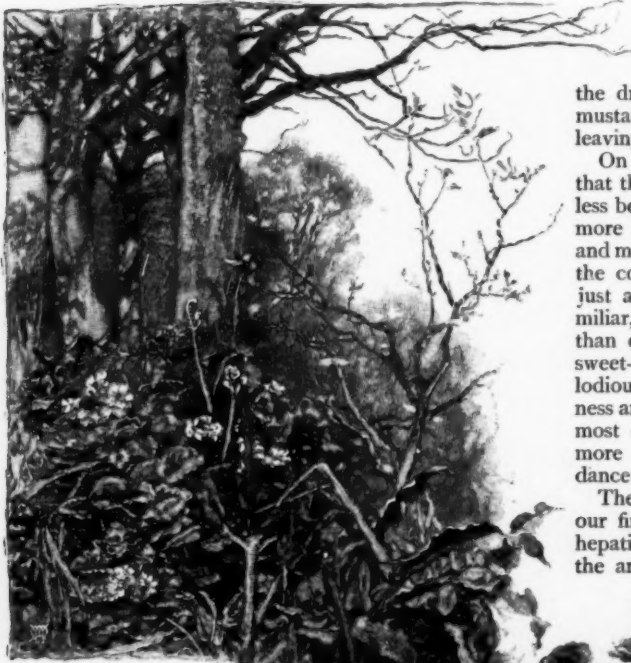
POND LILIES.



GORSE, FURZE, AND WHIN.

shooting up a stem two feet high, was quite new to me. Nearly all the related species, the various docks, are naturalized upon our shores.

On the whole, the place to see European weeds is in America. They run riot here. They are like boys out of school, leaping all bounds. They have the freedom of the whole broad land, and are allowed to take possession in a way that would astonish an English or Scotch farmer. The Scotch thistle is much rarer in Scotland than in New York or Massachusetts. I saw only one mullein by the roadside, and that was in Wales. I did not catch a glimpse of blue-weed, bouncing Bet, elecampane, live-for-ever, bladder-campion, and others, of which I see acres at home. They hunt the weeds mercilessly; they have no room for them. You see men and boys, women and girls in the meadows and pastures cutting them out. A species of wild mustard infests the best grain lands in June; when in bloom it



rue-anemone, the dicentra,—a beauty and delicacy that pertains only to wood forms,—contrasts with the more hardy, hairy, hedge-row look of their firstlings of the spring, like the primrose, the hyacinth, the wood spurge, the green hellebore, the hedge garlic, the moschatel, the daffodil, the celandine, and others. Most of these flowers take one by their multitude; the primrose covers broad hedge-banks for miles as with a carpet of bloom. In my excursions into field and forest I saw nothing of the intense brilliancy of our cardinal flower, which almost baffles the eye; nothing with the wild grace of our meadow or mountain lilies; no wood flower so taking to the eye as our painted trillium and lady's-slipper; no bog flower that compares with our calopogon and arethusa, so common in south-eastern New England; no brook-side flower that equals our jewel-weed; no rock flower before which one would pause with the same feeling of admiration as before our columbine; no violet as striking as our bird's-foot violet; no trailing flower that approaches our matchless arbutus; no fern as delicate as our maiden-hair; no flowering shrub as sweet as our azaleas. In fact, their flora presents a commoner type of beauty, very comely and pleasing,

gives to the oat-fields a fresh canary yellow. Then men and boys walk carefully through the drilled grain and pull the mustard out, and carry it away, leaving not one blossom visible.

On the whole, I should say that the British wild flowers are less beautiful than our own, but more abundant and noticeable, and more closely associated with the country life of the people; just as their birds are more familiar, abundant, and vociferous than our songsters, but not so sweet-voiced and plaintively melodious. An agreeable coarseness and robustness characterize most of their flowers, and they more than make up in abundance where they lack in grace.

The surprising delicacy of our first spring flowers, of the hepatica, the spring beauty, the arbutus, the bloodroot, the

PRIMROSES.





but not so exquisite and surprising as our own. The contrast is well shown in the flowering of the maples of the two countries—that of the European species being stiff and coarse compared with the fringe-like grace and delicacy of our maple. In like manner the silken tresses of our white pine contrast strongly with the coarser foliage of the European pines. But what they have, they have in greatest profusion. Few of their flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air; they throng the fields, lanes, and highways, and are known and seen of all. They bloom on the house-tops, and wave from the summits of castle walls. The spring meadows are carpeted with flowers, and the mid-summer grain-fields, from one end of the kingdom to the other, are spotted with fire and gold in the scarlet poppies and corn marigolds.

I plucked but one white pond lily, and that was in the Kew Gardens, where I suppose the plucking was a trespass. Its petals were slightly blunter than ours, and it had no perfume. Indeed, in the matter of sweet-scented flowers our flora shows by far the most varieties, the British flora seeming richer in this respect by reason of the abundance of specimens of any given kind.

England is, indeed, a flowery land; a kind of perpetual spring-time reigns there, a perennial freshness and bloom such as our fierce skies do not permit.

John Burroughs.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.



SAMUEL HOUSTON AS A CHEROKEE CHIEF. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRAND-NEPHEW, SAMUEL M. FENLAND, GALVESTON, TEXAS.)

FEW men in the history of a great nation have attained the distinction Houston did, about whose early life so little is known. Indeed, the question is often asked at the present day, "Who was Sam Houston?" His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, are traced to the Highlands of Scotland. They are said to have left "the land of the heather and mist" for the North of Ireland, to escape the troubles during the time of John Knox, on whose side they fought. Such proud-born and free-thinking souls could ill brook the state of affairs in Ireland, and so, during the siege of Derry, they came to America, locating in Pennsylvania about 1690. Houston's father seems to have possessed only the means of a comfortable living, his ruling passion being for a military life. True to his instincts, he bore his part in the struggle for independence, and was the Inspector of Generals Bowyer's, and afterward of Moore's, brigade. This latter post he held at the time of his death, which overtook him in the discharge of his duty, while on a tour of inspection of the posts along the Alleghany mountains, in 1807. He inherited from his father his powerful frame, fine bearing, strong native intellect, and his military spirit. His mother was an extraordinary woman, being distinguished by

a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. Nature had given her intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above her immediate surroundings. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, while she was nerved with a stern fortitude which, although taxed to the utmost at times, never gave way before the wild scenes that checkered the life of the frontier settler. Houston was deeply attached to her, and fondly cherished her memory. He came from his Indian exile to close her aged eyes and weep by her bedside.

At the close of the last century there stood in the south-east part of Rockbridge county, Virginia, on the left of the Lexington road, an ordinary country church building, known as Timber Ridge Church. Near this church, for the family was a part of its congregation, Sam Houston was born, March 2, 1793. As a boy he could never be got inside a school-house until he was almost nine years old, and even then, from all accounts, he never accomplished much, from a literary point of view. Although Virginia is blest with one of the finest universities of the South, she has never ranked well in her free-school system, and had much less of which to boast in that direction sev-

enty-five years ago. Such early beginnings as Houston made were under many difficulties. If he worked well during the spring and summer, he was allowed in winter the dubious advantages of what was then known as the "old field" school; but it is doubtful whether prior to the death of his father, which took place when Sam was a boy of thirteen, he had ever been to school, altogether, more than six months. This heavy blow changed at once the fortunes of the family, for the father had been their stay and support, keeping them in at least comfortable circumstances.

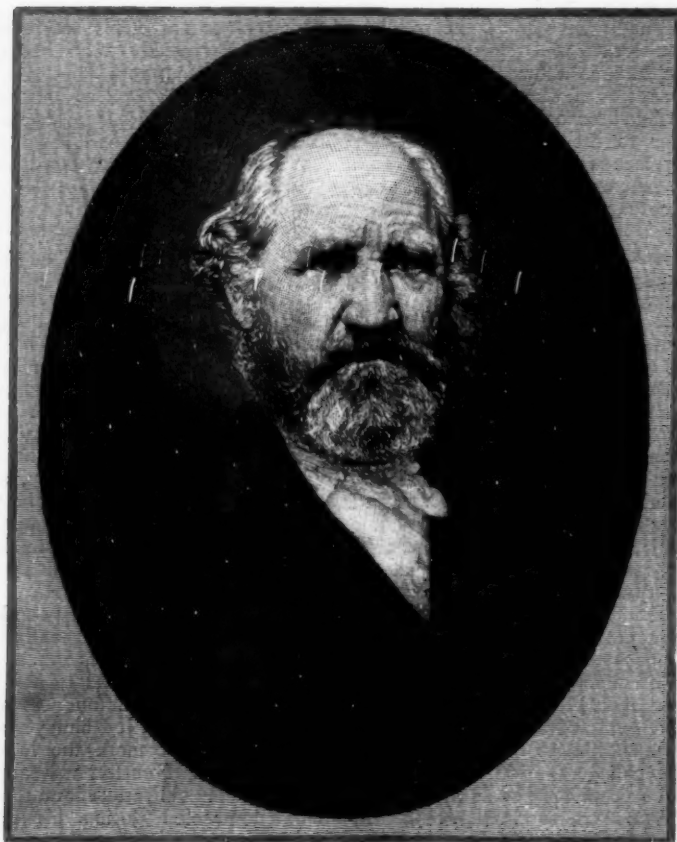
Already the fertile valleys of Tennessee had attracted some of the Houston relatives, the McEwens to Kingston on the Tennessee River, and Dr. William Moore to Dandridge on the French Broad River. With the burden of a numerous family in her widowhood, Mrs. Houston, after disposing of her little all, gathered her six sons and three daughters about her and resolutely set her face toward the Alleghany mountains. She found a home near Maryville, Blount county, on the banks of the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary between the white and the red man. This change involved making her way over rugged mountains and wild rivers, through an almost unpeopled country, beset by all the hardships consequent to such a journey seventy-five years ago. For some little while Sam worked on a farm with his brothers for the support of the family. He was very soon sent to Maryville college, then in its early years and under the presidency of its founder, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Anderson, and here he finished his school days at the age of eighteen. The Rev. Dr. Craig, of Indiana, who succeeded Dr. Anderson in the presidency of the college, says of him:

"Sam was no student, and seldom or never recited a good lesson in his life; he did not take to books, and, of course, learned little from them. But he was a boy and a man of most remarkably keen, close observation. When the Doctor was thinking that Sam and his other pupils were diligently studying their lessons, Sam would have them out on the commons playing. His special pleasure and amusement was to drill the boys in military tactics. He seems to have been a sort of natural military genius. So, instead of getting his lessons, he was mustering the boys, and, as might be expected, he had no lesson at recitation hour. Dr. Anderson said, 'Many times did I determine to give Sam Houston a whipping for neglect of study, but he would come into the school-room bowing and scraping, with as fine a dish of apologies as ever was placed before anybody, withal so very polite and manly for one of his age, that he took all the whip out of me; I could not find it in my heart to whip him.'"

Having fallen upon Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, Sam was so charmed with its military heroes that he was anxious to begin

the study of the Greek language; but being refused on account of his deficiency in other branches, he turned on his heel, declaring most solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any kind as long as he lived. Leaving school and home, he worked for some little while as a blacksmith, in a shop not far from Maryville. Soon afterward his brothers obtained a situation for him at Kingston, as a clerk in the store of a Mr. Sheffy; but this life being too confining for one of his restless disposition, he suddenly disappeared; and, after considerable inquiry, it was found that he had crossed the Tennessee River, and was among the Cherokee Indians, their boundary line being about three miles south of Kingston. Efforts to induce him to return home failed, Houston saying he preferred "measuring deer-tracks to measuring tape." His friends gave themselves no great uneasiness about him, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover, but he returned only, after some months, to replenish his wardrobe, which was in a sorry plight. His mother was overjoyed to see him, and his brothers treated him kindly; but the first assumption of what Sam imagined to be authority on their part drove him once more to the woods and canebrakes, where he again passed several months. He was adopted by a chief as his son, and was initiated into the mysteries of the red man's character, and thus a fondness was formed for forest life, which led him years afterward to abandon once more the habitations of civilized men. Houston was always sensitive to money obligations, and to meet some debts contracted during his return visits he left his red friends and set up a school. This he found to be by no means an easy task, as parents were very slow about placing their children under his care; but, as he never entertained the thought of giving over anything to which he had once put his hand, the young teacher very soon was obliged to turn away from his log school-house more pupils than he had had at first. Formerly no master had presumed to charge more than six dollars per session; but Houston, thinking, no doubt, that one who had been blessed with the advantages of an Indian training should hold his lore at a dearer rate, fixed the price at eight dollars, one-third to be paid in cash, one-third in corn, and the remainder in homespun cotton cloth of variegated colors, like that which he wore.

Having discharged his debts by teaching, he once more sought his old instructor, Dr. Anderson, at Maryville. When Euclid was placed in his hands, he carried the book about for some time, and then came to the conclusion he would never be a scholar. As there



Sam Houston

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, OF AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.)

was a call for volunteers to enlist against the Creek Indians, as well as for the war against Great Britain, he made his way toward Kingston, where Lieutenant William Arnold was recruiting for the Thirty-ninth regiment of regulars. At that date (1813) the recruiting office consisted of a sergeant in command of a parade made up of a drummer and fifer giving out martial music in the streets. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was

his bounty. Houston enlisted as a private, received his bounty, was escorted to the barracks, uniformed, and made a sergeant the same day. These recruits were very soon ordered to join the troops marching to the Creek war under the command of the late Colonel John Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn., who commanded this regiment — the Thirty-ninth — in person at the battle of the Horseshoe, and afterward became a distinguished Senator from Tennessee. Already the war with the Creeks had resulted in that fearful

massacre at Fort Mimms, situated in what is now the southern part of Alabama. The fort consisted of a square of log cabins, protected by a block-house at each angle, all surrounded by a strong stockade. On the morning of the fatal day—August 30, 1813—there were in Fort Mimms no less than five hundred and fifty-three persons, of which number more than one hundred were white women and children, besides one hundred and six negro slaves. Of these by nightfall four hundred were killed and scalped, not a single white woman, not even a white child, escaping.

The whole South-west burned with a spirit of revenge, and troops were soon in the field against the Creeks. It is not necessary to dwell on the heroic march of General Jackson and his Tennesseans through the fastnesses of the Indian country, without means of transportation, without provisions or stores of any kind, nor on the battles they fought. On the 27th day of March, 1814, after weeks of toil and hardship, Jackson was before the Creeks at the Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River in Alabama. It was, at the date of the battle, a wild piece of ground, full of hiding-places for the Indians. Across the neck, a distance of almost four hundred yards, the Creeks had made an immense breastwork of logs, with two rows of port-holes so arranged that troops attacking it would be exposed to both a direct and a raking fire; behind the defenses was a mass of logs and brush-wood for the cover of the enemy. This spot was defended by about one thousand warriors, the very flower of the tribe, while in their huts near the banks of the river were some three hundred squaws with their children. The Indians had taken the precaution to have all their canoes brought near these huts, to facilitate escape should their works be carried. General Jackson saw at once that he had them penned for slaughter, and in order to cut off their escape he sent General Coffee, with all the mounted men and friendly Indians, to cross the river two miles below at a ford and occupy a position opposite the enemy's works. When this had been done the attack began. General Jackson had two pieces of artillery, one a three-, the other a six-pounder, but they failed to do any damage to the solid logs. Meantime General Coffee had sent some of his Indians to swim across the river and bring away all the canoes, which were then used to ferry over a body of troops under Colonel Morgan. Morgan's men first fired the cluster of huts at the bottom of the bend, and then began an attack from the rear. Jackson's men, seeing this, were anxious to be led in a charge; and the General at last consenting to the order it was hailed with a shout

and a rush up to the breastworks, where the men delivered a volley through the port-holes. The fire of the Indians was deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time. Houston's major, L. P. Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works, where he was instantly killed. Young Houston, who had a short time before been promoted to ensign, seeing his major fall, sprang at once to the spot and received a barbed arrow in his thigh. With the arrow still in the quivering flesh, the young ensign, calling on his men to follow him, leaped down into the mass of Indians, and by his vigorous strokes soon had a space cleared around him.

The works were soon carried, the Indians fleeing before the troops into the underbrush. Houston now sat down, called one of his lieutenants to him, and told him to pull the arrow from the wound. Two strong jerks failed, when Houston exclaimed in an agony of pain and impatience: "Try again, and if you fail this time, I will strike you to the ground." Throwing his entire weight against the arrow, the lieutenant drew it forth, but with fearful laceration and loss of blood. While the wound was being dressed by the surgeon, General Jackson rode up and spoke words of praise to his young friend, giving him an order not to enter the battle again, which Houston begged him to recall; but the General only repeated it more peremptorily, and rode on. In a few minutes Houston was once more in the thick of that hand-to-hand struggle, which closed only with the fall of night.

During the late hours of the afternoon it was found that a body of the Creeks had taken shelter under a bluff where a part of the works and some fallen trees completely protected them. Wishing to stop the fearful slaughter, Jackson sent a friendly Indian to say that, if they would yield themselves, they should be spared. They refused any terms, and replied by a volley. Failing to dislodge them with the artillery, Jackson called for volunteers, but no one responded. Houston, calling on his men to follow him, but not waiting to see if they did, rushed toward the spot, the approaches to which were raked by the deadly rifle-balls from unerring hands. He paused to look for his men, when at this instant two balls tore his right shoulder, causing his arm to dangle helpless by his side. Staggering out of the shower of bullets, he sank down, totally disabled. His own account of the affair is as follows:

"I was taken from the field and placed in the hands of the surgeon again, who extracted one ball, although no attempt was made to find the other; the surgeon

saying it was useless to torture me, as I could not live until morning. Comforts in that wilderness place were out of the question for any, but I received less attention than the other wounded, for all supposed that I was dying, and what could be done for any should be done for those likely to live."

The next day he was placed on a litter borne by two horses, and started toward Fort Williams with the other wounded, a distance of seventy-five miles. It is impossible to portray the miseries Houston endured, being not only helpless, but racked by the pains from his wounds. He had nothing, nor could he get anything, that a sick man would relish. Often the canebrake or a spreading tree was their only shelter. He lay a long while at the fort, exposed and neglected. When he had gained a very little, Colonel Johnson, father of the Postmaster-General of that name, and Colonel Cheatham brought him to the Ten Islands, where General Dougherty, who commanded the Tennessee troops, sent him on toward Kingston. Colonel Williams, of Nashville, says in a letter of recent date: "Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, Squire John H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county; he had been given up by his home folks as dead." Worn almost to a skeleton, his mother declared that she would never have known him as her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their old expression. From these wounds he never fully recovered. When at my father's house, on his way to and from Washington in his long carriage journeys, he always had his body-servant, and a large bundle of robes and blankets, on which he slept, no matter what the season was, and his servant had often during the night to dress his wound.

The battle of the Horseshoe was a final blow to the Creeks as a nation. Their loss was 557 dead on the field, while it was thought that at least 200 more were drowned in the river. Jackson's loss was 53 killed and 147 wounded, most of whom were friendly Indians. The Creeks asked for no quarter, as their prophets had made them believe none would be given them by the whites.

The gallant conduct of Houston in this battle was the subject of general remark, and won for him the esteem and admiration of General Jackson, which subsequent events but strengthened.

After languishing for some time at his home in Blount county, he was taken to Knoxville,

Tennessee, for medical treatment, when, after recovering somewhat, he proceeded to Washington, where he arrived just after the Capitol had been burned by the British. In a few months he was sufficiently restored to join his regiment at Knoxville, where he was when peace was proclaimed. On the reduction of the army he was retained as lieutenant, in recognition of his conduct at the Horseshoe, and was assigned to the First regiment, then on duty at New Orleans, at which place he joined it, going down the Mississippi River on the first steam-boat he had ever seen. He was not on duty long until he was forced to undergo an operation for the relief of his arm, the bone having been shattered and the ball still remaining near the shoulder-joint. The following April he sailed for New York, where his health improved.

Returning to Tennessee, he was detailed on duty at the adjutant's office, with headquarters at Nashville, from January 1, 1817. In November of that year he was made a sub-agent to carry out a treaty just concluded with the Cherokees, which duty he performed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Being in Washington that winter with a delegation of Indians, he found out that attempts had been made to injure him with the Government, for having prevented some negroes from being smuggled into the Western States from Florida, which was then a colony of Spain. Houston claimed, in his argument before the President and the Secretary of War, that he was only trying to enforce and secure respect for the laws. His friend General Jackson espoused his cause, insisting that Houston was not only free from blame, but that the Government should reward him for his services; and as a result, Houston, feeling slighted that he received nothing, resigned his army position and returned to Nashville to read law. He was now in his twenty-fifth year, and, selling the last property he had, he entered the law office of the late Hon. James Trimble. Although he had been told he must read eighteen months, in less than seven he applied for and obtained his license, being admitted to the bar with great *éclat*.

He began his profession at Lebanon, and was very soon doing well, being considered a well-read, successful young lawyer. He was now made adjutant-general of the State, with the rank of colonel, and in October of the same year was elected Attorney-general for the Nashville circuit, over some very distinguished lawyers. As prosecuting attorney for the State, he never sent a bill before the grand jury unless he was satisfied from careful investigation that the proof made out the

case, and that the accused ought to be convicted; hence he was almost uniformly successful in his prosecutions, although he was jeered at by older members of the bar, on account of his rawness and recent advancement to the profession. In 1821 he was elected Major-General by the field-officers of the division, comprising two-thirds of the State. In 1823 he was sent to Congress from the Nashville district by a handsome majority, and in 1825 was returned without opposition, other aspirants knowing it would be useless to enter the canvass against him. Houston was a follower of Jackson, voting generally as he did; they voted for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, Houston making quite a speech on the occasion. He also voted for several bills granting internal improvements in the South-west, and against the tariff bill of that session.

In 1827 General Houston was elected Governor of the State of Tennessee by a majority of nearly twelve thousand, as successor to General William Carroll. So great was his popularity, and such was the confidence of the Legislature in his executive ability, that they opposed none of his measures. On January 22, 1829, at the age of thirty-six, he married Miss Eliza H. Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Smith and Sumner counties. General Carroll, after being out of the Governor's chair two years, was again eligible, and declared himself in opposition to General Houston, who was a candidate for reelection. The following is from the letter of Colonel Williams, mentioned before:

"The first meeting between them took place at Cockerell's Springs, at a battalion muster in April.

"I was at that time sheriff of the county, as well as colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Governor Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to acquaint myself fully with the popular feeling, and tell him after the speaking, which I did; and as the sentiment was greatly in his favor, it afforded him much satisfaction, and he left the grounds for the city in fine spirits Saturday afternoon. I was registering my name at the Nashville Inn the following Monday, when Mr. Carter, the clerk, said: 'Have you heard the news?' I answered, 'No; what news?' He replied: 'Governor Houston and his wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's family.' I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. I went to his room at once, and found him in company with Doctor Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain the matter. I left him with the Doctor for

a few moments, and on returning said to him, 'Governor, you must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice yourself and your friends.' He replied, 'I can make no explanation; I exonerate the lady *fully*, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man. I will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State.' I replied, 'You must not think of such a thing;' when he said, 'It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends.' Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steam-boat, accompanied by Doctor Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward that he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, where he met a friend, from whom he exacted a promise not to make him known."

This affair, of course, caused a great deal of excitement, various reports flying through the State, all of them unfounded, while some were begotten by the sheerest malignity, and popular feeling was inflamed to the highest pitch. The friends of Mrs. Houston, thinking they were doing her a kindness, loaded the General's name with odium, charging him with every species of crime. General Houston remained quiet and let the storm rage on, without offering a single denial of a single calumny; he would neither vindicate himself nor let his friends do so for him, thus increasing the mystery which hung over an affair that had divided the whole State into factions. During all his after life, even among his most confidential friends, he maintained unbroken silence as to the cause of the separation, though whenever he spoke of his wife it was with the greatest kindness. The explanation below presented is accepted at Nashville as the true one, and is substantiated by the statement of Colonel Williams, whose position and intimacy with the General will render his statement unquestioned; this also agrees with what I have heard through my father's family, to whom General Houston was related.

Years afterward he revealed the cause to the lady who became his wife in Texas; and she, through a sense of conjugal and maternal duty, after his death, gave the facts to the world as follows: After his first marriage he became convinced that something which had not been revealed to him was preying upon the spirits of his bride, and he frankly told her of his suspicion, asking a frank confidence on her part, pledging himself it should not work her injury. His firm but gentle manner led to the confession that her affections had been given

and pledged to another prior to their meeting, and that filial duty alone had led her to an acceptance of Houston's offer. After their separation, he allowed the entire fault to appear as his, permitted and encouraged her application for a divorce on the plea of desertion, and she was finally married to the man of her choice.

We have already seen that in his youth Houston had formed an attachment for the chief of the Cherokees, being adopted by him as his son. Since that event this chief had removed with his tribe to Arkansas, and Houston now directed his course toward the wigwam of his former friend, which he reached after a long journey, at the falls of the Arkansas River. The old chief, whose name was Oo-lo-ot-e-ka, besides a warm, generous heart, possessed a comfortable home, a large plantation, ten or twelve servants, and some five hundred head of cattle. Here Houston was warmly welcomed, the old chief, on hearing of his approach, going some distance to meet him. It would be neither interesting nor pleasant to dwell minutely upon his second experience among the Indians. It is properly considered a blot upon his life. Having provided himself with books, he alternated between the study of the English classics and wild bouts of revelry and dissipation, apparently trying to obliterate every recollection of his former self and standing.

Having noticed with indignation the wrongs which these Indians suffered at the hands of their agents, in 1832 he went to Washington with a Cherokee delegation seeking redress. He succeeded in procuring the removal of five of the agents, but in so doing incurred the enmity of them all, as well as that of their friends. This resulted in a personal difficulty between himself and the late Mr. Stansbury, Member of Congress, from Ohio.

Houston took umbrage at something in the "National Intelligencer," which originated with Mr. Stansbury, and he at once said Mr. Stansbury should account to him for it. An angry correspondence ensued, but ten days elapsed without a meeting, during which time Stansbury went armed to and from the House. They met finally in Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Stansbury crossing over to intercept Houston and snapping a pistol at his breast. An altercation followed, in which Houston inflicted severe injuries upon his antagonist, who was in consequence confined to his room for several days. He sent a note to the Speaker of the House next morning, saying, "I have been waylaid, attacked, and knocked down by a bludgeon, and severely bruised and wounded by Sam

Houston, *late of Tennessee*, for words spoken in my place in the House, and I request that you lay the matter before that body." This was done, and the House spent *exactly one calendar month* in hearing the matter. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, distinguished himself by his zeal to prevent an investigation. Finally Houston was condemned to be reprimanded by the Speaker, which was done in such a way as to leave no doubt that he had the sympathy of that gentleman—Mr. Andrew Stephenson. General Jackson sustained his friend General Houston in what he did; and at a later day, when he had been convicted of this assault by a court of the District of Columbia, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, the President's last official act but one was to remit this fine and the costs.

These exciting scenes having finally come to a close, General Houston set his face once more toward his Indian friends, returning by way of Tennessee, where many of his former friends greeted him with the greatest cordiality, the excitement against him having almost subsided. This mingling with the world outside his Indian surroundings, the return to his old haunts, the meeting once again with old friends, infused the elements of life once more into his nature, and brought him, like the prodigal of old, "unto himself." He said to a friend, "I was dying out once, and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, it would have killed me; but they gave me a national tribunal for a theater, and that set me up again." Having once more arrived among his Indian friends, it was his intention to become a herdsman in the prairie solitudes; but he could settle himself to nothing, giving way to fits of morose, sullen melancholy, evidently comparing his present condition with his past,—the outcast white Indian with the Governor of the proud State of Tennessee.

At this time some of the Cherokees from Texas brought news of the war for Texan independence. General Houston, who was under the influence of "fire-water" at the time, walked out on the bank of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself on the ground, he was silent for some time, lost in thought; then, starting up hastily, he exclaimed: "Henry, let us go to Texas, for I am tired of this country, and sick of this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for both. We are not fit for merchants, never were, and never will be. I am going, and in that new country I will make a *man* of myself again."

He at once began making preparations for the long journey, and, casting off his Indian attire, he came out dressed as a white

man. On the 1st of December, 1832, he embraced a friend who divided a slender purse with him, saying: "Elias, remember my words. I shall yet be the President of a great republic. I shall bring that nation to the United States, and if they don't watch me closely, I shall be the President of the White House some day." After a tedious horseback ride of many miles, he finally located at St. Augustine, and began the practice of the law with the late John Dunn, whom he had known intimately at Nashville. Texas at this date may have been fair to look upon, but it was not in all respects a pleasant country in which to live, having been for years the refuge of men of the most abandoned and desperate character. Colonel Crockett says, in his autobiography, that about this date he sat down to table at a small hotel with eleven men who were known to be murderers and fugitives from justice; indeed, the only inquiry made about a new-comer was, "What did he do that made him leave home?"

Texas was then an empire in extent, with a population of less than fifty thousand, and for years had been struggling to cast off the galling yoke of Mexico, all classes being united in the effort to gain their independence. Conventions had been held for the purpose of organization, though it was not until October 11, 1833, that, under the auspices of the Committee of Safety at San Felipe, a simple form of government was adopted. Stephen F. Austin, the leading spirit in the struggle, had already been made commander of all the forces in the field. On the 12th of November, 1835, the Consultation, as the legislative body was called, met at San Felipe, and proceeded to organize a provisional government, when Henry Smith was elected Governor, J. W. Robinson Lieutenant-Governor, and Houston, who had already brought a small army into the field, was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Texan forces, General Austin having resigned. History scarcely affords a more glorious spectacle than that of Texas, without means, without munitions of war, without regular troops, her army less than ten thousand raw men, armed with rifles and hunting-knives, battling for liberty against an empire whose population was more than eight millions. Santa Anna had been waging war with varied success, victory often resting on the banner of the patriots, until the fall of the Alamo, on the 6th of March, 1836. The annals of war furnish no bloodier picture than is recorded here; the monument which marks the ground that drank the blood of those heroes tells the story when it says: "Thermopylæ had her messengers of death;

the Alamo had none." The last one of the garrison went down under the violence of the Mexicans. Colonel Bowie, who was sick in bed at the fall of the fort, fired from his bed until his last shot was gone and he had a wall of dead about him; the Mexicans dared not approach, but shot him from a window, and, as the enemy came to his bed, nerving himself for a last effort, the dying Bowie plunged the deadly knife which bears his name to the vitals of the nearest foe, and expired. The gallant Colonel Travis fell mortally wounded, but was able on the approach of the foe to sit up. A Mexican officer attempted to cut off his head with a saber. Travis, with a death grasp, drew his sword, which he plunged into the body of his antagonist, both dying at the same moment. General Castrillon took Colonel Crockett, who stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered gun in his right hand, in his left his huge bowie-knife, dripping blood. There was a fearful gash across his head, and at his feet a cordon of nearly twenty foemen, dead and dying. His captor, who was brave and not cruel, took his silvery-haired prisoner to Santa Anna, who flew into a rage, and at his command a file of soldiers shot down the dauntless Crockett. Santa Anna had given the most imperative orders that no prisoners should be taken. A few days afterward Colonel Fannin was induced by the most solemn promises on the part of Santa Anna to surrender his little band of beleaguered men into the hands of the Alamo butchers, and, as a result, on March 23rd four hundred and twelve Texans were led out at Goliad and shot down like dogs. It was through such deadly scenes as these that a republic was born.

General Houston during this time was at Gonzales with a greatly inferior force, consisting of but three hundred and seventy-four raw men; Santa Anna made a feint on this place, and Houston fell back toward the Colorado River, when Santa Anna, having effected the withdrawal of the patriots from Bastrop, also began a march toward the Colorado, which left in its track death and desolation. In the meantime Texas had, on the second of March, declared herself a free and independent republic; meetings were held throughout the country to raise an army to resist the Mexicans, numbering eight thousand, a draft being ordered by the consultation for that purpose.

On the fourteenth of March General Houston received intelligence of the Alamo massacre, and that three thousand of the enemy would camp that night less than forty miles from Gonzales; he began the retreat about mid-

night, and by daylight the army had marched more than ten miles, the entire baggage and stores being in a single wagon, drawn by four oxen. At Peach Creek the army was joined by a reinforcement of one hundred men, and after a halt of three hours for rest, the march was resumed.

The patriots were forced to remove their families as they retreated, and on reaching the Brazos Bottoms the spectacle was agonizing in the extreme. The roads were filled by wagons and carts loaded with helpless women and children, while many others were walking, some barefooted, carrying their little ones. Their cries were still more distressing as they raised their hands to heaven, declaring they had lost their all and knew not where to go, but would rather die on the spot than live to be butchered by the Mexicans. After seeing that all the women and children were safely over, Houston crossed the Colorado River with the army on the seventeenth, and wrote to the Military Committee: "It pains me to see desertions, but if *three hundred men only* remain with me, I shall die with them or conquer our enemies."

The army had been at Groce's Ferry only a short time when news came of the dreadful fate which had overtaken Fannin and his four hundred men. At the moment, General Houston was standing apart with Major Hockley, and said, pointing to the little band of patriots, merely a speck on the vast prairie: "Major, there's the *last hope* for Texas; with these few soldiers we must achieve our independence, or perish in the attempt."

After waiting in vain two weeks for adequate reinforcements, during which time the army suffered badly from camp sickness, but were so fortunate as to receive the two small pieces of artillery called the Twin Sisters, General Houston moved toward Buffalo Bayou, which was reached April 19th. This is simply a deep, narrow stream connecting with the San Jacinto River, near its mouth, about twenty miles south-east of the present city of Houston. The passage was a most perilous one, as there was but a single boat, small and damaged; the General with his own hands hewed fence-rails into oars for the boat; the cavalry, less than seventy in all, swam their horses over. The lines being formed again, General Houston made one of his most impassioned and eloquent appeals to his troops, firing every breast by giving as a watchword, "*Remember the Alamo.*"

Early next day the scouts brought word that the enemy was marching up from New Washington, intending to cross the San Jacinto. General Houston immediately saw the importance of cutting off his retreat, should

Santa Anna cross over, and at once marched for the ferry at the junction of the Bayou and river, near Lynchburg.

He reached his objective point first, and taking the only boat on the river, had it brought under cover of his guns. He now placed his forces in a semicircular strip of timber growing about the bend of the river, while his two cannon were planted on the brow of the copse. Soon the Mexican bugles rang out over the prairie, announcing the enemy, almost eighteen hundred strong, while the rank and file of the patriots was less than seven hundred and fifty men.

After an ineffectual effort to dislodge the Texans by a heavy cannonade, Santa Anna retired to a little swell near the bay, where he had water and timber in his rear, and began throwing up breastworks.

The Texans lay upon their arms until four A. M., when three taps of their drums called them into line. About nine o'clock General Cos, with five hundred and forty fresh troops, joined Santa Anna; but Houston concealed the fact from his forces until it did no harm to reveal it. He now called a consultation of his six field officers, as to the feasibility of attacking. Two were for the attack; the others thought it most imprudent to charge more than two thousand intrenched veterans, over an open prairie, with raw troops having less than two hundred bayonets and unsupported by artillery. However, their many disadvantages but served to increase the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and when their General said, "Men, there is the enemy; do you wish to fight?" the universal shout was, "We do." "Well, then," he said, "remember it is for liberty or death; remember the Alamo!"

At the moment of attack, Deaf Smith came galloping up, his horse covered with foam, and shouted along the lines, "*I've cut down Vince's bridge.*" Each army had used this bridge in coming to the battle-field, and General Houston had ordered its destruction, thus preventing all hope of escape to the vanquished.

Santa Anna's forces were in perfect order, awaiting the attack, and reserved their fire until the patriots were within sixty paces of the breastworks, when they poured forth a volley which went over the heads of the attackers, though a ball struck General Houston's ankle, inflicting a very painful wound; at the same instant his horse was struck in the breast. Though suffering greatly and bleeding badly, General Houston was able to keep his saddle during the entire action. The patriots held their fire until it was given to the enemy in their very bosoms almost, and then, having no time to reload, made a gen-

eral rush upon the foe, who were altogether unprepared for the charge made against them, which was furious, though it lasted less than half an hour. The patriots, not having bayonets, clubbed their rifles and did execution with them. About half-past four the Mexican rout began, and closed only with the night. On the field two of the patriots lay dead and twenty-three were wounded, seven of whom afterward died, making a total of nine killed in the victory, while the Mexicans sustained a loss of six hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded, General Castrillon being among the slain. The prisoners numbered seven hundred and thirty, among whom were Generals Santa Anna and Cos who were captured a day or two after the battle, the former being among the earliest to flee. Leaving his horse bogged in the prairie, he escaped to the Brazos timber, where his pursuers found him secreted in the forks of a large live oak. So far as could be learned, but seven Mexican soldiers escaped, scores being shot or drowned in attempting to cross Buffalo Bayou. Almost forty days after the battle General Houston reached New Orleans on board the United States schooner *Flora*, having been refused passage on a small war vessel belonging to the republic; he had no money, and but for the kindness of friends would have suffered greatly, as his wound received but little attention until he reached New Orleans and had begun to show symptoms of mortification. So anxious was he to be with his young republic, that he remained only two weeks in the city, leaving for home while still scarcely able to sit alone.

The victory of San Jacinto was one of no ordinary character, for it struck the fetters forever off the hands of Texas, deciding at once a contest between an empire numbering eight million inhabitants and one of its small provinces containing a handful of men. The first result of the battle was to drive back the standard of Mexico, compelling it to retire beyond the Rio Grande, never to return except in predatory and transient incursions. This victory opened the way for American progress toward the South. Such was the immediate outcome of the battle, while the annexation of Texas and the result of the Mexican war gave us additional territory equal in extent to one-third of the then United States.

General Houston became at once the leading man in Texas, almost universal applause following him. As soon as quiet and order were restored he was made the first President of the new republic under the Constitution adopted November, 1835, which was borrowed largely from that of the United States. He very soon proposed to President Jackson

the annexation of Texas, which offer was declined, Jackson having always believed that Texas was not properly retroceded to Spain by the Florida treaty; besides, he was not willing at that time to involve our Government in a war with Mexico, which he foresaw as a result of such a measure.

About two years after the revolution General Houston had his first difficulty with the people. Under the Constitution the capital had been fixed at Austin, but power was given to the President to order the temporary removal of the archives in case of danger. The Comanches were committing ravages within sight of Austin, and General Houston ordered the State records to be forwarded to him at Washington (Texas). This caused much excitement in Austin, and four hundred men placed themselves about the State-house to prevent the removal. Colonel Morton, a leading spirit of the revolution, was at their head, and wrote to General Houston, who well knew his character as a fighting man, that, if the archives were removed, he (Morton) would hunt him down like a wolf. General Houston replied in a note of characteristic brevity: "If the people of Austin do not send them, I shall come and get them and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap." The guard was at once doubled, patrolmen were placed on the roads, and a select committee went into permanent session in the city hall. During a sitting of that body one who was unannounced suddenly stood in their midst, having gained entrance by means of a tall live oak which grew against the window; his garb and arms were those of a hunter, and, being spoken to by Colonel Morton, he placed his finger on his lips and remained silent. Colonel Morton flew into a rage and seized him, when the stranger drew his bowie-knife at the same instant that Morton's friends held him back. Another member of the body spoke to the stranger, saying that the meeting was a private one, and that he presumed the gentleman had mistaken the house. At this he walked to a table and wrote one line, "I am deaf." Judge Webb then wrote, "Tell us your business," when a letter was handed him, addressed to the citizens of Austin, which the judge read aloud as follows: "Fellow-citizens: Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether or not you will forward to me the archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision. Sam Houston." The deaf man waited a few moments for a reply, and was about to leave, when Colonel Morton handed him a note saying, "You were brave enough to insult me; are you brave enough to give

me satisfaction?" The mute wrote, "I am at your service," and after fixing terms he left by the window. Morton was told he would be killed, as he was to fight Deaf Smith, who never missed his man; but he could not be shaken in his resolve. The weapons used were rifles, the distance was a hundred paces, and the time sunset. A vast crowd saw the duel. Morton was dressed in broadcloth, his antagonist in smoke-tinted buckskin. Both were cool and stern. At the given signal both fired at the same instant; Morton sprang into the air and fell dead, a ball in his heart. Deaf Smith quietly reloaded his rifle and walked into the forest. Three days afterward he came with General Houston and ten others to Austin, and the archives were removed without further opposition.

While President of the republic, Houston received a challenge to fight a duel, sent by a man whom he regarded as greatly his inferior socially. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he exclaimed, in a voice full of indignant scorn, "Sir, tell your principal that Sam Houston *never fights down hill*."

It was his habit to deliver his messages to the Texan Congress orally. A few days before one of his inaugurals, a member of Congress said to the President that the body would be better pleased if he would prepare written messages; that it would be treating them more respectfully to write them out, and, besides, they could then be preserved for future reference. Accordingly, on the day fixed for the inauguration, he appeared with a large roll of paper in his hand tied with a blue ribbon, and marked in large letters "*Inaugural*." He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and, concluding with a polite bow, handed it to the clerk and walked out of the chamber; when opened it proved to be only blank paper!

General Houston's first term as President closed in December, 1838, and during the term of his successor, Mr. Mirabeau B. Lamar, General Houston served two terms in the Congress of the young republic. He did much good to the country, on one occasion preventing an actual dissolution of the Government by the magic of his great speech in Congress, when that body was just on the point of adjourning *sine die*.

It was during his term as Congressman, on May 9, 1840, that he married his second wife, Miss Margaret M. Lea, of Alabama, a most worthy Christian woman, who had a great influence for good over her husband. He ever spoke of the fact that to her he owed his chief honor and happiness. He was deeply attached to her, and, when a Senator at Washington, invariably spent his

Sunday afternoons in writing to her and his family.

General Houston was succeeded by Mr. Lamar as second President, but was elected in 1841 as the third, and held the office when the Republic was admitted into the Union; thus fulfilling the prophecy which he had uttered on leaving the Indians for Texas. He was faithful to every obligation of life during his public career in Texas, as he had ever been elsewhere. His policy was marked by rigid economy of the revenues of the State, protection against Mexico, and friendly relations with the border Indians.

One of the questions presented by our presidential election of 1844 was the annexation of Texas, which took place in 1845; and ex-President Houston and his fast friend and compatriot, General Thomas J. Rusk, were made her first Senators, taking their seats in January, 1846. These men of commanding mien produced something of a sensation, coming to sit in the nation's council-house as the representatives of a people who had, of their own free will, withdrawn their flag from the seas, their national seal from the world, and their ministers from abroad, to become merely an integral part of our Union. Whatever views others may have entertained on the question of States' rights, General Houston was well aware what had been lost and what had been gained in the step his State had taken. His course in the Senate is well known to have been conservative. He voted for the Oregon compromise measure, and, if he could, would have averted the war with Mexico. He cast his vote for the Oregon Territorial Bill with the slavery exclusion clause; for this he was assailed, but he was finally sustained by his constituency. After the passage of the compromise measures, there was no more justly popular man in the South than General Houston, and, in 1852, he was enthusiastically endorsed for the Presidency by both the Democratic Convention and the Legislature of his State; and had not politicians watched closely, he would have been "the President of the White House." He had placed himself in strong opposition to the secession spirit shown in 1850, thus losing some of his most influential Southern supporters. He ran for Governor in 1857, defending his position on the repeal of the Missouri restriction with great force; party spirit was too strong, however, and he was defeated, although he reduced the opposition majority from 21,000 to less than 10,000. Two years of his term in the Senate were unexpired; these he used to advantage, making his memorable speech in that body against John C. Watrous. In the spring of

1859 a mass meeting was held at Austin, and General Houston was made the Union candidate for Governor, his opponents being A. J. Hamilton and John H. Reagan, the latter of whom afterward sat in Mr. Davis's Cabinet, and is at present a member of Congress from Texas. General Houston with patriotic zeal declared, "'The Constitution and the Union' is my only platform," and made but one speech, which was the best of his life. He was elected by more than 2000 majority, though, owing to divisions in the State, the Legislature was generally opposed to his measures. Their first act was to send Wigfall to the United States Senate, and about the first act of the new Governor was to send in a sterling message in reply to the proposition made by South Carolina for a convention of slave-holding States, with a view to withdrawing from the Union. From that day until he was deposed from office, Houston's every effort and sentiment were for the preservation of that Union to which he had so recently brought his State. He would not consent to have his name before the Charleston Convention of 1860, having foreseen the split in that body. His friends advocated his claim before the Constitutional Union Convention at Baltimore; but when Bell and Everett were nominated on his platform, making the fourth set of presidential aspirants in the contest, he retired, saying, "They have smothered me out."

During the campaign he made several very notable speeches, insisting that the South had no cause to secede though Mr. Lincoln should be inaugurated; he reminded Texas that she "entered not into the North, nor into the South, but into the *Union*"; and disregarding secession as the policy of any political party in Texas, he appealed to the honesty of the State to hold inviolate the compact with the General Government. He resisted a most determined pressure to force him to call an extra session of the Legislature, which he very reluctantly did only after sixty-one men had assumed authority to call for the election of delegates to a revolutionary convention. Deserted by all, and threatened by General Twiggs, after waiting in vain for help from the Federal Government, and being too old himself to engage in civil war, he gave way and the Legislature was convened.

The secession ordinance had already been passed, and now it was ratified by the Legislature, and delegates were sent to the "National Convention" at Montgomery; public property of every kind was at once turned over to the rebels, and while war was in fact being carried on against the United States, the

"ordinance" was submitted to the "*voluntary ratification*" of the people, and sustained by a *majority of those who voted*. Against all this General Houston protested vehemently, in a paper which did him great credit, and the next morning after its publication, on going to the executive office, found, as he expressed it, that "the man who had ridden into the office of Lieutenant-Governor on my coat-tail was Governor in my place." General Houston indulged in a little characteristic pleasantry, and, withdrawing, began speaking against the war.

When the conflict came he retired to his almost unimproved place on Galveston Bay, crushed in spirit and broken down in body. In a letter of recent date his daughter, Mrs. Maggie H. Williams, says: "How well I remember his look when the roar of the cannon at Austin announced that our State had seceded! and his sorrowful words to my mother, 'My heart is broken.' The words were true; he never was himself again." Here, tottering on his crutch and cane, for several years made necessary by his wounds received in the cause of freedom,—the one in his ankle, received at San Jacinto, having finally disabled it,—this venerable patriot watched with anxiety and grief the disruption of that Union which he loved so well. He could not expect to see his young and numerous family settled in life, and he had no hope of educating them under existing circumstances. He remained on his place until Galveston Bay was occupied by Federal gunboats, when he returned to his old home at Huntsville. Martial law having been proclaimed in Texas, he wrote a strong protest against it, based on the Bill of Rights, but he could not get his views published until the despotism had ended. On one occasion at Houston a pass was demanded of him, when the fearless old man drew himself up proudly and said: "Go to San Jacinto, and there learn my right to travel in Texas." In a letter of recent date written by Houston's son Andrew J., now clerk of the Federal Circuit Court at Dallas, he says:

"General Houston on only one occasion asked for anything from the Confederate authorities, and that was when he made a request in person to the superintendent of the penitentiary to remove the officers and men captured on the *Harriet Lane* from convicts' cells to quarters more appropriate for prisoners of war. The superintendent gave them rooms in his own quarters, and their manly conduct during their captivity was in keeping with the courage displayed by them in battle."

Soon after he reached his home at Hunts-

ville, General Houston received news of the wounding and capture of his son, then a mere boy in the Confederate army. This severe blow, uniting with his increased bodily infirmities and the mental anxieties of the past few years, wore away his life, and on the 26th of July, 1863, aged 71 years, he died. While at the very height of his political popularity he had united with the Baptist Church, and he died in its fold, at peace with God and with Christian forgiveness of all his enemies. His last days were spent in supplicating the mercy of God for his helpless family and distracted country. Having married late, he left a widow with eight children, none of whom had reached maturity. Mrs. Houston's death occurred at Independence, Texas, December 6, 1867.

The State of Texas has recently erected on the field of San Jacinto a monument commemorative of the battle and its heroes. It is of blue American marble, seventeen and one-half feet high, plain, square spire, with pediment cap, molded base, and chamfered sub-base. Upon the front is a die of white marble, in which is set a star and nimbus, surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. Near the top is a polished band containing nine stars to represent the nine killed. At the front of the die is the name of B. R. Brigham; on the base, the name "San Jacinto"; upon one side of the pediment the words, "Remember the Alamo"; on the other, "Come to the Bower"

—the air to which the Texans marched to the fight; on the reverse of the base, the words of Napoleon—"Dead on the field of honor"; and on the other side of the base, the following from Houston's address just before the battle:

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked in vain for reinforcements. We have only about seven hundred men to march with besides the camp-guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely on His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free.

"SAM HOUSTON."

It has been truly said that "everything which General Houston ever uttered in a public speech or State paper was well said; under all circumstances he had the manhood to vote and speak his sentiments, regardless of personal and political consequences, consulting no guide but the best interests of his country; in every station he filled he was scrupulously honest, and was never supposed to covet, much less misapply, the public money." He, who had spent his life in seeking the prosperity and welfare of his country, died as Benton said a public man should die—poor.

Alexander Hynds.

The writer desires to express thanks to General Houston's daughter, Mrs. Maggie Williams, of Independence, Texas, for her kindness in lending the miniature of her father, from which the picture showing him in Indian costume is made, and for other valuable help in preparing this sketch.

A SANCTUARY.

It was a valley gentle as a dream,
Cool with tree-shadows, dewy, fragrant, sweet,
Where ran, through bowery ways, a mountain stream—
The troutlet's Eden and the fawn's retreat.

Round black-gnarled roots that heaved the moistened ground,
By leafy mounds, and banks of odorous grass,
And in deep channels, out of sight, slow wound
The brook—a murmur—then a braid of glass.

Huge rocks whose frown was smothered in soft bloom
Like altars rose; faint as an infant's sigh
A lone dove cooed; and through the sylvan gloom
Swam now and then a splendid butterfly.

The very stillness worshiped, and I heard
 The untold secret of the heart of prayer;
 The life that pulsed in all required no word
 To voice the spirit of devotion there.

Upon me fell the Sanctuary's peace;
 I met the soul of Beauty face to face;
 My heart was in the hymn that did not cease
 To fill with tranquil joy the holy place.

I sought no more. Within the veil I stood,
 And Nature's tenderest benison was mine;
 I heard all speech proclaim the perfect Good,
 And felt that simple living was divine.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

I.

OUR last rose left us long ago;
 Then the ripe berries came and went;
 The tides run high that late were low,
 And midsummer is well-nigh spent.

A lonely primrose at the gate
 Stands watching, waiting for her wheels;
 Lady, the lily says—'tis late!
 Our high-top orchard slighted feels,

And the rank burdock spreads apace,
 Fell harbor of the venomous fly,
 And in the sweetbriar's wonted place
 The deadly nightshade, drooping by

The garden-wall, begins to move
 Of sadness in my thought a touch,
 A fancy I would fain reprove
 And dare not dwell on overmuch—
 The shadow of a passing doubt
 I never uttered unto men;
 'Tis this: what were my life without
 Her—should she never come again?

II.

SHE never came. That shadow fell, to last,
 Until the blessed Sabbath of release,
 When out of martyrdom her spirit passed
 From this world's exile to the promised peace.

III.

O REST of God that endeth every pain!
 O smile serene of peace that shall remain!
 O birth of being! when this faulty frame
 Falls into nothingness and Death's a name;
 Hope, no more heartache, with possession blest,
 Come to full fruit, possessing and possessed:
 Earth's passions perishing, now love alone
 Springs to its natural growth beside God's throne.

A SUMMER HOLINIGHT.

Bright soul! beloved best of best and wise,
 True-hearted woman of the dauntless eyes
 That looked on death without dismay, and saw
 The future dawning with abated awe,
 A little while a sylvan thou shalt dwell
 In silent chambers of the woodland fell,
 But no long time; already to thy sense
 The calm is perfect that we saw commence
 Ere the last breath had left thy lip, the while
 Heaven's light seemed breaking on that parting smile;
 And we believe that, sure as June will bring
 Blossoms and bees and all the race that sing,
 In God's good season, such a love as thine
 Must vindicate its love in courts divine,
 Strong in those words that all resembling thee
 Shall one day hear — "Ye did it unto me."

Thomas William Parsons.

A SUMMER HOLINIGHT.

WE are accustomed to speak of darkness as negation, of the night as a usurper; but a fair arbitration never yet gave the award of priority to day. Our mortality deals with the day; our immortality with the night. Why not try to regain some of the privileges of citizenship in this oldest of Saturnian kingdoms?

Night will be friendly to thee: ask a boon. There is a flavor of novelty in the idea of holding a vigil which shall be neither penitential nor scientific, nor yet in the nature of a municipal watch or military bivouac—a vigil to spy out the mysterious ways of the night, to listen, as an eavesdropper, at the door of her council-chamber. I recall with pleasure certain nights of the past summer spent in this unsecular enterprise.

The day springs; so also does the night. Our common expression, nightfall, is an inversion of the truth. The chalice of the evening air has its marked degrees showing the gradual rise of the shadow. Already the forest hedge of the horizon is submerged; the low-lying strata of sunset vapors are changed to the color of a smoldering ember; but directly overhead there is still a region of unmingled daylight—fluid sapphire with some few dissolving pearls of floating cloud. Through this translucent element the latest lingering birds take their flight, dropping down into some convenient tree when finally overtaken by dusk. Innumerable happy hints and allusions occur to the imagination during the long reign of the summer twilight. Given a bright sunset field to work upon, what heraldic conceits, what compositions of the Doré order, can be traced in the old earth's irregular profile! Every evening I observe yonder, on the brow

of the hill, a devout Benedictine leaning on his staff, repeating what *aves* and *paternosters* I know not. Whoever intrudes upon the ghostly father's orisons discovers for his pains only the torso of an old tree in a hood and capote of ivy. Along the hill-slope a hobble-dehoy dance of gnarled saplings is in progress. The feathery crowns of the dandelion rising above the cropped grass of the pasture figure, in this crepuscular comedy, as a service of astral lamps set to light the midsummer-night frolics of the little people. They have also the small, uncertain taper of the firefly. This taper, as though held in the invisible hand of some spirit of the underwood, goes searching along the grass, up through the trees, and now into the sky, as if piqued to discover what relationship the stars bear to its own phosphorescent atom. Nature is tender of fireflies, and only on fit nights allows them to be on parade. If the air has any asperity about it, not a firefly is to be seen.

In the nights bordering on the summer solstice, the boundaries of twilight are not easily defined. There is always a faint flush, or aurora, above the northern horizon, and by a little past two o'clock there is a very perceptible hint of dawn. It might be said that the after-glow of yesterday mingled with the "forlorn hope" of to-morrow. This scarcely intermittent twilight serves to remind us of our distance from the equator, and suggests, too, that our next neighbor under the Pole Star is the land of the Midnight Sun. Those who have lived in tropical countries say that the gloom, or opacity, there observable in the northern heavens often gave them a strange feeling of isolation and homesickness.

Who, though never so watchful, could see the appearing of a star? Without the least premonitory sparkle, a "new planet swims into his ken," but the exact instant of discovery can never be gauged. Once seen, it seems to have been shining from eternity. The first star of the evening is Arcturus,— "the beauty crest of summer weather,"—said to be, of all stars in the northern hemisphere, the one nearest the earth. If so, I understand the earnest scrutiny in which it seems to hold our planet. There are localities among the constellations specially fancied by the poets, regions of almost historic association. One such favorite haunt is Ariadne's Crown. In the old drama, the hero, expecting immediate execution at the hand of the tyrant, takes this leave of his wife:

"My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's Crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee."

By night the concavity of the sky is much more pronounced than by day. The heavens are spread above us as a vast dome, gallery on gallery, transept and arch and recesses for the choirs of silence sunk in the mysterious mid-distances of the firmament. At first the celestial perspective appears overcrowded; star jostles star; beams become inter-knit and involved in a sort of metropolitan maze. Gradually the eye recovers from its perplexity; it becomes a measurer of interstellar space, a resolver of nebulae, a connoisseur of infinitudes.

The sun is a despotism, the stars are a republic of light: it is better to live under a republic than under a despotism. Any allusion to the stars, either on a printed page or in the text of the orator, always brings a sense of freedom and sublimity. Any nation that claims to enjoy their tutelary regard has an heroic task to make good its boast of liberty. Have the stars aught to do with human destinies? We have seen them consenting, denying, admonitory, reminiscent, prophetic. They also lend themselves to any vagary in the mind of the gazer, so that no conclusion can be drawn as to their independent "influence."

The moon should be tried for witchcraft, as possibly she has been at some crazy assize of mediæval judicature. That she has undergone an *auto da fe*, has been burned for her sorceries, has not diminished her wizard potentiality; the present night is as full of her enchantments as when Medea gathered poison herbs under her approving light. No blame to the primitive husbandman if, firm in his belief that there was "something in the moon," he planted, or withheld his hand, according to her instructions.

If we admit a tidal impulse in the world of

waters, why not admit as well that the clod feels a similar drawing moonward? There is a tremulous agitation of the leaves, a wilder rumor in the air, when late in the night the rim of the moon gleams above the dark horizon.

"O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din,
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life."

I do not find the night as devoid of color as is frequently represented; nor will we have our nocturne a monochromatic piece. "Brown" is the adjective most commonly pressed into service by the old-time poets to characterize the complexion of the night. But the night is not brown; at least, we recognize the umber medium, and looking through and beyond it receive from all objects distinct notice of their local daylight color—nature still plainly wearing the green mantle. A difference, however, is to be noted in the unlike effects of moonlight on various leaf surfaces. The foliage of the maple and the elm shows little definition of masses, seeming rather to absorb than to radiate the light, while that of the peach and the pear tree presents a fine polished surface and outline. The leaves of the poplar, stirred by a breath imperceptible elsewhere, look like innumerable small, oval mirrors, constantly shifting to reflect at all angles the lunar majesty. The corn-field seems the repository of all the scythes and sickles that have reaped the summer meadows,—lodged here to be reannealed in moonbeams and whetted to new keenness.

The moon is shorn of half her pageantry on the earth if the dew is not there to coöperate. Moonlight and dew! Is there, or do we only fancy it, an iridescence arising from their union? I am loth to tread on the grass, lest I should destroy the starry system suspended on its blades.

At night the air carries a heavier freight of woody and vegetable odors than during the hours of sunlight; the breeze advises us of a new orient, or Spice Islands, discovered in the familiar latitude of our fields, bringing the scent of blossoming clover and grain. Brushing along some tangled border, we guess "in embalmed darkness" that the milkweed is in bloom, though its perfume bears a reminder of spring and the hyacinth. Here also is the evening primrose, whose flower ought to be as dear to the night as the daisy is to the day; and why should there not be a night's-eye on the floral records?

Nor is the night as silent as it is commonly reported, unless it be so accepted on the principle that where there is no ear there is no sound. Even then, one wakeful exception

in a universe of sleepers ought to be sufficient to give acoustic character to the nocturnal void. I found the night, like the cup of Comus, "mixed with many murmurs." First, and the nearest at hand, the lively orchestration of the crickets (the later summer adds the fife of the grasshopper and the castanets of the katydid); then, in the distance, the regular, sonorous, or snoring antiphonies of the frogs at different points along the winding course of the creek. It would not surprise me to learn that these night musicians are systematically governed by the baton and metronome, so well do they keep time in the perplexing fugue movement which they are performing. That note from the thicket is the whip-poor-will's. What in all the vocalities of Nature is there to compare with this voice of the cool and the dusk, this cloistered melodist, who was never yet heard in the profane courts of Day? It is "most musical, most melancholy,"—a not unworthy rival of the English nightingale. Yet, close by the whip-poor-will's covert one hears what might be called the mechanical process of his song—a harsh, unlubricated whirr, or rattle, which suggests a laryngean ailment of some sort, as, in the same way, the wild dove's note, heard close by, suggests asthmatic breathing. As to the beetle, though I am not quite sure of having heard his "small but sullen horn," I shall not omit him from the category of nocturnal noise-makers. Like the clumsy, heavy-mailed hoplite that he is, he "sounds as he falls," and crackles in the grass in his efforts to right himself. Under the eaves the boring bee still carries on its carpentry. Rarely a half hour passes that some bird does not sing in its sleep; the swallows twitter in their sooty chimney corner; the robin at intervals declares for morning with a loud vivacious whistle, and the wood pewee sends a long note of inquiry. The falling of an apple in the orchard seems to emphasize the law of gravitation. I notice that any sound of the human voice, any unwonted noise, dropped in the deep well of nightly quiet, produces a rapidly widening circle of murmurous responses and expostulations. From the poultry-yard the night-watch there blows a drowsy *mot*, which is repeated successively by all the chanticlers of the neighborhood; the cow lows discontentedly from her paradise of June pasturage; and even the crickets grow more strident. From which I infer that the night keeps a police force in her pay. How do I know what invisible patrols supplement this audible and stationary picket-guard? Beyond all accountable sounds there is always the shadow of a sound,—

"neither here nor there,"—a sound which may be the stir of atmospheric particles, or the hum of noonday activities at the capital of Cathay, or a reminiscence in air of planetary music, or the motion of our own terrestrial car, driving through space—or anything else that fancy pleases to say!

There were some cloudy nights in our calendar, but they were not without suggestion. One such night I remember in June, when the play of heat-lightning was almost continuous. These flashes, or, as they seemed, gusts of light, blowing across dark clouds banked in the horizon, momentarily opened up a magnificent aërial architecture, courts, and corridors, and vistaed interiors, such as Vulcan built for the gods of Olympus. Now and then a star glanced through some loophole in the flying clouds that filled the zenith. A singular interchange of chiaroscuro between cloud and clear sky was produced by the lightning: in the flash, the former stood out in bright relief, while during the interval the sky appeared lightest.

Sometimes I extended my walk along the bank of the creek, where, looking into the water, I could see another Cassiopeia's Chair gently rocking in the nether heavens; or I saw the whole blazing constellation of the Scorpion, with red Antares in its center, reflected in the profound shallow of the stream. What of pearl gulfs, of rivers that yield the diamond? It seemed to me that one might dive or dredge for treasure much nearer home. I listened to the musical falling of the water, and thought how they malign the naiad who say the brook "babbles": to me it uttered only eternal, liquid numbers, eloquently arguing that all streams, no matter through what country they flow, have their common rise in Castaly or Helicon. Would you characterize the suave, deceitful flight of time? It cannot be better compared than to a stream slipping away through the night, unseen, cheating with its ever-present voice.

I surveyed for the true equatorial line dividing darkness and light—the occult and fateful "turn of the night" held in religious awe by familiar tradition; but it is necessary to return again and again to establish the exact place, or rather time, passed through by this imaginary parallel. I often seemed to be traversing the cometary matter of some mortal's dream returning from its fantastic errand; but the dreams I entertained were such as have their entrance by the gate of transparencies.

The moon has begun her hunt down the western woods. Four great stars (like four great evangelists of the light) "flame in the forehead of the morning sky." Our watch is done.

Edith M. Thomas.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. III.

COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

OUR commercial buildings offer just now a peculiarly interesting field of inquiry. In no department are we doing more work. "Down-town" New York, for example, is being so rapidly remodeled that small trace will be left in the year 1900 of the work that stood but ten years ago. In no department, again, do problems of greater difficulty and novelty suggest themselves; and in none, I think, is more strenuous effort being made to secure better artistic as well as better practical results than have hitherto been common. It is well, indeed, that this should be the case, since we are not, like our fathers, building for a short time only. Their structures have proved but temporary, while for ours a life may be predicted as long as the city's own. No one can ever build them bigger, and, however ugly we may leave them, our children are not likely to pull them down for æsthetic reasons only.

We know well the sort of business buildings that were typical some forty or fifty years ago—simple cubes of brick or stone broken by regular rows of unornamented windows. They were not even to be considered from the point of view of art, but from their very humility were not actively distressing or offensive. Offense came quickly, however, with the dawning of the "iron age." The world then thought it had found a new material which would meet its practical needs as they had never been met before, and would revolutionize the art on its artistic side as well. At first a new "iron style" was prophesied; but when this failed to appear, every time-honored fashion was drawn upon for help. Many, diverse, and frantic were the efforts made to achieve success. There were no bounds set to ambition; for the cheapness and facility with which iron could be cast into any shape, put within common reach such possibilities of elaboration and display (of *sham* elaboration and display, however) as had hitherto been reserved for occasional use in the most sumptuous and costly work. Nowhere was there more ambition, more experimenting, and more frantic "originality" than with us—as a walk up the central portion of Broadway will prove. But the ultimate result was as far as possible from the hopes we had cherished at the outset. No new iron style was evolved, and no old fashion showed

its fitness for truthful, or even for satisfactory superficial treatment in the novel substance. And I think these years of struggle had a definitely pernicious as well as a merely disappointing outcome. I am sure our public would never have grown to misconceive so utterly the true grounds of architectural excellence, had not the cheap and showy lies of iron been paraded for so many years before its eyes. Had we always kept to brick and stone, we could not have been so lavish with our "applied ornament," and could not have come to love it so unwisely. We could not so have forgotten that construction is the basis of architectural excellence; that simplicity and repose are among its finest factors; and that elaborateness and ornament are only justifiable when attempted in materials of appropriate sorts, and executed with artistic feeling and manual, not mechanical, skill. Surely to iron we owe the greater part of our architectural falsehood, restlessness, ostentation, and vulgarity; and surely to it, the greater part of our present incapacity to distinguish between an organism and an aggregate of inconsequential features; between "decorated construction" and "constructed decoration"; between ornamental detail that is wrought by an artist's hand, and ornamental detail that is coarsely cast in ignoble forms.

It is impossible to find any really good iron buildings among our many thousands. All we can say is that the simplest are the best; or, more properly, the least distressing. The plain fronts that abound, for instance, in the so-called "dry-goods district" of New York are not beautiful, and neither their arches nor their lintels are a satisfactory expression of the qualities of iron. But they are infinitely better, at all events, than elaborate vulgarizations of palatial magnificence like the Grand Hotel with its thousand columns, or the Domestic Building on Union Square with its colossal statuary, or the Venetian or Arabic or flashy nondescript façades farther down Broadway.

But iron no longer greatly interests us except for interior constructional expedients. We no longer make much use of it in our visible exteriors. It has proved intractable from an artistic point of view,—whether of necessity or owing to our want of ingenuity, I do not pretend to say, though it does seem as though thirty years of earnest effort in every

land must pretty well have exhausted its possibilities. And practically it has been tried in fiery balances and found conspicuously wanting. Fortunately for our art, we are forced back almost entirely upon brick and stone as our visible materials.

Are we now to do something really good with them,—something that will be neither a mere square box nor a superficial flourish of mendacious forms and mechanically wrought details? Certainly we are making the effort; and as certainly, I think, we are beginning to succeed. Let us consider, first, the humblest sort of problem, and take as an example of its simple but successful solution a warehouse Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard have recently erected on Duane street, in New York. There was little to work with here: cheap materials, scanty ornament, and not even a corner site; only one of those high narrow façades that go so far to discourage effort. But effort, intelligent effort, has been brought to bear, and the result is fine in the first and chief essential of good architecture—fine in composition. The straight lines of equal windows demanded in a building of the sort are preserved throughout the lower stories; but their uniformity is relieved by the piers and great round arches which, furnishing strength to the wall, also express that strength and introduce the artistic element of design. The fifth-story openings are accommodated to the arches, and their bold variety completes the effect of intelligent composition. Such a building, as truly as the most elaborate, is an architectural growth, an entity, an organism. It proves that its builder had an idea and knew how to express it; that he was neither a mere mechanical piler-up of bricks and window-sashes, nor a mistaken searcher after that effectiveness which, it is supposed, will result from the introduction of “unnecessary” decorative features. Such excellence seems very easy of attainment,—but only now that we see it gained. Let us imagine one of our unpretentious business streets lined with buildings of this sort—I do not mean identical with it, but analogous to it in simplicity, appropriateness, and architectural feeling. We do not conceive it as a street to be merely tolerated, even if our more ambitious thoroughfares were of equal excellence in a richer way; rather as one in which we should find true pleasure, and of a permanent, because a *rational*, sort.

Another similarly simple and successful essay, due to the same firm, is to be found in Newburgh on the Hudson, and may be judged from the illustration on page 514.

A leather warehouse, which is still more uncompromisingly utilitarian in effect, and which is yet an intelligent work of art, stands near

the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and has fronts on Jacob and Frankfort streets, though the corner between them is occupied by another building. It is extremely sturdy, almost rude, in effect, and without the slightest trace of ornament—with not even so much as we find in the little moldings which, inconspicuous though they are, yet add a tangible grace to Mr. Babb's results. But its wall is composed by means of piers and arches; it has a strong though simple cornice; and its openings are well designed and varied, those of the ground story being powerful round arches. Its solidity and strength are not more evident than its fitness of expression, or than its testimony to how much a clever architect may do with a problem so humble that it has long been held beneath the dignity of art. It is only recently, I think, that such simple works have been confided to hands more skillful than those of the ordinary builder; at least, it is only recently that we have had ocular proof of an architect's interference. And therefore it is that I count them such valuable signs of progress. The façades which are being built to inclose the Bridge arcades and fit them for storage purposes give, by the way, welcome evidence of a similar sort.

Now, for variety and the sake of pointing an instructive contrast, let us look at a great wholesale store Mr. Richardson has lately built on Bedford street in Boston—a work of the richest and most elaborate kind, and, considering its place and purpose, of the greatest possible novelty. It would be hard to exaggerate the “true architectural emotion” it produces when we first see it through a vista of narrow streets lined with commonplace commercial structures. Mr. Richardson worked, it is true, under favoring conditions. The site is a rounded corner of two diverging streets, facing a third which affords a good distant view, and is extended enough for good proportions to be possible in spite of great necessary height; and the money appropriated allowed the use of noble material and profuse decoration. But other builders have had opportunities as good, or better even, in this immediate neighborhood. It is not the fault of fate or clients that their results are so far inferior. In Mr. Richardson's building we see composition of an admirable kind. Variety exists with quietness and harmony, and imposing solidity in spite of those wide modern windows which are so often an architect's destruction. Its beauty is *built*, not applied by means of decoration. This last is profuse, as I have said, but is guided and inspired by the structural forms. It enhances and accentuates, but does not itself *supply* the element of architectural “delight.” A detail to be noted is the com-



STORES, 173 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

paratively small size and unaccented simplicity of the doorways. Their subordination to the windows in a structure of this kind is as appropriate and expressive as is the emphasis we have seen Mr. Richardson lay upon them in buildings of another sort. Boston may well be proud of this splendid pile of dark-red sandstone, which is without question the most beautiful of all our commercial structures.

And yet we may ask ourselves whether, after all, it is as hopeful a sign for the future of our art as is such a work as Mr. Babb's. It would be absurd, of course, to compare, on their intrinsic merits as pure works of art, the sumptuous richness of the one with the frank poverty of the other. But I cannot too often repeat that architectural creations—especially with us in this first beginning of our art—have another aspect from which also they must be judged. When we look at them sensibly, they seem valuable in proportion as they offer the best practical solution of the most frequent and characteristic problems of our day and land. The power which can do well with humble opportunities, and create true art at little cost and under difficult conditions, is the power of which we have most need. A com-

mercial building is primarily a financial investment, and the architect's art should help, not hinder, a financial success. For one architect who will have a chance like Mr. Richardson's, there will be a hundred to have a chancelike Mr. Babb's. To the one we shall look to give us now and then a splendid monument; but upon the others we must depend if the generality of our city streets are to be redeemed from their barren ugliness or hideous deformity. And so I think that Mr. Babb's simplicity affords a presage of greater value than Mr. Richardson's magnificence.

Indeed, a further word of criticism may be registered. He would be an ungrateful critic who could wish that in this one case Mr. Richardson had built in any other way. He would be a theoretical purist who could say that since here we have something far too splendid and ornate to be strictly appropriate for commercial uses, it is something, therefore, which should be distinctly condemned as sinning against architectural excellence because sinning against fitness and expression of purpose. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be unfortunate if our architects, dazzled by the beauty of this work, should come to look upon it as a standard, or as a model fit for imitation. On general grounds

such a conclusion would be false; and on special grounds it would be extremely hurtful. Mr. Richardson's talent is of a very peculiar sort. Its results are, perhaps, a law unto themselves; but they are sometimes the last results in the world which should be made a law for others, or which could be safely diluted with the water of imitation. Take away the exuberant strength and fervor which enable Mr. Richardson at times to do unlawful things in a magnificently seductive way, and we should merely have the unlawfulness without the compensating charm. We have not, I repeat, so many fine monumental structures that we need quarrel with this because Mr. Richardson produced it when simply bid to build a warehouse. But it is not every one who would create a monument instead of a pretentious failure in striving for a similar transformation; and no one at all could do it, I am very sure, if attempting the task upon Mr. Richardson's lines, and imitating the manner which is natural to him.

Let us return now to New York, and see how admirable a work of art may be wrought by the perfectly straightforward resolution of a peculiarly utilitarian problem, and without



A STORE AT NEWBURGH.

the slightest recourse to ornamental embellishment. There is no building in the city which has greater beauty of a purely architectural kind than the huge storage warehouse that Mr. James E. Ware has erected at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second street. Certain factors in the programme gave him, it is true, fine opportunities of a sort which the modern architect seldom enough encounters. For one thing, he had a most unusual chance to build great unbroken fields of wall. We know what effects of imposing grandeur the architects of old realized in such fields. We know the temples of Egypt, the warehouses of Nuremberg, the various wide walls of Spain. And we are tempted to believe that the Roman baths, for instance, are finer in their present denuded state — in their huge simplicity and structural expression — than when they were overlaid with a gorgeous dress of “applied” unnecessary features. No complaint is more often in the mouth of the modern architect or his apologist than the complaint that such possibilities are not within his reach. But when

by chance they are, how often does he use them well? How often does he even try to use them at all? Is any sight more common in our streets than a wall, of necessity unpierced, which its builder has seen fit to “decorate” with blind windows over its entire expanse? Mr. Ware has not fallen into such suicidal folly, nor has he left his wall in a naked monotony which would make it a mere brute pile, and not a *structure*. He has grouped his windows, strongly accentuated his string-courses, formed his angles of powerful turrets, and crowned the whole by a finely effective cornice. He has left his fields in simple strength, but has redeemed them from barrenness, emphasized their scale, and turned his building into an imposing work of architectural art. Purpose and interior disposition could not be more truthfully explained. No feature is added for the sake of beauty only, yet each brings its own quota

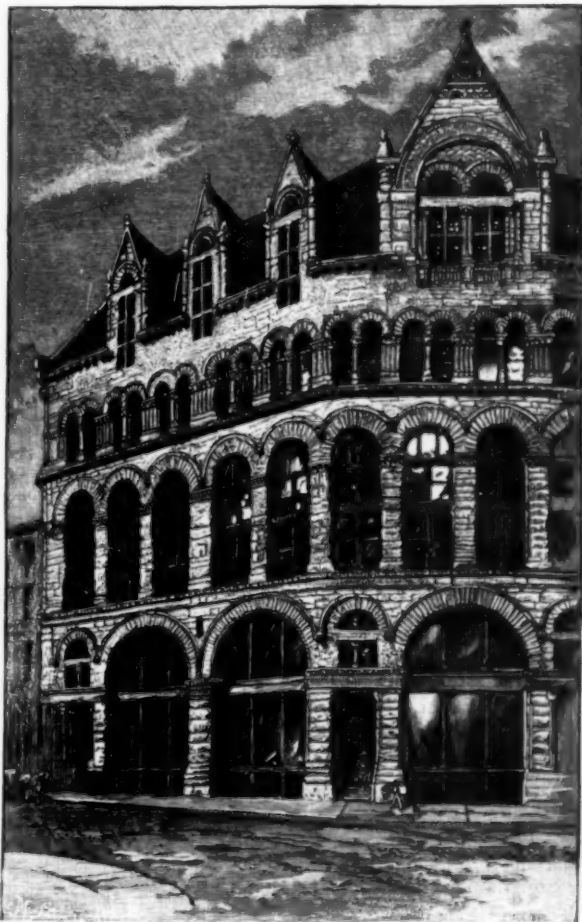
toward general beauty of effect. In detail, as in disposition, there is nothing with which we can find fault, I think, save perhaps the corner doorway, which might have been either more simple or more forcibly accentuated. Everywhere we see evidence of original and happy inspiration. And it *is* original and happy, because entirely based on practical necessities, which are turned (not forced) into artistic opportunities. The building is, by the way, an especially instructive example of the value of light and shade in enhancing architectural forms. Look at it under a bright sun, and you will see how much it owes to the strong markings of its string-courses, to the depth of its reveals, and to the splendid shadows of its cornice and its turret roofs. It is built throughout of red brick, a slight and welcome diversity of color coming through the use of a somewhat darker tint about the openings.

No layman could have said to himself beforehand that thus and so a warehouse in a modern street should be conceived. But every eye must now acknowledge that this is just its proper form — for use, for expressive-

ness, and for appropriate beauty. It is novel, unexpected, and original; yet our first glance convinces us that it is *right* as well as strikingly effective. And are not these the reflections always suggested by a truly fine work of art, and by none that is not fine and true? No architect of the day deserves more hearty congratulation than does Mr. Ware for the artistic excellence of this building, and still more for the truthful, rational, strictly architectural way in which this has been gained. Its influence ought to be as strong and vital as its birth was unforeseen and welcome. If it could be transported to some ancient town, and tenderly touched with the softening hands of time and of historical association, its beauty would be recognized by all, as it now is by those who can appreciate architectural success apart from all adventitious aids.

Some of the new retail stores in our large cities, while far from being perfect or even very good works of art, are yet a noteworthy improvement on their immediate predecessors. We cannot really approve, for instance, of the tall Gorham building at the north-west corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, with its trivial "Queen Anne" detail appropriate only to a structure of one-tenth its size. But since it is of brick, and since its detail, though so feeble, is not loud or vulgar, it is in happy contrast with such a neighbor as Lord & Taylor's iron shop. At the south-east corner of Twenty-second street is a much better work, still weak in composition, but quiet, straightforward, unpretentious, and agreeable. With others of its class it proves, if nothing more, that rampant ostentation is going out of fashion.

Messrs. Peabody & Stearns have built in Boston a large corner store which, in spite of some unfortunate detail, shows a fair attempt at composition and a clever treatment of the porch. This is recessed in the corner, the overhanging story being held by powerful columns



STORES IN BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON.

which strike, in a rational and unforced way, an effective note of variety.

In our smaller towns, too, we are giving up the shrieking bathos which characterized our commercial structures of a few years ago—their cast-iron columns, their top-heavy cornices of sanded zinc, their extravagantly awkward detail. If in place of these we usually find as yet only a more or less fantastic "Queen Anne" design, we must still recognize a distinct step in advance. Though not always sensible or appropriate, and sometimes very distressing, yet such designs have now and then a sufficient grace or picturesqueness to make us partly forgive their lack of deeper excellence. And occasionally we find something that is different in character and really good. One such example I have already

noted at Newburgh; and another, quite unlike it, and of a very charming sort, we see in the Farmers' Bank at Albany, built by Mr. Russell Sturgis. It is especially interesting since, for once, Gothic forms have been chosen, and have been treated in a very straightforward, sensible, and yet effective fashion.

Let us glance a moment at the little Industrial School Mr. Stratton has built on Sixteenth street, in New York, which is illustrated on page 519, and then pass to something very different.

Retail shops and warehouses we have had always with us; but of late years a new member has been born into our commercial family, which is one of the most unmanageable architectural children that have ever claimed attention in any day or land. We see quite clearly that architecture is not an abstract, merely "aesthetic" art, but an art rooted in practical requirements, and molded by material conditions, when we remember that the invention of the steam passenger-lift has brought about the invention of what have not improperly been called our "elevator buildings," and that they offer problems as new as they are characteristic of American soil, and especially of our cramped New York. Their chief characteristic is their enormous height. This height might not be hopelessly obstructive if one's other dimensions could be enlarged in proportion, if several stories could be put into a lofty roof, and if windows and wall spaces might be regulated quite at will. But with it goes, most often, a width that is totally inadequate; almost invariably, the impossibility of adopting a steep roof; and quite invariably, the necessity for a multitude of small rooms within, and so a multitude of small and monotonously spaced openings without. What is to be done with such a problem? I have not been surprised to hear some architects say, "Nothing. It is hopeless. We may as well surrender at once. The most we can do is to use good materials and discreet ornamentation. We can attempt no architectural composition, and if we are expressive we must, of



A CORNER OF THE MANHATTAN WAREHOUSES.

course, be monotonous, since there is nothing but monotony to render. We must retire in ignominy behind plain walls and uniform lines of little windows."

And, indeed, it would have been well if this modest hopelessness had sometimes regulated action. Especially when we look at our most ambitious apartment houses do we feel that nothing could possibly be worse, and that the barest factory would have been a good deal better. But with apartment houses we are not here concerned. Only the "office building" falls within our present chapter, and when we look at its embodiments we may change our tone a little. I do not know why it should be so, but certainly our down-town "elevator buildings" are far better than their up-town brethren. Perhaps it is because in the commercial work our desire has often been simply to build well, while in our resi-



WINDOW OVER DOORWAY OF BEDFORD STREET STORES.

dences we have wished to be stylish, elegant, and even "pretty," too. Unfortunate desire, and thrice unfortunate results!

By this I do not mean to say that all our office buildings are good, or that any of them approach the condition of perfect works of art. Some are hideous, and many are simply commonplace. But some are promising, and others, taking into account the difficulties

building or the Western Union. And when we ask how and why they are better, we find it is because they are simpler, and because their architects have attempted structural composition instead of relying upon superficial adornment.

The Mills building, for instance, is bad in many ways, but good in the bold disposition of its masses, which has been effected by re-



MANHATTAN WAREHOUSES.

which have hedged them round, may fairly be called successful. No skill, no talent, no inspiration, can ever make a really beautiful building if its proportions must remain radically and glaringly wrong, and if no opportunity is given for masking them by composition with its roofs and masses. And yet we certainly are proving that something better may be wrung from even the worst proportions and the most monotonous masses than absolute deformity or barren nakedness.

Moreover, if we look at these office buildings chronologically, we can trace, I think, a general advance toward comparative excellence. Surely, most of the latest among them are better, for example, than the Tribune

building, and thus putting the courtyard outside, so to say, instead of inside the structure. The Sherman building, at Broadway and Wall street, is hideously bad below, but its upper stories show good structural intentions in their piers and arches. Nor is the Morse building without evidence of effort in the right direction, as we see most clearly when we compare it with "Temple Court" across the street. And the Williamsburgh Insurance building is also comparatively successful in its main mass, in spite of the grotesque ugliness of its porch, with stumpy columns sliding down its balustrade.

But better than any of these is Mr. Post's Post Building—at once simpler, more ra-



THE FARMERS' BANK, ALBANY, N. Y.

tional, and more agreeable than any of its rivals. An irregular site, which might well have proved embarrassing, has been cleverly turned to account, to give division and contrast of mass. The walls are composed — and as well, I think, as was possible, considering their proportions — by sturdy piers and arches; and the modest detail is pleasing in itself, and rightly placed best to perform its office. The use of a single tone of pale yellow brick and terra-cotta throughout increases the refinement and reticence which characterize the work.

Far more costly and ambitious, and far less successful, is the Washington building on the Battery. Here stone is used throughout, and is treated with a profusion of delicately carved decoration. Composition is attempted, but can hardly be said to be achieved; for the tall

pilasters which run up to the cornice and are crowned with capitals do not compose the wall and unite its features, as do true piers with arches thrown between them. And the elaborate detail is wasted; for it is too delicate and too small in scale, and is distributed too impartially.

One of the most sumptuous of these great structures is Mr. Clinton's Mutual Life Insurance building on Nassau street. It is built of a light-colored limestone, which gives it a certain elegance, and suggests, by the way, the streets of Paris. Its rather elaborate detail is sufficiently well distributed, and its mass has some excellence (though not striking excellence) of composition. Mr. Clinton has given us a work which is attractive in many ways, and is neither vulgar nor commonplace. And yet it does not interest us as much as does the Post building, because it is the result of richer opportunities, and because, moreover, it does not look so simply natural and indigenous. We feel that its architect has had a foreign model in mind, while before Mr. Post's work we feel that he has merely been trying to make the best of his problem in the frankest and easiest way.

A work that does not exactly rank with the foregoing, since its scale is so much less, we see in No. 55 Broadway, which is due to Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard. Its modest extent did not, however, lessen difficulty, but increased it rather, since the height remained so lofty. Here there was absolutely no chance to use the truest sort of structural composition; but there *is* composition, nevertheless, in the arrangement of the string-courses, of the openings, and of the ornamentation. A treatment so detailed would be out of place in a broader building, but here it was the only thing possible, and has been most successfully carried out. Unity is not lost in variety, and yet the variety is great enough almost to hide from the eye the preposterous proportions of the wall. If such a front can be agreeably treated, there must be hope for all things — more hope than, upon theoretical grounds, we might be inclined to cherish.

A new building on the east side of Broadway below Cortlandt street, designed by Mr. Hunt, offered a less difficult problem. It is rich, dignified, and pleasantly effective. Yet we cannot give it quite unqualified praise, since it is hardly a piece of true architectural composition. Its beauty comes from the polished columns which flank every window, and is *applied* beauty, though honest and elegant in its own way.

A very charming work is Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's Columbia Bank, on the corner of Forty-second street and Fifth Avenue.

Its masses are modeled by the strong projection of two bays on its longer side, the narrow Fifth Avenue front being analogous to these bays in the treatment of its upper portions. The lower story throughout is of

of much praise. This is the idea of treating the central portion of the long wall in a somewhat screen-like fashion, subordinating it to bays which project at its extremities. These bays correspond in width to the narrower



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN WEST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

stone beautifully worked, and is finished with a delicate cornice. The brick wall above is set back a little, producing a fortunate effect of variety and increased apparent stability. The windows are grouped in large square openings, and a delicate ornamentation of terra-cotta enforces the architectural lines and adds an element of quiet richness and elegance. The small *loggias* which surmount the bays are welcome features, lightening the structure in the place where lightness is appropriate. There is perhaps some confusion in the use of the terra-cotta, its *role* sometimes being constructive and sometimes decorative. Inside the bank we see the same refined treatment that always characterizes the interior work of these architects, though properly subdued into accordance with utilitarian purposes.

On the south-east corner of Broadway and Broome street is a building which can hardly be called a successful work of art. But beneath the infelicities of its execution we perceive a general idea which seems deserving

of much praise. This is the idea of treating the central portion of the long wall in a somewhat screen-like fashion, subordinating it to bays which project at its extremities. These bays correspond in width to the narrower

façade, and the corner, of course, is treated as a whole. I should like to see what the architects of the Columbia Bank would make of this arrangement, which is well suggested, but not well developed, in the Broome street work. With a front as narrow and a height as great as those of their bank, a rather tower-like treatment of the corner might be an interesting experiment.

I may note, in passing, an accessory detail which we find in this Broome street store. This is the attempt (and it is not unsuccessful) to bring the sign-boards which so disfigure our business structures into harmony among themselves, and to render them as little hurtful as possible to their architectural background. But the most conspicuous of all the new commercial buildings of New York still remains for notice. This is the Produce Exchange of Mr. Post. There is no recent work of which it is so difficult to speak with fairness,—so great are its defects, and yet so great in some respects its excellence. I may as well confess at once that its ornamental details are as bad



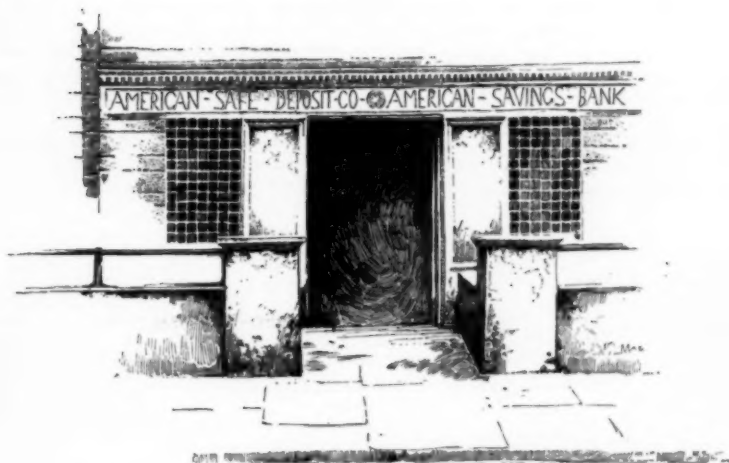
STORE AT 55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

as bad can be. Also,—and this is a more important point,—that it is an extremely untruthful structure, so far as expressiveness is concerned, its exterior being quite unrelated to the disposition of its interior parts. The problem was not an easy one, I know—to build an immense hall for public use, and to put small offices beneath and around and above it in every inch of space it left unfilled. But a better solution, if not a perfectly true one, might well have been secured; and knowing Mr. Post's ability, we may believe he would have found it but for the feverish haste with which the work was pushed—a haste that is likely to do us ill service very often in the future, as it has done in the past in more instances than this. But, after all possible deficiencies are noted, it remains true that

the Produce Exchange, superficially considered for beauty only, is one of the most imposing monuments we have. I have often spoken of the sort of composition which results from the harmonious disposition of diverse masses and features; but there is another sort which comes through the emphatic repetition of a few well-chosen motives. This is the kind Mr. Post has used in a broad, powerful, and singularly effective fashion. Take away in imagination the story above the cornice, which was, I believe, an addition to the original design; suppress the utterly superfluous and disturbing tower; forget the unfortunate porches and the crude ornamentation, and we have a structure which is very fine in general proportion, and in the shape, sequence, and contrast of strong and even noble features. The good qualities of the Produce Exchange must be good indeed, since they so easily persuaded us to shut our eyes to so many and so grave defects.

I might, of course, very much extend this list of our commercial buildings. Without going further afield,—where I doubt not there is much of value and of interest to be found,—I might note other good works in Boston, and certain bank buildings in Philadelphia which are rich and ambitious without being vulgar or inadequate. But no good purpose would be gained. This is not, as I have said before, a *catalogue raisonné* of everything we have lately done. It is merely an attempt—how imperfect and unduly brief no one knows so well as I—to indicate the direction in which our architects are turning their steps and the degree of progress they are making. I cannot really *record* this progress. I can only *illustrate* it by a few examples, and try to explain it so that some hitherto indifferent eyes may be interested in its true nature and its best possibilities. If I have not done this—if I have not explained the excellence of certain works in a clear enough way to enable my readers to appreciate the kindred excellence of such others as may fall beneath their notice, and to see wherein lie the faults of less successful essays—if I have not done this, I say, I have lamentably failed in my chief intention. I have rendered of no avail the only excuse that could justify a layman in passing criticism upon the work of a profession which, more than any other in our day, is surrounded by limitations, fettered by difficulties, and discouraged and hampered by a lack of true popular understanding.

If I may still be granted a little space, I will utilize it to dwell upon an important point, to which thus far I have only incidentally referred. I have said that what, for want of a better term, may be called



FORTY-SECOND STREET ENTRANCE, COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING.

structural finish is an influential factor in architectural beauty, and one which cannot at all be appreciated in illustrations. By structural finish I do not mean the arrangement of features nor the execution of ornamental details. I mean an architect's treatment of his materials in the main portions of his work.

Structural finish may be imperfect in two

different ways — mechanically or artistically. It may sin through mere carelessness, stupidity or dishonesty of workmanship. A structure may be badly built through being weakly or clumsily put together; but the best built structure, mechanically considered, may sin artistically through the unwise selection and arrangement of its units. Most of our work *did* sin conspicuously in just this way until a very few years ago. Either there was no attempt at beauty and variety in the shaping and disposition of the units of construction, or that attempt was made in woefully mistaken fashions. I do not know which is the worse, — an average brown-stone dwelling, built of uniformly proportioned blocks, often sadly out of scale with the size of the structure, and always smoothed to the dreariest monotony of surface, or such a basement as that of the Sherman building, with its brutal masses of

rock and its various other vagaries of treatment. Look now at the lower story of the Columbia Bank, and you will see what I mean by *good* structural finish. The stones are neither too small nor too large, too rough nor too smooth, for their position and for appropriate contrast with the brick wall above; and they are disposed in a way which gives them a truly



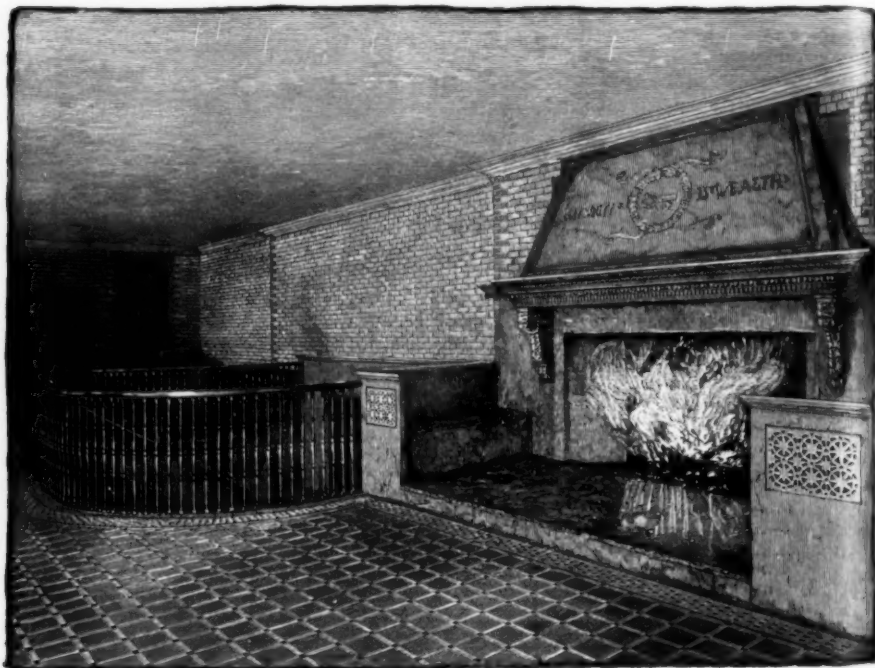
COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING, CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

decorative beauty of their own. We are improving rapidly in this point, I rejoice to say. We are beginning to feel how greatly beauty depends upon the proper size, surface finish, and arrangement of our building-stones, and to divine how under given circumstances it may best be gained.

With bricks, even more depends upon judicious treatment, since they have less indi-

But suppose that as soon as it begins to show traces of dust and weather, it is spruced up after our time-honored fashion with bright paint, and its million little units "pointed" into exasperating prominence! I do not care to dwell upon the thought.

I may add, moreover, that judging from the beauty of the old brick-work of Spain and Italy, a rougher, so-called "commoner," sur-



FIREPLACE IN AMERICAN SAFE DEPOSIT CO., COLUMBIA BANK BUILDING.

vidual excellence to redeem bad disposition. Awhile ago there was but one way in which we cared to use them. We built all our visible brick walls as smooth as possible, painting them bright red as soon as they showed signs of "weathering," and "pointing" them into conspicuous individual life with strong white lines. Certainly, we could have hit upon no worse device; for when our units of structure are hopelessly ignoble, their individual effect should not be insisted upon. It should be allowed to sink unperceived into the effect of *mass*, or to produce mere vague diversities of tone. This is the way in which the Lexington Avenue storage warehouse has been built. If it is left intact, its present crudeness of color and hard smoothness of texture will after a while be subdued into softer beauty.

face than that of our pressed brick would often tell to better advantage; and also, that the introduction of more varied sizes and shapes is a great desideratum. The bricks the Romans used, for instance, were more like what we call tiles in form, and were set with very much thicker and rougher mortar seams between them. The result is, that the impression of tiny units is lost in an impression of mass, and that this mass has a less mechanical surface and a pleasanter variety of tone than are attained in our regular and neatly laid constructions.

I am glad to note, therefore, one instance in which a bold innovation has been made upon our current practice, and with the distinctest success. Messrs. McKim, Mead & White are building a large house on the



PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy-second street, and the bricks used in its upper stories have been made under their directions. They are, if I remember, some sixteen inches long by hardly more than three in width, and are less close and hard in texture than our "best pressed brick." And they are not monotonously alike, but considerably varied in tint, the resulting tone being a soft light brown or very dull yellow. The effect of the wall is

most delightful, both on account of the less mechanically regular shape of its units and of the broken and vital quality of its color. When we remember that it is as easy to make bricks of one shape as of another, and easier to make them varied than strictly uniform in tint, there seems, indeed, no reason why we should restrict ourselves to such monotony as has hitherto prevailed in this direction.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

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CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

UPON my desk lies a book on which is printed in bold autograph characters "Tales from Carmen Sylva's Kingdom." But who is Carmen Sylva? Has she, indeed, a realm that is situated in any portion of the globe, or is her kingdom one of pure romance, that has no existence out of the realms of fairy tale? The kingdom is far-distant Roumania, as a State new-comer among the European kingdoms, but as a land and nation older far than the governments around it, to whom it has for centuries proved a bone of contention. "Puin" the natives fondly call their land,—a word that in their speech means "my darling." Puin has had much to suffer from the nations that compass her round about, and have at various periods of her history enslaved her, trampling her fruitful garden under their iron heels, uprooting her flowers, and destroying her labors. But Puin is at peace now, and happy in her ruler, whose consort is no other than Carmen Sylva. There rests upon her brow a dual crown: one formed of leaves of laurel plucked in the gardens of Apollo; one made of stern iron, fashioned out of guns captured from Mohammedan Turks, and given to her by Charles, Prince of Hohenzollern, now King of Roumania. That he, an alien, an unimaginative and inflexible Prussian, has been able to retain the throne, that he has overthrown intrigues, confounded conspiracies, that he has gained, if not the love, at least the sincere respect of his subjects, is due in great part to the lady who sits beside him, and who, a queen in the best and richest sense of the word, has made his paths smooth and has won the hearts of all that come in contact with her. A lovable woman truly; one of those magnetic presences to whom our hearts go out at first sight, we know not why; in whom a true and noble womanhood rises above the factitious dignity of royalty. Brought under the influence of her deep blue eyes, of her full, rich, sympathetic voice, her genial smile, the wish naturally arises to know more of the woman and the queen.

"I was born far from a throne," she said to me one day, as we sat chatting in cozy *l'été-à-tête* in the tiny study she had made for herself in the Villa Spinola—that house embosomed in orange and lemon gardens, which stands upon the shores of the beautiful Gulf of Genoa, where she spent some weeks last year. "Yes, I was born very far from a throne, and I am heartily glad of it.

I thus had a more natural youth." She is fully aware of the fact that princes as a rule look at life through the wrong end of the telescope, fully aware that it is a fate from which it seems almost impossible to save them; but she hopes and thinks that she has escaped this doom—thanks to the wisdom of her parents, to the comparative modesty of her origin, to the fact that life has been very real and grave to her, and that she has not been shielded and guarded from seeing aught but its sunny side, or one carefully tricked out for her contemplation. Carmen Sylva, as she calls herself by her *nom de plume*, a name compounded from her fondness for song and wood, was by birth a princess of Wied, one of the many tiny principalities with which Germany abounded. At the time the princess was born, namely, December 29, 1843, her family, one of the oldest among small German princelings, had by their kindness and culture made themselves beloved of their subjects. She was a robust, bright-eyed little girl, a very piece of quicksilver, to whom it was needful to teach reading at the age of three, in order to keep her occupied. Her alert intelligence was carefully trained by her cultured parents and by able tutors. She soon distinguished herself by her knowledge of languages, her passion for poetry and music, and her genuine love of the fine arts. Nor were the strictly feminine branches of education neglected. Princess Elizabeth learned to ply her needle as deftly as her pen, her cooking-spoon as well as her drawing-pencil. But she was by no means a merely studious child. Her lively animal spirits needed constant vent, and many a time would she manage to get outside the park, gather the village children about her, and prove the ringleader of wild and merry games. From the age of five it was her ardent desire, her ideal, to be a national school-mistress; and when she was not romping with them, it was her delight to gather the village children around her and teach them what she had just learned herself. There was not much etiquette in her father's little court, where sorrow and sickness had early taken up a permanent abode. The father was a chronic invalid, and the mother was prostrated for five years, while during the whole period of Princess Elizabeth's intellectual development, for eleven years, her youngest brother struggled wearily with a life of pain to which death hourly held out hopes of re-

lease. It is easy to understand what a sad impression all this must have made on the sensitive mind of the young girl, and why it was needful that the family life should be both quiet and natural. To give her a chance of expanding, to strengthen the health of her second brother, and also in the hope of benefiting the little invalid, the mother caused a farm to be laid out in their country-seat, in which the children themselves tilled the ground, milked the cows, tended the poultry, sowed and cut the grain,—in short, did with their own hands all rural labors. This régime was especially healthful to Elizabeth, who was by nature a fantastic child, inclined to weave romances and live in dreamland. It brought her into contact with the real earth, and she learned to know and love nature. Seeing her imaginative leanings, her wise mother had carefully withheld from her works of imagination and poetry, desiring to strengthen her intellect with sterner studies. But she could not prevent the child from secretly inditing verses at a tender age, nor did she remain wholly ignorant of works of fiction. A copy, somehow obtained, of "The Wide, Wide World" was long her favorite reading, and was often found hidden between the covers of some school-book, or under her pillow at night. To succor those in distress, to aid the poor and nurse the sick, was early taught her by precept and example; and with her ardent temperament, which is apt to exaggerate everything, there seemed at one time some danger that she would not have a dress to her back, so liberally did she dispose of her wardrobe to all who asked. Meanwhile, to roam the woods that surrounded the country-seat of the family, if possible alone, accompanied only by her big dogs, so that she might dream her dreams undisturbed, remained the chief pleasure of the little girl. Day by day her German home grew dearer to her, and even among the more stately Carpathians she has not forgotten the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She, too, has given her poetical tribute to that much-sung river, and in introducing her translations of Roumanian folk-songs to her native land she invokes the Rhine in terms of endearment.

This open-air life, this rustic, simple training, united to a refined intelligence and careful mental nurture, has produced an original and charming result. To this day the Queen retains some of the unsophisticated directness of the tiller of the soil, while there is an aroma of the woods and fields in her poetry and her speech. As a mere child her instincts were toward independence and freedom, and to this day conventionality irks her. Many are the

tales told of her wild exploits while in her Rhenish home. One day, when she was but ten, she was seized with a sudden desire to attend the village school. When her mother, as her custom was, came into the children's room in the early morning, Princess Elizabeth begged for leave to go and learn her lessons with the neighbors' children. The Princess of Wied either did not hear, or did not regard the demand as made in earnest, and the little girl, interpreting her silence as consent, slipped away and entered the school, where all knew her well by sight. The master was pleased, but scarcely surprised; he knew the simple habits of the Wied family, and so he continued his labors, regardless of the new scholar. They were in the midst of a singing lesson and the Princess joined in with all the ardor of her nature and the strength of her youthful lungs. Singing was a delight to her, all the more that at home, among so many invalids, she had to check her exuberant utterances. But, to the no small dismay of the whole class, a little girl standing next her, annoyed at, perchance jealous of, this full-voiced song, unable to sing her down, put her hand over the Princess's mouth to silence her. While she was in this ignominious position, there arrived a liveried servant from the castle, sent in pursuit of the fugitive, whom he bore off humiliated, and who was condemned to several days' captivity in consequence of this escapade.

Journeys to the Isle of Wight, to various German towns, and even to Paris, for the purpose of seeking change of air, and surgical aid for the invalid brother, had broken the monotony of the Princess's life; but not until she was seventeen did she make acquaintance with the great world. She then paid a visit of several months to the court of Berlin. Here an adventure befell her, and if, as Lord Beaconsfield asserts, adventures are to the adventurous, it was but right and proper that a romantic accident should befall the mercurial Princess Elizabeth. Rushing down the stairs one day with her habitual impetuosity, she slipped and would have fallen to the bottom, had not a gentleman who was ascending at the same moment caught her in his arms. It was a fall laden with unexpected consequences, for she had fallen into the arms of her future husband. But as yet she was not to rest in them for good. The young Princess evinced an almost savage dislike to matrimony, and in response to all proposals of marriage made to her replied: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." The reply seemed a very safe one in those days, when Roumania had but just been founded, and only as a principality, under the boyard

rule of the worthless Prince Couza. She little realized that later she would be taken at her word. Meantime she went home again to Wied, and resumed her offices in the sick-room and her studies; for until she was twenty-five, indeed until she married, Princess Elizabeth never ceased to take lessons. Her favorite tutor, a cultivated minister of that small sect, the Mennonites, told me that he used to allow her in later years to regulate her own studies. He had early trained her to think, and often for hours master and pupil would discuss their readings. What the Queen never could and never will suffer is surface talk. She has a manner of at once leading conversation away from trivialities, and with her fine knowledge of human nature and kindly sympathy with her fellows, she invariably succeeds in drawing out the best that is in people, and also in making them speak of that which they know best or care for most. She has the rare gift of questioning with *esprit*; she has the yet rarer gift of listening well; and at the same time she is herself an excellent talker, and knows how to set conversation going and to maintain it. In her youth she was a great reader, and had acquired Dr. Johnson's art of tearing out the heart of a book, for she has little patience to wade through detail. Her powers in this respect often perplexed her slower-witted, thorough-going German tutor.

In 1862 her little brother died, and soon after her most intimate friend. In 1867 it was thought well that the Princess should be removed awhile from the house over which ever hung the shadows of sorrow and death. Therefore her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, took her traveling to various parts of Europe. While at St. Petersburg she was struck down with typhus fever, and when she recovered it was to learn the bitter tidings that her adored father had passed away. "Must all I love on earth be borne to the grave?" is the burden of a mournful poem written in her journal of that date. Music became her only consolation, and during her convalescence she took lessons from Mme. Schumann and Rubinstein. In the summer she went home, to find the quiet home yet quieter and sadder. During the next years every summer was spent at home on the Rhine, every winter traveling with her aunt. Even when away she diligently pursued her studies. Thus, one winter at Naples was entirely dedicated to the works of Shakspeare, Scott, and Dickens. From childhood she had spoken English with ease, and had been attracted to English literature.

Meanwhile European public events were changing, a change destined to affect the "wild rose-bud of Wied," as her friends loved

to call her. In 1868 Prince Charles of Hohenzollern had been chosen ruler of Roumania, and in the autumn of the next year he came to the Rhine to remind the Princess Elizabeth of her desire to rule over that kingdom. Even so it was a little while before she could consent to resign her fiercely cherished independence, but she yielded, and in November of the same year he took her to his home amid the Carpathians, after she had been united to him four times over, namely: according to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran, her own religion, according to the Roman Catholic, which is his, and according to the rites of the Greek Church, which is the creed of their kingdom. Arrived in her new home, she at once threw herself with native ardor into all her new duties. She learned to read and write Roumanian, she made herself acquainted with the needs and requirements of the land, and soon saw that she had not been wrong when, years ago, she had aspired after this throne as one which would give her a noble work to do. While keeping herself carefully aloof from the entanglements of politics, the result of her endeavors was soon felt more beneficially than those of cannon or diplomatists. She founded schools, hospitals, soup-kitchens, convalescent homes, cooking-schools and *crèches*; she encouraged popular lectures; she inculcated respect for sanitary laws, most needful in an eastern land; she founded art galleries and art schools. These institutions now bear practical testimony to the Queen's energetic love for her nation and her kind. It was her endeavor from the first to be a mother of her people in the best sense of the word, and "little mother" has long been the tender name by which her people call her. To give but one instance, a small matter, and yet one that has had much influence and greatly contributed to her popularity: It seems that Roumanian women have ever been famed for their powers of spinning and weaving, their deftness in embroidery; but the new Queen found that a love for tawdry West-European clothes and Parisian fashions threatened to extinguish their national art and to render the picturesque costume of the country a thing of the past. Out of her own private purse she founded a school of embroidery, in which the old Byzantine patterns were carefully reproduced. She encouraged the peasants to bring to her the robes they had embroidered, and when in the country she donned the national costume, and made her ladies wear it too, the only difference between her dress and that of the peasants being that she wears the veil, which, as in old Greek costume, as we may learn from the story of Helen, is the mark of queenly dignity. She further made

it obligatory that at the annual charity balls in Bucharest the national costume would be worn.

In 1870 the Queen became a mother, and though her child was only a little girl, and hence of no value to the land as heir, she was none the less precious to her mother's heart. For four years, four precious years, all the Queen's happiness was centered in this child; in her babe's beaming eyes she forgot all griefs, all worries. Joy, of which she had known so little in her life, had taken up its abode beside her, and for a time banished Sorrow, her too faithful attendant. There is a most charming portrait extant of the Queen, in all the pride and joy of young motherhood, carrying her child pick-a-back upon her shoulders. We seem to hear her speak the words of her own poem, "The Mother":

"The fairest word on earth that's heard,
On human lips the fairest word,
Is mother.
To whom such name shall once belong,
High honor hers her whole life long,
A mother.
But all her earthly joys are o'er,
Who is and then who is no more
A mother.*

Alas! she was to be among the latter; her happiness was as short as it was intense. Death, who had already taken from her so much, dealt her the hardest, bitterest blow of all, a blow from which she will never recover. She has well said: "Almost every one has had his Gethsemane and his Calvary. Those who arise thence no longer belong to earth." That is the impression the Queen makes on those who know her. Though she can be merry enough at times, it is evident that earth does not hold her tightly, that she is one of those who have known grief and drunk its bitter cup to the lees. An epidemic of scarlet fever raged in Bucharest, and to this scourge the little Princess fell a victim. "Other mothers had to give up their treasures," said the Queen, "why should I hope to escape?" But it was her ewe lamb that had been taken. Then it came about that sorrow made the Queen an author. From her childhood she had written verses in secret; her thoughts naturally took shape in metric speech, but she had never thought of publishing, or indeed of showing, her verses except to near friends. Now, after this sore blow, her pen became her loved companion and trusted friend. She poured out her woe in song; she versified the tender sayings of her tale; she translated into German the favorite Roumanian folk-songs of her little one. This book she published, in the hope that what had given pleasure to her darling

would also please the little ones in her distant German home among the vineyards and oak forests. All these early poems, as indeed her poesy in general, are characterized by a tone of deep melancholy,—not the fashionable and too often artificial world-pain, but a true and deep life-weariness, the utterance of one from whom life has taken all away, and to whom only death can now be donor. She looks to him to save and release her, and sings:

"Death is one with Joy, 'tis he
Heals and sets free."

But before the Queen gave to the world a printed volume, she had to suffer the dread horrors of war. The Ottoman campaign of 1877-78 had broken out; Roumania suffered cruelly and fought bravely, and King Charles was ever to the front. Hers was the task to succor the wounded and comfort the distressed. She maintained out of her private purse a lazaretto for a hundred patients, and was constantly found here or in the other hospitals, personally tending the patients; and often her persuasions alone induced the soldiers to submit to painful operations. Again and again was she present cheering and encouraging while the surgeons wielded the knife, and many a death-bed did she solace. No wonder the sick adored her as a saint; no wonder the coldly egotistical *haute société* of Bucharest were shamed out of their indifference, and accorded the Queen pecuniary and even personal aid in her noble work. There stands to-day, in the public place of Bucharest, a fine monument representing the Queen in the act of giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. This statue was subscribed for by the wives of the Roumanian army as an enduring testimonial of their love and gratitude for her whom the popular voice now christened "the mother of the wounded."

Unwearying, indefatigable, is the Queen in the discharge of her duties; indeed, it is doubtful whether many queens interpret them so rigidly. But Queen Elizabeth is a wise woman as well as a kind one. She has her people's weal at heart, but she has also her husband's. "Yours will be a noble mission," he said to her on the day of their betrothal. "You must comfort tenderly when I have been too harsh, and you may petition for all." He knows that his uprightness is coupled with Hohenzollern lack of sympathy, that hence he often offends against the prejudices of his less sternly molded subjects, when it is his desire to act purely for their good. If King Charles is now a popular sovereign, this is mainly due to his wife,

* The translations interspersed in this article are from the pen of Miss Amy Levy.

who furnishes the emotional element to his excellent but rigid deeds. "Ours is by no means an easy throne to fill," she said to me. "We are not old and established, but strangers in the land; we must try to gain the favor and good-will of all."

When the Queen has fulfilled all her duties, there comes for her a precious moment when she may retire into her study and live for herself and her ideals. It was in 1880 that she first published. From the beginning she had taken a lively interest in the literature of her new country, greatly assisting its revival and culture; and since she never lost sight of the Fatherland she had left behind her, her desire was to act as interpreter to the European nations to whom Roumania was a *terra incognita*. Hence she translated a selection of Roumanian poems into her "beloved German tongue"; and to the land of grapes and forests, to the Rhine that witnessed her childhood, with a certain regal pride she presents this battalion of Roumanian poets. Behold, she seems to say, Vasilio Alecsandri, who has written eight volumes and has created the national drama; Eminesca, the poet of pessimism; Negruzzi, who writes prose as excellently as verse; Scherbanescu, who writes as vigorously as he fought; all these are citizens of the land over which I reign.

Her next work was called "Stürme," and was thus dedicated to her fellow-women:

"Ye, having heart and strength to bear
Deep in the fervent-glowing soul,
Whom the fierce flames of Passion's self
But strengthen, making firm and whole.

"Ye, having might, when tempests rage,
To lift the the head, free, fearing nought,
Whom the heart-pressing weight of life
Rules with the sway of earnest thought;

"Ye, breathing only light and warmth,
Forever, like a live sun's ray,
Till tenderly the bare black earth
Kindness and joy brings forth straightway;—

"Smiling, great burdens have ye borne,
Mountains of woe, and still smile on;
Guerdonless, where no trumpets sound,
Victorious battles have ye won.

"There laurel is not, nor loud fame;
There secret tear-drops fall like dew.
O Heroes, whom no crowds proclaim,
Women, I give this book to you."

The book contains four narrative poems of very unequal merit. The best is "Sappho," which, though it shows many evidences of immaturity, is original in form and treatment. Regardless of archaeological necessity, with a boldness that seems to betoken a lack of reverence for historical accuracy and traditional propriety, the writer has allowed

herself to take great liberties with the old Greek story. The Sappho whom she puts before us, a Sappho who desires to be nothing but a mother, who lives with her daughters and companions in a fabled castle, which for all its Greek name must have stood somewhere in German lands, is a Sappho who never existed. Quite un-Greek is the fable which causes two hearts to be torn asunder by grievous misunderstandings; un-Greek the spirit that pervades the many really charming lyrics interspersed in which the tone of world-weariness prevails; un-Greek too the form, original though the idea undoubtedly is, to blend the pentameter with the old German alliterative rhyme. It rings sonorously, and proves how seriously the writer has studied her art, that she ventures to stray from the beaten path and create a rhythm for herself. Indeed, her style is always correct and often original and striking. All four poems are rich in lyrics. The Queen has caught the peculiar warm, homely, fanciful tone that distinguishes German lyricism from that of other nations. It is in its lyrics that the often roughly handled, but naturally uncouth German tongue shows of what music and subtle fancies it is capable. But these lyrics defy translation; they lose too much when they give up their aroma of native speech. The brief title "Storms" well expresses the dominant note of the poems. Their tempestuous character would lead one to think that Byron had been the writer's model; but I have it from her lips that, unlike most Germans, she cares little for that poet.

Her next publication was in prose, a novellette called "Ein Gebet" (A Prayer), of which a clumsy English translation appeared under the paltry title of "A Love Tragedy." Soul Tragedy would have been more to the point. As a girl the Queen had often desired to write novels, but had ever put them aside with, "When I know the world, not before; I am only a Princess." This story shows she had learned to know the world and its many subtle trials, its bitter silent combats, defeats, and victories whereof the outside public knows nothing. A narrative poem, "Die Hexe," succeeded this, a work suggested by Professor Carl Cauer's statue of a fair demon, a piece of sculpture that excited much attention at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. This work is very characteristic of the Queen's writings, in that she is apt to write too fast, so that excellent fundamental ideas are made abortive by inadequate execution. She does not observe the Horatian maxim; the impetuosity that is a part of her character is reflected in her work. She lacks patience. This fault is really to be deplored, and the more that the Queen has genuine poetical gifts, a fine

fancy, a musical ear, fire and grace. But her facility constitutes her weakness. Had she not been a royal author, had she had to do battle with the exigencies, caprices, uncertainties of publishers and editors, she would have received just that schooling which she lacks, and which hinders her from being a great poet, and confines her within the ranks of the minor singers.

In the "Hexe," and in her next published work, "From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom," the Queen's strong leaning toward the romantic school is plainly marked. The folk-lore of her land has been embellished by passing through the alembic of her fanciful German brain, and hence the tales lose as contributions to comparative mythology, while they gain as fairy stories. This work, too, was penned in haste, but there was a reason for it. The Roumanian Minister of Culture had begged permission of the Queen to make a selection from her poems as a prize book for the national schools. She offered instead to write something specially suited for the purpose, and in three weeks laid before him the version of Roumanian folk-tales which she had actually written in the Roumanian tongue, and had further illustrated with her own pencil. She dedicates the book to the children of her realm, telling them how the proudest kingdom she owns is one which they too can make their own, the kingdom of fancy.

Solely the Queen's own invention are the cycle of stories that followed this book, called "Leidens Erdgang" (Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage).^{*} Disconnected stories, they are yet bound together by one fundamental idea, an idea wholly symbolical. The Queen has here dealt with the eternal question, Whence and wherefore is sorrow in the world? Sorrow is brought before us as a child, the daughter of life and strife, a lovely child, and yet one upon whom none can look without weeping. She has no home, but wanders restlessly from place to place, turning in now here, now there, and ever creating havoc by her visits. It is in these visits the author lets us follow her. Sometimes we remain in the realms of pure allegory or of fairy tales; sometimes the stories are so modern, so realistic, that we are startled when, at the end, the symbolical element reënters. After touching the whole gamut of human misery in the last story, the objective character is abandoned, and in autobiographical form, under the title, "A Life," the royal author has told the history of her sufferings. It is veiled under a slight cover of fiction, but it is unmistakable

that here we have Carmen Sylva's soul laid bare before us.

"I wanted to find Truth. Then Sorrow took me by the hand and said: 'Come with me. I will lead you to Truth, but you must not fear on the way!' No, I fear nothing. I am so strong I can carry mountains." Thus she begins her earthly wanderings, guided by Sorrow. She is led into the domain of the arts, and chooses music; and she sings and plays until her voice is weak and her hand fails her, and yet she cannot attain her ideal. Mournfully she puts aside the instrument, seeing she cannot be an artist. She then seeks Truth in science, but is forced to recognize that wisdom is for her but death and dust, and what she desires is to live. Then Sorrow leads her to the death-bed of a youth who fought long and sorely with dire sickness until at last he succumbed. She is made acquainted, too, with other death-beds; she weeps bitter tears beside the graves of her beloved, until at last she would die of grief. "What! die already?" said Sorrow. "You who said that you could carry mountains! Why, you have not lived yet, for you have not loved." Then Sorrow brings her to the man to whom she is to belong for life. "And Sorrow led me into matrimony and made me a mother, and loaded great and rich labors upon my shoulders. I groped about to find the right road, for we had to encounter misunderstanding and mistrust, and on the steep path stood Hate and Strife. But I did not fear, for I was a mother. Yet not many years was this high dignity mine; the beaming eyes of my child were closed, and I laid its curly head in the cold grave. Yet I stood erect, notwithstanding the fire in my breast, and asked of Sorrow, 'Where is Truth? Now that all earthly joys, all earthly hopes, have been borne to the grave, there remains for me nothing save Truth, and I have a right to find her.' Then Sorrow pressed into my hand a pencil and said, 'Seek.' And I wrote and wrote, and I knew not that I exercised an art, since years ago I had, with heavy heart, renounced an artist's life." She then strives to do good where she can; she learns to know mankind. War shakes her realm with his iron heel; she solaces the wounded and afflicted. She is ill and weary, she is no longer young, she has drunk deep of the cup of bitterness, and yet she has not looked upon Truth. "There she stands," said Sorrow; and when I lifted my eyes I saw a silent water and a little child stood beside it whose eyes gleamed. 'Is that child Truth?' I asked. Sorrow nodded. 'She is not redoubtable, is

^{*} A translation of this book by the writer of this sketch, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, and Henry Holt & Company, of New York, under the title of "Pilgrim Sorrow."—Ed.

she?' But as Sorrow said this the child grew bigger and bigger, until it held the whole world in its hand and embraced the entire heavens. 'Do you see Truth?' asked Sorrow. 'And now look within you; she is there also.' And as I looked within, I cried, 'Why have I fought and suffered? She was ever there about me and within me, and now I will die.' 'Not yet,' spoke Sorrow. Then it grew misty before my eyes, and I saw nothing more. Sorrow took me by the hand and led me onward."

The Queen's next work was written in verse. It is called "Jehovah," and is a new treatment of that oft-told tale about Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, a legend that may truly be interpreted as a type of its own persistence. Carmen Sylva's version of the myth is by no means the least fortunate and profound, treating the Jew as seeking belief and love, who cannot die till he has found God. And it is both bold and new to treat this motive from a wholly modern and Darwinian point of view. Many stages of existence, many metamorphoses of being has Ahasuerus to go through before he is brought to recognize that God is no visible great King, but a spirit and a truth, a working power pervading the all, whose manifestations have been evoked and made evident throughout the ages in the form best suited to the people, and the temperaments wherewith it dealt; that God in brief is too great for human grasp, but that each man knows him according to his power of comprehension. He learns this at last when, broken and weary, he has given up all hope. Both tender and powerful is the scene in which cognition comes to him, when the spell that bound him is broken, and he dies blessing the great Life that lives eternally.

From her earliest childhood Queen Elizabeth had been in the habit of noting down in large, album-like books her impressions of men and things, her life and thought experiences. Many of these detached utterances were written in French, and when, a couple of years ago, the Parisian journalist Louis Ulbach visited the Queen and regretted that he could not read her writings, he was permitted to see these. Greatly struck, he asked permission to publish a selection,—a permission which was accorded,—and under the collective title of "Les Pensées d'une Reine," these maxims and paradoxes were given to the world. In my opinion, they are quite the best work the Queen has done, and, had she written nothing else, would have given her a standing as an author. They are most remarkable, revealing acute insight, a wide range of intellectual capacity, a broad back-

ground of ripe thought. We learn to know both the sovereign and the woman from these utterances; the Queen, who may not let sincere judgments pass her lips, and says, "Un prince n'a besoin, à la rigueur, que des yeux et des oreilles; la bouche ne lui sert que pour sourire"; the woman, who compensates herself for this imposed silence in private and with her pen; the woman, who has loved and suffered, who judges her position objectively, dispassionately; the woman of keen intuition and fine feeling. Their very personal touch gives them an added charm, while for felicity of expression, for justness and certainty of observation, they can hold their own beside the aphorisms of famous writers in this department of literature. The tone that pervades them is a sad one, mistrustful of humanity, and yet without cynical, only at times gently ironical, as is, perhaps, no wonder when we consider that from her position she is forced to behold men in their least noble, most servile aspect. Their diversity is a special feature. She has said: "L'homme est un violon. Ce n'est que lorsque sa dernière corde se brise qu'il devient un morceau de bois." This is true of herself; she is responsive to all touches. I cannot refrain from quoting a few of these aphorisms. Those that treat of women are often peculiarly happy and incisive, though at times a little bitter. Thus, a truth designedly ignored has perhaps never been better formulated: "Une femme est lapidée pour une action que peut commettre un parfait honnête homme." How incisive too is this: "Les enfants de l'amour sont généralement beaux et intelligents. Quelle critique de nos ménages modèles!" Speaking of happiness she asks: "Le calme que vous avez acquis, est-il une preuve de force gagnée ou de faiblesse croissante?" Of sorrow she has naturally much to say, ending up her remarks with: "La vie est un art dans lequel on reste trop souvent dilettante. Pour jouer mal, il faut verser le sang de son cœur." How subtle too is this: "On ne peut jamais être fatigué de la vie, on n'est fatigué que de soi-même." While there is a touch of Heine's self-mockery in the following: "A force de vivre, on arrive à craindre même le ciel, comme la dernière et la plus cruelle déception." Nor would Joubert, that prince of *pensée* writers, have been ashamed to have been the father of the following: "Il vaut mieux avoir pour confesseur un médecin qu'un prêtre. Vous dites au prêtre que vous détestez les hommes; il vous répond que vous n'êtes pas chrétien. Le médecin vous donne de la rhubarbe et voilà que vous aimez votre semblable. Vous dites au prêtre que vous êtes fatigué de vivre; il vous répond que le

suicide est un crime. Le médecin vous donne un stimulant, et voilà que vous trouvez la vie supportable." A few more gems culled at random, and I have done quoting, though the temptation to proceed is great. Here is one on her own station: "La contradiction anime la conversation, voilà pourquoi les cours sont si ennuyeuses." "Le sommeil est un voleur généreux: il donne à la force ce qu'il prend au temps." "Quand on veut affirmer quelque chose, on appelle toujours Dieu à témoin, parce qu'il ne contredit jamais." "Il faut être ou très-pieux ou très-philosophe! il faut dire: Seigneur, que ta volonté soit faite! ou: Nature, j'admets tes lois, même lorsqu'elles m'écrasent."

The Queen is especially proud that she has succeeded in writing her aphorisms in French, the language *par excellence* of epigram. "Not," she said to me, "because I have done so in a language foreign to me; after all, any one can acquire a language; but I am pleased because I think, and have been told, that I have acquired the Latin condensed and finished mode of expressing thought." She explained to me that it had been by no means easy to her to acquire this Latin accuracy; but she believes that living among a Latin people has been of benefit to her artistic development. The Latins have a precision and clearness of thought lacking to the Germans; if that could only be grafted on German depth and sentiment, then the Queen believes an excellent mixture could be obtained. I reminded her of Goethe's "Sprüche." She said they were good, of course, but lacked the French precision: a profoundly just criticism, and one few Germans would dare to make. She defined a *pensée* as a miniature expression in quintessence of an experience or emotion.

The Queen, who speaks with great animation and fluency, is constantly putting forth such *idées mères*, and conversation with her is both stimulating and suggestive. One does not know what most to be struck with, her profundity of thought or the naïve simplicity, the frank sincerity, she has preserved amid courtly surroundings. Indeed, talking with her, one is almost tempted to think that she herself is greater than anything she has yet produced; that would she but write less rapidly, she might take that high rank among modern writers her ambition desires. She thinks it is her title that stands in her way. "That terrible title; you don't know what a block it is. No one will believe in you. They

think you are only praised because you are a queen, or think this is all very well for a queen." But she is mistaken; it is not the title, but the office, that hampers her.

Though it is Carmen Sylva's ardent desire to be a poet and an author, she desires with equal ardor to fulfill the duties of her station; and, in striving after this, she tries to do more than human strength will allow. She endeavors to lead a dual existence. Thus she rises daily at four A. M. (at one time she rose at three, but this she found too fatiguing), trims her lamp, and works till eight. Those hours, she explained to me, were the only ones that were truly hers in the course of the day, when she might be an author and a woman; the rest she is Queen of Roumania. And hers is by no means an easy throne to fill; she has to be forever *en évidence*, at the beck and call of any who like to ask for her; for Roumania is a semi-oriental country, in which oriental customs prevail, and in which the sovereign cannot live in the peaceful seclusion of a Queen of England. She has often to talk for twelve or even fifteen hours at a stretch; and from this cause last winter she temporarily lost her voice. When she and the King sit down to dinner they are often so tired they cannot speak a word. Yet early sleep is not for her. Bucharest is a very gay capital — the city of pleasure, it has been called — and a very late one. Gala performances and balls do not begin before ten or eleven at night. The Queen rarely gets to bed before one, and so has but four hours' sleep. This must wear out her mental and physical organization. In the summer the court retires to Sinaia, a health resort in the Carpathians that combines the grand scenery of Switzerland with the more lovely and romantic features of the Italian Alps. Here in a fine old monastery was the temporary residence of the court, now vacated for the quaint castle that has been built after their Majesties' own designs at a rather higher level. But even here there is no rest for the hard-worked Queen; she must receive and entertain as in the capital. Only three weeks, three precious weeks, in the autumn, are quite her own, when Sinaia is emptied of all but its royal guests. Then she retires to a small chalet she has built for herself in the wood, within sound of the gurgling Pelesch. Here her pen has full play to hurry along as quickly as it pleases. Here she transmutes her personal sorrows and experiences into impersonal works of art.

Helen Zimmern.

NOTE.—The portrait printed herewith is from a photograph kindly taken in Romanian costume for publication in THE CENTURY.

ENDYMION.

WHAT a delicious dream and happy waking,
When young Endymion in slumber lay,
And indistinctly heard the vine-leaves shaking
As if a wandering wind had passed that way!

"O wandering wind," he murmured, "blowing free
Across the heights of Latmos, lying fair
In tender moonlight, take my soul with thee,
And bear it through the abyss of upper air,
To where Selene, in her silver car,
Serenely beautiful, sits throned on high,
And heeds me not, yet draws me from afar,—
And leave me, leave me there, and let me die!"

Then in his cave he heard a sigh exhaling,
As if with that long breath the life went out,
And, drawing nearer, rustling garments trailing,
And timid footfalls moving half in doubt,—
Till through his eyelids rosy light dawned finely,
And on his cheek ambrosial breath fell warm,
Cool hands upon his forehead lay divinely,
And in his arms he felt a yielding form—
And waking, saw the goddess, half-concealing
In flowing robes of blue, her matchless grace,
And through a veil of shining mist revealing
The splendor of her passionate pale face!

Dear love, true wife, like that fond, foolish boy,
I loved a goddess once, and sadly said:

"Never for me, ah, not for me his joy,
Who on her sacred breast might lay his head,
And see her noble face bend close and low,
Pure as the sunlight, warmer than the moon,
And see her cheek with changing color glow,
And hear her heart beat happily in tune,
And listen to her laughter, rippling free
Like bubbling brooks heard far off in the night
When all the winds are still. Ah, not for me
That golden rest, that deep divine delight!
And yet, 'twere some amends if I might stand
Beside her once, and touch her finger-tips!
If once in hers she held my trembling hand,
And softly touched me with her perfect lips!"

As dreamed Endymion, so a vain dream stirred me,
And to myself I spoke with useless sighs;
It cannot be the quick-eared goddess heard me—
She read my longing in my wistful eyes;
For on a happy summer night, at last,
I found her in my arms, I know not how,
All smiles and tenderness, and held her fast;
And kissed her hands, and lips, and cheek, and brow—
And knew her mine thenceforth, in death and life,—
Soul of my soul, my love,—dear heart, my wife!

Elizabeth Akers.

WORK FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

I.

REASONS WHY A WEAK GOVERNMENT MUST BECOME OPPRESSIVE.

THE proper function of a government is to protect the liberty of the people against aggression from within as well as without. In order that it may properly perform its function, it must be endowed with strength, and held accountable for its acts; for if it is weak, it cannot protect; if it is irresponsible, it will not. The government of our own country is unfortunately both weak and irresponsible.

That it is weak is evident without an argument; our constitutions show on their face that their very aim is to insure its weakness.

The sovereign powers are divided among three departments, one making, another enforcing, the third interpreting the laws. These departments are coördinated, in order that they may check and balance, hinder and clog each other; and the first is subdivided into two branches, so as to have more hemming in and clogging, while the second is able to arrest all action, and the third to destroy it.

That such a government is also irresponsible becomes apparent on a moment's reflection. Responsibility depending upon duty, and duty upon power, it follows that when the power is unfixed the responsibility is necessarily unfixed; and unfixed responsibility is absence of responsibility.

Where the power of administering the laws is separated from those who make them, upon whom can the duty be fixed of proposing the laws needed for the due administration of public affairs? Each congressional or legislative district may, indeed, hold its representatives to look to its own interests, but who is there that represents the country and is obliged to care for the interests of the whole people? If we consider the responsibility of the judiciary to the law-makers, we can find no answer to the question. Upon whom of the latter, in especial, does the duty of enforcing this responsibility devolve, and who in particular can be held accountable if it be not enforced? Or, if the legislature pass improper laws,—that is to say, laws contrary to the will of the people,—how can the executive be held accountable if it execute them?

And no lengthy disquisition is required to show that a government which is both weak and irresponsible necessarily loses sight of the

fact that it is the agent of the popular will, betrays its trust, and becomes the servant of the people's enemies, an instrument for its oppression. The members of the legislature are not long in finding out that the checks and balances which are to hem in and clog their public acts make all attempts to serve the public, all attempts to carry out the objects for which they were deputed, a difficult, ungrateful, and discouraging task. At the same time each becomes conscious of the fact that no special duty concerning the care for the public welfare is imposed upon him in particular, and that therefore no special responsibility for this care devolves upon him. And the recognition of their weakness and irresponsibility lowers the moral tone of the body and destroys the public spirit which ought to animate it. But after the destruction of this spirit, there is nothing which admonishes them that they are public agents, and as such trustees and guardians of the interests of the people; and they learn to consider their office as private property, to be used for their private benefit. When this state of political decadence is reached, they are henceforth impelled only by two motives. The first is to keep their positions or change them for better ones; the second, to make them peculiarly profitable. The first necessarily brings in its train the establishment of personal and party machinery, the conversion of public offices into spoils and booty, the system of maintenance and patronage, the demoralization of the administrative organs, of the civil service and the judiciary. The second converts all public powers into the merchandise of the office-holders, for sale to any one willing and able to buy.

As soon as the governmental powers have become a marketable commodity, governmental officers become the servants of private individuals,—enemies of the people; and government in consequence becomes converted from its proper function of protecting the people into an instrument for its oppression. For who will buy the governmental powers? Surely not the public-spirited, the friends of the people, but those who seek their private advancement at public expense, those who seek to oppress the people and put it under tribute to themselves.

It must be remarked that this conversion of the governmental organization into a machine in the service of private interests,

changes at the same time a weak instrument into a strong one. The government is weak, not because it lacks sufficient powers, since, no matter what the form of government may be, all sovereign powers are of necessity confided to it, but because these powers are divided among many individuals; and these, as public interests are generally matters debatable, will naturally differ among themselves in regard to the proper use of their powers, and by their dissensions hem in and clog governmental action.

But when these individuals have become the slaves of some single will, by whom they have been purchased in order that some single purpose may be accomplished, all debates, all dissensions, all checks and balances disappear. The divided powers become united, and the machine, no longer hemmed in and clogged in its action, is transformed from a condition of weakness into one of strength. Thus the government weak for protection becomes strong for oppression. Together with this transformation another one takes place. The system of irresponsibility is changed into that of responsibility, not, indeed, to the people, but to the masters who hold the rod over those whom they have purchased.

And the influences which have changed the governmental agency into a class set over against and above the people—a class no longer carrying out the will of those whose mandataries they are, but of those into whose service they have sold themselves—do not cease after this transformation has been accomplished. Indeed, they continue to operate with ever-increasing force. The personal and party machinery, with its army of henchmen and retainers, secures a firmer and firmer grip upon the people in the measure that this army becomes better disciplined and experienced, and the public, in the face of it, proportionately disorganized and reduced into a mob. Moreover, the difficulties of a reorganization become intensified by means of the very causes which produce the disorganization. For the people, seeing a weak government so oppressive, and not perceiving that its weakness is the very cause of the oppression, refuse to strengthen it, and reject the only means which might eradicate the evils, and might enable them to regain their lost liberty. And thus of their own accord they forward the cause of their enemies. This vicious circle of governmental weakness and irresponsibility, producing corruption and oppression, and again oppression perpetuating governmental weakness, irresponsibility, and corruption, is the chain forged by the nation for itself, which binds it hand and foot while the vultures eat out its vitals.

II.

HISTORICAL CORROBORATION.

NOR need I confine myself to deductive reasoning in order to show that the principle of the division of powers leads to the conversion of the public governmental agents into servants of private individuals—that it reduces these agents to impotence for good, but makes them strong for evil; historically the course of events has corresponded throughout with the logical development I have traced.

The distrust of the people in their agents, manifested by the invention of checks and balances, by the clogging and hemming in of their action, by the unfixing of governmental powers and the annulling of responsibility, lowered the moral tone of our legislative bodies, and invited the members to substitute their private interests for their public duties. Then, patronage-mongering became the occupation of our legislators in place of public affairs; and by the practice of the former and want of regard for the latter, the politicians' tricks have become an art, while statesmanship is dying out. The anxiety to serve only their private ends, to secure the greatest amount of profit from offices obtained and retained at so much expense and trouble, has moreover excited so active a competition among those desiring to sell themselves, such a fear in the mind of each that no one may desire to buy him, that they have made themselves vile and cheap enough to tempt the least unprincipled. The task, then, of capturing the governmental machinery, turning it to the profit of private masters, making it a most efficient and easily managed instrument for the oppression of the people, and rendering them tributary to these masters, was a comparatively easy one; nor did the division of powers, the checks and balances, succeed in clogging or hemming in this machinery when turned against the people, when those among whom these powers are divided had been purchased and lashed into obedience. It was easy for certain manufacturing interests to obtain control over our Congress for their purposes, and thus make the people labor for the benefit of those whose chief labor consists in gathering corruption funds and sending them to the lobbies of the Capitol. It was easy for certain other interests to reduce the vast and complicated machinery of the State legislatures into their service; to have the highways of the nation handed over to them to be dealt with according to their pleasure; to secure a hold on the very throat of commerce, and put every individual of the community under tribute.

And so despised and despicable, through

this corruption of the governmental agent, has become the principal—the people which a hundred years ago rose and faced death rather than submit to taxation without representation—that now a handful of private individuals come together, deliberate behind closed doors, and tax it to their hearts' content at the rate which promises most profit to themselves; and it submits to it as tamely as an African tribe submits to the edict of its despot. Nor has any attempt on its part to raise itself from its degradation been attended by any other result than that of more securely keeping it down. For, chained by the vicious circle of distrust engendering corruption, and corruption in turn engendering distrust, the only change it could accomplish was to substitute for one set of men another set, subject to exactly the same system, and necessarily brought to act as their predecessors had acted. Indeed, the more frequent the changes the greater the temptation of the incumbents to sell themselves as rapidly as possible, and to reject no offer, however low, for fear that they might be turned out of office before a better one were made. And so the very name reform has become a by-word of contempt; all efforts to permanently secure it seem forever barred out, and events drift hopelessly in the current running headlong into despotism, dynamite, and nihilism.

III.

THE NEEDED REFORM.

WHAT, then, is the imperative need of the hour? It is to break the circle which is chaining us, to substitute for the weakness and irresponsibility appertaining to our governmental system strength and responsibility, so that the government may be able and obliged to protect our liberty against the aggression of irresponsible private individuals who are rapidly destroying it.

But, under all conditions, in all ages and all climes, necessary changes are always opposed by two so-called conservative arguments. The first is summed up in the maxim that it is better to keep the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of; the second is an appeal to reverence the establishments of our ancestors. So it will be incumbent upon us to examine critically these arguments when applied to the condition of our own affairs.

The first is soon disposed of. If we remember that a weak government always ends in despotism, being logically and historically inconsistent with the preservation of liberty, while a strong government does not always end in despotism, and is neither logically nor

historically inconsistent with liberty, it follows that in any event the change from a weak government to a strong one is a diminution of ills, since it transforms an absolute evil into a merely contingent one. Indeed, the argument can actually be turned against those who use it for the purpose of continuing in the present current, since this current is rapidly carrying us into ills we know not of; and consequently a change is the only true conservative course, the only one which can conserve and preserve our liberty beset by enemies on all sides and about being overwhelmed and destroyed.

The second argument, however, is of a graver nature and will require more extended consideration. I may begin by saying that it has peculiar force upon me personally, because no one holds in profounder reverence the men who framed our Constitution, a reverence alike for their public spirit, their genius, and their wisdom. In my opinion, all history furnishes no parallel to the body who changed the confederation of the United States into a nation. But they themselves did not pretend to set the form of government permanently for all times and for all conditions. They themselves knew that the test of time must be applied to their work, and that it must be transformed as occasion required to suit the necessities of future generations, just as they found themselves compelled to transform a previous form into the present one. The provision for amendments makes a part of the Constitution, and is as important as any of the others contained in it. Calling attention to necessary amendments in order to preserve the institutions of liberty which they had conquered for themselves and bequeathed to us as a heritage to be preserved, is therefore strictly in accord with the spirit of the Constitution and consistent with veneration for its framers. In the second place, it is now historically ascertained that in framing the Constitution according to the theory of the division of powers, they were themselves misguided by relying on the authority of the great propagator of that theory, who deduced it from what are now known to be erroneous data and a fallacious course of reasoning.

IV.

MONTESQUIEU'S ERRORS.

THOSE who contend that the ideas of great men have but little influence in shaping the course of human events, must find it a difficult task to account for the profound impress on thought and action produced by the "Spirit of the Laws," the master-work of

Montesquieu. And yet that portion of it which most nearly concerns us in this investigation, and which proclaims that liberty is dependent on the division of powers,—the portion which forms the basis on which our constitutions are founded,—is shown to be logically and historically false when examined by the light of the political science of to-day. It appears, indeed, plausible enough at the first blush, or else it could not have become the prevalent and popular theory of government in this country. A despotism certainly shows us a union of powers in one hand, not, of course, in the sense that the despot makes all the laws, executes them in person, and sits in judgment over all who transgress them,—for despots are not usually so busily engaged in affairs,—but in the sense of containing within himself all the sovereign powers, distributing them according to his arbitrament, and keeping the tenure of those whom he appoints to be his governmental agents subject to his will. But the mistake that Montesquieu made consisted in that he considered this union the characteristic mark of a despotism, which it certainly is not; for that which distinguishes a despotism from other forms of government is not the union of powers, but the fact that these powers united in a single person are exercised without any responsibility to the governed; that the despot, and not the people, is the principal of the governmental agents. Likewise the British Constitution, the instance which Montesquieu cites as proving that liberty depends on a division of the sovereign powers among co-ordinated departments, appears to furnish the required proof on a superficial view. And yet, after a more mature consideration, it not only shows itself not to be what Montesquieu claims that it is, but actually proves the contrary of his proposition.

There is, indeed, in Great Britain, a legislature composed of two chambers making the laws, an executive enforcing them, and a judiciary independent of the executive, though appointed by him, interpreting them. But the researches of historians have now settled the fact that these two houses never were intended to check each other; that, on the very contrary, the House of Commons had its origin in the necessity to which the Lords were put of obtaining the assistance of the people at large in their contests with the King; that aiding each other, and not checking each other, is the principle on which the two houses repose. We know, also, that in the whole course of history the two houses never were strictly co-ordinated—never, in fact, balanced each other; that one of them always obtained the supremacy and the ability

to compel the obedience of the other,—a supremacy which at one period of English history rested with the Lords, who carried the Commons in their pockets, as it were, and which to-day remains with the Commons, whom, if it be determined upon any action, the Lords cannot successfully resist. We know, likewise, that the executive, far from checking and balancing, or being checked and balanced by, the legislature, must, on the contrary, be in perfect harmony with it, and that the very existence of the government depends on that harmony. We know that the executive is at the same time the executive and legislative committee of the legislature,—in the one capacity subject to the orders of the latter, in the other responsible to the people at large for the passage of the laws necessary to carry on the administration and secure the rights of the people. As for the judiciary, it is so far from being co-ordinated, so little intended to check or balance the Parliament, that its highest Court of Appeals is that very Parliament. And so all legislative, executive, and judicial supremacy is centered in one body, containing within itself all the sovereign powers openly and in a most pronounced manner united, demonstrating that liberty is perfectly consistent with such a union, and refuting the theory which Montesquieu supposed it to prove.

V.

WHY THE FRAMERS COULD NOT DISCOVER MONTESQUIEU'S ERROR.

BUT is it a subject of reproach to the framers of our Constitution that they allowed themselves to be misguided by a popular theory? Certainly not. For many reasons it was impossible for them to discover the error.

Engaged as they had been for many years in a struggle against the King for the maintenance of their liberty, born and bred, moreover, amid the traditions of a similar struggle between the Parliament and the King, the King stood out too conspicuously as the enemy of liberty to enable them to see its other enemies, though equally, perhaps even more, dangerous. Nor could it be expected of them to examine critically a view of the British Constitution which had received the sanction of Blackstone, and had been accepted by the popular assent of the English people. Neither must it be forgotten that they themselves were slave-holders, and, as they found slave-holding consistent with liberty, and as the serf-holding barons and their descendants were the principal opponents of

the King, the chief necessity seemed to be to do away with concentrated power; and this so much the more because the actions of the serf-holders were disguised by a glamour of chivalry and romance, and their motives concealed by images of a fancied freedom in a fanciful aboriginal forest. And there was nothing to counteract their false views of feudalism; for, on the one hand, political science was only at its dawn, historical science in its infancy, the records of the past hidden in darkness and piled up in inaccessible confusion. On the other hand, in the experience of their daily life they saw as yet nothing of feudalism in its recent form—the oppression that may be exercised by individuals over their peers in the eyes of the law, and the evils arising out of such an oppression. Money-lordism was yet an unknown factor.

Indeed, considering the times and the circumstances under which the Constitution was framed, the wonder is, not that the government it created is weak, but rather that it is not far weaker. If we remember that the conservative spirit—that is, the spirit which is falsely called conservative, which would conserve the swaddling-cloth of the babe for the garment of the man, which loves evil, provided that it is of the prevalent type—if we remember, I repeat, that this so-called conservative spirit was anarchic one hundred years ago, and was so formidable that unless concessions had been made to it no union of any nature could have been accomplished, we cannot blame the founders for having accepted the compromise of the division of powers, even if in their hearts they did not feel all the admiration for it and confidence in it which they expressed.

VI.

OUR DUTY.

BUT none of the reasons which account for and justify the introduction of the system of division of powers into the national Constitution can justify us for preserving it there. The idea of the State is no longer confused in our minds with the idea of an individual sovereign standing over and against the people, between whom and the people there is a necessary struggle in order that liberty may be preserved. It has been developed by the history of the last hundred years into the conception of the whole people; and the struggle between sovereign and people has become a contradiction in terms. Likewise, the conception of a government has grown from that of a class, depending on an individual sovereign, and consequently his tool, into the nobler

conception of an agency intrusted with the expression of the general will, of servants under the duty to execute it. And a fear of its servants is unworthy of a great people; nay, more, it is a factitious sentiment pernicious to the commonwealth, spread and kept alive by its enemies in their own interests. Political science has also advanced in these hundred years, and has dispelled most of the mystery which encircled feudalism and chivalry, and raised our conceptions of liberty into so high a plane that neither the barons of Runnymede nor the Bigots and Bohuns any longer count among its champions. We know now that the most insidious and dangerous enemies of liberty are those who claim absolute freedom for themselves to oppress, crush, and enslave all who are too feeble to resist them, in order that they may grow big and great by a toil not their own.

We know that the absolute monarchy, in spite of the cruelty of the Henrys, was a decided step forward in the direction of liberty, which can only exist and thrive where the strong hand of a supreme power watches over and protects it. And even if history and political science had not taught us, our own experience would be sufficient to point out where the danger to our free institutions lies concealed, and against whom it is necessary for us to be vigilant and spare no precautions. From an agricultural people we have changed into a commercial one, and come under the dominion of a spirit of enterprise and individualism; and there is no reluctance on the part of those whose genius fits them for industrial warfare to obtain possession, by force or fraud, of the means of production—of capital—in order that all others may become their servants and labor for their pleasures and aggrandizement. We have seen vast combinations springing up everywhere and in all branches, seizing for themselves that which ought to benefit and belong of right to the whole community, crushing out all competition with relentless cruelty, tolerating no equals, reducing to servitude all whom they do not destroy. We see them demoralizing and corrupting society, and undermining the State, which in the weakness to which it voluntarily reduces itself cannot resist them and looks on in piteous helplessness, while its own agent, the government, captured by its enemies because of its weakness, and strengthened by them in their own interests after having been captured, is turned with the weight of all the supreme powers confided to it against those from whom these powers are derived. The experience of one hundred years has indeed taught us one lesson at a bitter price; namely, that this spirit of revived feudalism will go on until it destroys all ves-

tiges of liberty and ends in a despotism more invidious than that of the absolute monarchy which displaced the extinct form, unless the sovereign people endow themselves with a courage to curb and restrain it by the majesty and force of their organized will.

And now, I ask, shall we let that spirit which presumes on the name of conservative, but which is nothing but the spirit of self-destruction,—for it is that of indolence and moral torpor and imbecility,—shall we allow that spirit to keep us in the current which ends in despotism, in the destruction of all that liberty for which our ancestors struggled and were glad to die; shall we entail upon ourselves the curse of future generations for the endless struggles which we are bequeathing to them; or shall we imitate the example of Hamilton and Madison, Washington and Franklin,—surely not men of radical temperament,—and take steps to preserve the freedom of our institutions, which as a sovereign we are set over to guard?

When we compare what is required of us with that which they set out to do, our task seems in truth easy. The change they made was more than formal—it revolutionized the whole state of society. It converted into a nation a confederation of sovereign States, loosely bound together by an unrespected form, and kept apart by the separation and conflict of interests and ideas, as well as bitter jealousies and furious quarrels. The formation of the Constitution was, indeed, a tremendous step,—a leap in the dark, its opponents called it. Nothing similar to this is required of us. We are a nation in every sense of the word; State patriotism and sectional patriotism have been merged in a patriotism embracing the whole country. All that we require is to make the merely formal change necessary in order to adapt the existing organization to the present needs of society; to forestall a revolution, not to make one. All that we require is to regain for the people, by a mere formal change, that which by stealth and fraud was snatched from them: the control over their governmental agents, and the use of the agency for public purposes. And this is accomplished as soon as we put an end to the system of a division of powers, which has enabled private individuals to usurp that control and that use.

Let us, therefore, end the system of division, of checking, balancing, hemming in, hindering, and clogging, which has been the prime source of public corruption, and let us replace the irresponsibility consequent upon the division by a union which will mark the very man who is responsible for inaction as well as for action. By this means the moral

tone of our legislature will be raised, and to do service in the public cause as a representative and agent of the people will be esteemed higher than to serve private individuals. It will satisfy the aspiration of the most ambitious. Besides, the consciousness that all his actions are under the public eye, and that accountability for his failures cannot be shirked and thrown off on other shoulders, will make the practice of statesmanship the first aim of the statesman; and the consequent disuse of patronage-mongering will make a true civil-service reform not only practicable, but even desired; for the chief of the government, with his great and weighty responsibilities and high motives to devote himself to the public cause, will feel, as Gladstone recently expressed it, glad to have no other appointment at his command than that of his private secretary. And then no fear of a government perpetuating itself will be entertained, for the whole system of henchmen and retainers, the whole elaboration of party machine government, will disappear when the temptations disappear to hold on to office on account of the corrupt revenues of the offices, after the administration is no longer in accord with the country. The government then will be a strong government and a responsible one; and with strength and responsibility combined, it will be able to protect our liberty against all enemies, while it will not be able to convert its trust into its own private property. Having a government thus formed, the people will be able to grapple with all the great problems which, under the present system, baffle it. They will be able to regain the control of the national highways of commerce, and put an end to the humiliating and ruinous power of taxation usurped by private individuals for their aggrandizement, and at the same time eradicate the gigantic evils dependent upon and arising from this usurpation. The question of the tariff, which now keeps the country in a continuous state of suspense and distraction, can then be settled in a way satisfying the just demands of both free-traders and protectionists. And, indeed, in a country possessing resources which, if righteously distributed, are more than sufficient to support in comfort all its inhabitants there is no reason why the conflict between capital and labor itself could not be satisfactorily settled so as to secure the laborer against oppression and afford him the just share in the values which he creates, while, at the same time guaranteeing to the capitalist a fair return for his outlays. In short, the people will have an agency which will truly express their will, and enforce it when expressed.

VII.

THE PARTICULAR MEASURES TO BE TAKEN
IN ORDER TO MAKE OUR GOVERNMENT
RESPONSIBLE TO US.

I SHALL NOW venture to designate in particular the few steps which will be necessary to accomplish the needed results. In the first place, Congress must be enabled to settle all questions of national concern, and must have the range of the objects under its dominion extended sufficiently to prevent any petty local legislature from being able to thwart the will and endanger the welfare of the whole people. It must have full power to regulate the entire question of transportation, in order that artificial boundaries may not be the shelter and refuge of those powerful combinations who now regulate it to suit themselves. For the reason that transportation is so intimately allied to commerce that the two cannot in practice be separated, as well as for other reasons hardly less cogent, the establishment of a uniform code of commerce for the whole country must be included within its province.

In the second place, the separation of the executive from the legislative must be ended; the executive must be entitled to propose laws necessary for the preservation of the public welfare, and the legislative must be enabled to control the execution of all laws passed. For this purpose the chiefs of the administrative departments must be members of Congress, ready at all times to enlighten it regarding the wants of the great departments of state, and to urge the passage of the laws required to meet these wants. One of them must stand out so conspicuous above his fellows, that upon him will be fixed the ultimate responsibility to the whole country for all the action and inaction of both Congress and the administration. At the same time the tenure of the clerical force required for the administration of public affairs must be made so secure, and so thoroughly regulated, that the public offices can no longer be converted into private patronage. Indeed, while the sense of their responsibility is developing, the public spirit of our legislators

will be correspondingly developed, so that they will neither desire nor have cause to desire a continuation of the practice of spoils and booty. They will have something better to do.

In the third place, and as a corollary from the foregoing, the legislature ought in no manner to be allowed to shift its responsibility on the judiciary. The necessary and proper function of the latter is to interpret the will of the former, not to control it. Until the legislature has become the sole and responsible judge of the constitutionality of its acts, true liberty will be without our reach; for uncertainty of the law, of necessity, tends to tyranny. So long as the law-abiding citizen, who has regulated his conduct in conformity with an act of the legislature, is liable at any moment to be declared a law-breaker, and punished for his very obedience by a tribunal which, however eminent, is yet practically and necessarily irresponsible for its judgments, so long laws are not the solemn declaration of the sovereign will that they pretend to be, but partake rather of the nature of snares to entrap the unwary.

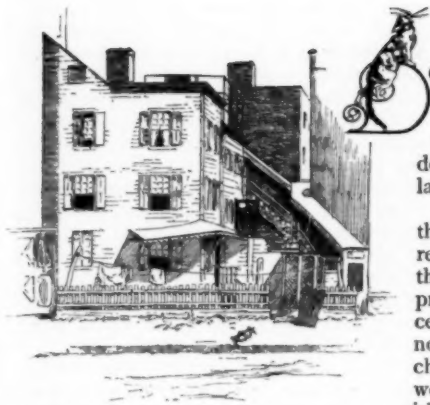
Nor is a step forward in this direction a difficult one, since the Supreme Court itself has declared by two remarkable decisions that its powers do not extend to political matters;* that it has no right to preserve the Constitution against infractions on the part of the legislative in matters of a public nature. And it would seem that necessarily the greater includes the less; that if the political guarantees of a constitution cannot look to the Supreme Court for preservation, the private interests certainly ought not to be permitted to disturb the regular functions of the law-making supremacy of the people.

In conclusion, I would recall the maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We have not been vigilant. In our scramble for a mess of pottage we have left our birthright unguarded, and it has been stolen from us. We cannot recover it from our formidable enemies unless we be well armed and equipped. Herein is work for a Constitutional Convention.

Isaac L. Rice.

[NOTE.—In the time which has elapsed between the writing and the publication of this article, two important events have taken place which must be noticed. The one is the abolition of the division of powers in the municipal government of the city of New York; the other, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the legal-tender case (110 U. S. p. 421). This last case, in fact, hardly falls short of the principle contended for in this article, as far as the limits of the power of the judiciary are concerned. The Court holds that when Congress is not expressly prohibited from passing a certain law, it is left to its sole judgment whether or not it be a constitutional law. This doctrine Mr. Justice Field—the only dissenting judge—considers a rule "which, fully carried out, changes the whole nature of our Constitution, and breaks down the barriers which separate a government of limited from one of unlimited powers."]

* *Georgia v. Stanton*, 12 Wallace; *Mississippi v. Johnson*, 14 Wallace.



AN EFFECT IN YELLOW.

OWN Greenwich way,—that is to say, about in the heart of the city of New York,—in a room with a south light that made even the thought of painting in it send cold creeps all down your back, Jaune d'Antimoine lived and labored in the service of Art.

By all odds, it was the very worst room in the whole building; and that was precisely the reason why Jaune d'Antimoine had chosen it, for the rent was next to nothing; he would have preferred a room that rented for even less. It certainly was a forlorn-looking place. There was no furniture in it worth speaking of; it was cheerless, desolate. A lot of studies of animals were stuck against the walls, and a couple of finished pictures—a lioness with her cubs, and a

span of stunning draught-horses—stood in one corner, frameless. There was good work in the studies, and the pictures really were capital—a fact that Jaune himself recognized, and that made him feel all the more dismal because they so persistently remained unsold. Indeed, this animal-painter was having a pretty hard time of it, and as he sat there day after day in the shocking light, doing honest work and getting no return for it, he could not help growing desperately blue.

But to-day Jaune d'Antimoine was not blue, for of a sudden he had come to be stayed by a lofty purpose and upheld by a high resolve; and his purpose and resolve were that within one month's time he would gain for himself a new suit of clothes! There were several excellent reasons which together served to fortify him in his exalted resolution. The most careless observer could not fail to perceive that the clothes which he wore—and which were incomparably superior to certain others which he possessed but did not wear—were sadly shabby; and Vandyke Brown had asked him to be best man at his wedding; and further,—and this was the strongest reason of all,—Jaune d'Antimoine longed from the very depths of his soul to make himself pleasing in the eyes of Rose Carthame.

How she managed it none but herself knew; but this charming young person, although the daughter of a widowed exile of France, who made an uncertain living by letting lodgings in the region between south and west of Washington Square, always managed to dress herself delightfully. It is true that feminine analysis might reveal the fact that the materials of which her gowns were made were of the cheapest product of the loom; yet was feminine envy aroused—yea, even in the dignified portion of Fifth Avenue that lies not south but north of Washington Square—by the undeniable style of these same gowns, and by their charming accord with the stylish gait and air of the trig little body who wore them. Therefore it was that when Monsieur Jaune graciously was permitted to accompany Mademoiselle Rose in her jaunts into the grand quarter of the town, the propriety of her garments and the impropriety of his own brought a sense of desolation upon his spirit and a great heaviness upon his loyal heart.

For Jaune loved Rose absolutely to distraction. To say that he would have laid his coat in the mud for her to walk over does not—the condition of the coat being remembered—imply a very superior sort of devotion. He would have done more than this: he would have laid himself in the mud, and most gladly, that he might have preserved from contamination her single pair of nice shoes. Even a cool and unprejudiced person, being permitted to see these shoes,—and he certainly would have been, for Rose made anything but a mystery of them,—would have declared that such gallant sacrifice was well bestowed.

The ardor of Jaune's passion was increased—as has been common in love matters ever since the world began—by the knowledge that he had a rival; and this rival was a most dangerous rival, being none other than Madame Carthame's second-story-front lodger, the Count Siccatis de Courtray. Simply to be the second-story-front lodger carries with it a

most notable distinction in a lodging-house; but to be that and a count too was a combination of splendors that placed Jaune's rival on a social pinnacle and kept him there. Not that counts are rare in the region between west and south of Washington Square; on the contrary, they are rather astonishingly plentiful. But the sort of count who is very rare indeed there is the count who pays his way as he goes along. Now, in the matter of payments, at least so far as Madame Carthame was concerned, the Count Siccatif de Courtray was exemplary.

That there was something of a mystery about this nobleman was undeniable. Among other things, he had stated that he was a relative of the Siccatifs of Harlem—the old family established here in New Amsterdam in Wouter Van Twiller's time. Persons disposed to comment invidiously upon this asserted relationship, and such there were, did not fail to draw attention to the fact that the Harlem Siccatifs, without exception, were fair, while the Count Siccatif de Courtray was strikingly dark; and to the further fact that if the distinguished American family really was akin to the Count, its several members were most harmoniously agreed to give him the cold shoulder. With these malicious whisperings, however, Madame Carthame did not concern herself. She was content, more than content, to take the Count as he was, and at his own valuation. That he was a proscribed Bonapartist, as he declared himself to be, seemed to her a reasonable and entirely credible statement; and it certainly had the effect of creating about him a halo of romance. Though not proscribed, Madame Carthame herself was a Bonapartist, and a most ardent one; a fact, it may be observed, concerning which the Count assured himself prior to the avowal of his own political convictions. When, on the 20th of April, he came home wearing a cluster of violets in his button-hole, and bearing also a bunch of these Imperial flowers for Madame Carthame, and with the presentation confessed his own imperialistic faith and touched gloomily upon the sorry reward that it had brought him—when this event occurred, Madame Carthame's kindly feelings toward her second-floor lodger were resolved into an abiding faith and high esteem. It was upon this auspicious day that the conviction took firm root in her mind that the Count Siccatif de Courtray was the heaven-sent husband for her daughter Rose.

That Rose approved this ambitious matrimonial project of her mother's was a matter open to doubt; at least her conduct was such that two diametrically opposite views were entertained in regard to her intentions. On

the one hand, Madame Carthame and the Count Siccatif de Courtray believed that she had made up her mind to live in her mother's own second-story front and be a countess. On the other hand, Jaune d'Antimoine, whose wish, perhaps, was father to his thought, believed that she would not do anything of the sort. Jaune gladly would have believed, also, that she cherished matrimonial intentions in quite a different, namely, an artistic, direction; but he was a modest young fellow, and suffered his hopes to be greatly diluted by his fears. And, in truth, the conduct of Rose was so perplexing, at times so atrociously exasperating, that a person much more deeply versed in women's ways than this young painter was very well might have been puzzled hopelessly; for if ever a born flirt came out of France, that flirt was Rose Carthame.

Of one thing, however, Jaune was convinced: that unless something of a positive nature was done, and done speedily, for the improvement of his outward man, his chance of success would be gone forever. Already, Madame Carthame eyed his seedy garments askance; already, for Rose had admitted the truth of his suspicions in this dismal direction, Madame Carthame had instituted most unfavorable comparisons between his own chronic shabbiness and the no less chronic splendor of the Count Siccatif de Courtray. Therefore, it came to pass—out of his abstract need for presentable habiliments, out of his desire to appear in creditable form at Vandyke Brown's wedding, and, more than all else, out of his love for Rose—that Jaune d'Antimoine registered a mighty oath before high heaven that within a month's time a new suit of clothes should be his!

Yet the chances are that he would have gone down Christopher street to the North River, and still further down, even into a watery grave,—as he very frequently thought of doing during this melancholy period of his existence,—had not his fortunes suddenly been irradiated by the birth in his mind of a happy thought. It came to him in this wise: He was standing drearily in front of a ready-made clothing store on Broadway, sadly contemplating a wooden figure clad in precisely the morning suit for which his soul panted, when suddenly something gave him a whack on the back. Turning sharply, and making use of an exclamation not to be found in the French dictionaries compiled for the use of young ladies' boarding-schools, he perceived a wooden frame-work, from the lower end of which protruded the legs of a man. From a cleft in the upper portion of the frame-work came the apologetic utterance, "Didn't mean ter hit yer, boss," and then the structure

moved slowly away through the throng. Over its four sides, he observed, were blazoned announcements of the excellences of the garments manufactured by the very clothing establishment in front of which he stood.

The thought came idly into his mind that this method of advertising was clumsy and not especially effective; followed by the further thought that a much better plan would be to set agoing upon the streets a really gentlemanly-looking man clad in the best garments that the tailoring people manufactured—while a handsome sign upon the man's back, or a silken banner proudly borne aloft, should tell where the clothes were made, and how, for two weeks only, clothes equally excellent could be bought there at a tremendous sacrifice. And then came into his mind the great thought of his life: he would disguise himself by changing his blonde hair and beard to gray and by wearing dark eye-glasses, and thus disguised he would be that man! Detection he believed to be impossible, for merely dressing himself in respectable clothes almost would suffice to prevent his recognition by even the nearest of his friends. With that prompt decision which is the sure sign of genius backed by force of character, he paused no longer to consider. He acted. With a firm step he entered the clothing establishment; with dignity demanded a personal interview with its proprietor; with eloquence presented to that personage his scheme.

"You will understand, sare," he said in conclusion, "that these clothes such as yours see themselves in the best way when they are carried by a man very well made and who 'as the air *comme il faut*. I 'ave not the custom to say that I am justly that man. But now we talk of *affaires*. Look at me and see!" And so speaking he drew himself up his full six feet and turned slowly around. There could not be any question about it: a handsomer, a more distinguished-looking man was not to be found in all New York. With the added dignity of age, his look of distinction would be but increased.

The great head of the great tailoring establishment was visibly affected. Original devices in advertising had been the making of him. He perceived that the device now suggested to him was superior to anything that his own genius had struck out. "It's a pretty good plan," he said, meditatively. "What do you want for carrying it out?"

"For you to serve two weeks, I ask but the clothes I go to wear."

For a moment the tailor paused. In that moment the destinies of Jaune d'Antimoine, of Rose Carthame, of the Count Siccatis de Courtray, hung in the balance. It was life or

death. Jaune felt his heart beating like a trip-hammer. There was upon him a feeling of suffocation. The silence seemed interminable; and the longer it lasted, the more did he feel that his chances of success were oozing away, that the crisis of his life was going against him. Darkness, the darkness of desolate despair, settled down upon his soul. Mechanically he felt in his waistcoat pocket for a five-cent piece that he believed to be there—for the stillness, the restful oblivion of the North River were in his mind. His fingers clutched the coin convulsively, thankfully. At least he would not be compelled to walk down Christopher street to his death: he could pay his way to eternity in the one-horse car. Yet even while the blackness of shattered hope seemed to be closing him in irrevocably, the glad light came again. As the voice of an angel, sounded the voice of the tailor: and the words which the tailor spake were these:

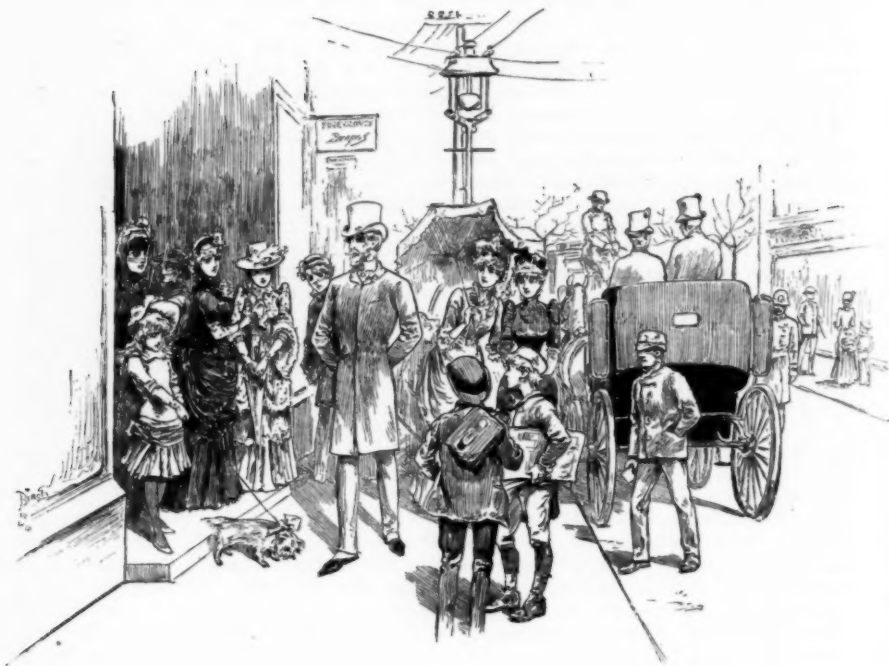
"Young man, it's a bargain!"

But the tailor, upon whom Heaven had bestowed shrewdness to an extraordinary degree, perceived in the plan proposed to him higher, more artistic possibilities than had been perceived in it by its inventor. There was a dramatic instinct, an appreciation of surprise, of climax, in this man's mind that he proceeded to apply to the existing situation. With a wave of his hand he banished the suggested sign on the walking-advertiser's back and the suggested silken banner. His plan at once was simpler and more profound. Dressed in the highest style of art, Jaune was to walk Broadway daily between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. He was to walk slowly; he was to look searchingly in the faces of all young women of about the age of twenty years; he was to wear, over and above his garments of price, an air of confirmed melancholy. That was all.

"But of the advertisement? 'Ow——"

"Now, never you mind about the advertisement, young man. Where that is going to come in is my business. But you can just bet your bottom dollar that I don't intend to lose any money on you. All that you have to do is just what I've told you; and to be well dressed, and walk up and down Broadway for three hours every day, and look in all the girls' faces, don't strike me as being the hardest work that you might be set at. Now come along and be measured, and day after to-morrow you shall begin."

As Jaune walked slowly homeward to his dismal studio, he meditated deeply upon the adventure before him. He did not fancy it at all; but it was the means to an end, and he was braced morally to go through with it



THE MARQUIS.

without flinching. For the chance of winning Rose he would have stormed a battery single-handed; and not a bit more of moral courage would have been needed for such desperate work than was needed for the execution of the bloodless but soul-trying project that he had in hand. For the life and spirit of him, though, he could not see how the tailor was to get any good out of this magnificent masquerading.

In one of the evening papers, about a week later, there appeared a half-column romance that quite took Jaune d'Antimoine's breath away. It began with a reference to the distinguished elderly gentleman who, during the past week, had been seen daily upon Broadway about the hour of noon; who gazed with such intense though respectful curiosity into every young woman's face; who, in the gay crowd, was conspicuous not less by the elegance of his dress than by his air of profound melancholy. Then briefly, but precisely, the sorrowful story of the Marquis de — ("out of consideration for the nobleman's feelings," the name was withheld) was told: how, the son of a peer of France, he had married, while yet a minor, against the

wishes of his stern father; how his young wife and infant daughter had been spirited away by the stern father's orders; how on his death-bed the father had confessed his evil deed to his son, and had told that mother and child had been banished to America, where the mother speedily had died of grief, and where the child, though in ignorance of her noble origin, had been adopted by an enormously rich American, about whom nothing more was known than the fact that he lived in New York. The Marquis, the article stated, now was engaged in searching for his long-lost daughter, and among other means to the desired end had hit upon this—of walking New York's chief thoroughfare in the faith that should he see his child his paternal instinct would reveal to him her identity.

"I calculate that this will rather whoop up public interest in our performance," said the tailor, cheerfully, the next day, as he handed the newspaper containing the pleasing fiction to Jaune. "That's my idea, for a starter. I've got the whole story ready to come out in sections—paid a literary feller twenty dollars to get it up for me. And you be careful to-day when you are interviewed" (Jaune

shuddered) "to keep the story up—or" (for Jaune was beginning a remonstrance) "you can keep out of it altogether, if you'd rather. Say you must refuse to talk upon so delicate a subject, or something of that sort. Yes, that's your card. It'll make the mystery greater, you know,—and I'll see that the public gets the facts, all the same."

The tailor chuckled, and Jaune was unutterably wretched. He was on the point of throwing up his contract. He opened his mouth to speak the decisive words, and shut it again as the thought came into his mind that his misery must be borne, and borne gallantly, because it was all for the love of Rose.

That day there was no affectation in his air of melancholy. He was profoundly miserable. Faithful to his contract, he looked searchingly upon the many young women of twenty years whom he met; and such of them as were possessors of tender hearts grew very sorrowful at sight of the obvious woe by which he was oppressed. His woe, indeed, was keen, for the newspaper article had had its destined effect, and he was a marked man. People turned to look at him as people had not turned before; it was evident that he was a subject of conversation. Several times he caught broken sentences which he recognized as portions of his supposititious biography. His crowning torture was the assault of the newspaper reporters. They were suave, they were surly, they were insinuatingly sympathetic, they were aggressively peremptory,—but all alike were determined to wring from him to the uttermost the details of the sorrow that he never had suffered, of the life that he never had lived. It was a confusing sort of an experience. He began to wonder, at last, whether or not it were possible that he could be somebody else without knowing it; and if it were, in whom, precisely, his identity was vested. Being but a simple-minded young fellow, with no taste whatever for metaphysics, this line of thought was upsetting.

While involved in these perplexing doubts and the crowd at the Fifth Avenue crossing, he was so careless as to step upon the heel of a lady in front of him. And when the lady turned, half angrily, half to receive his profuse apologies, he beheld Mademoiselle Carthame. The face of this young person wore an expression made up of not less than three conflicting emotions: of resentment of the assault upon the heel of her one pair of good shoes, of friendly recognition of the familiar voice, of blank surprise upon perceiving that this voice came from the lips of a total stranger. She looked searchingly upon the smoked glasses, obviously trying to pry into the secret

of the hidden eyes. Jaune's blood rushed up into his face, and he realized that detection was imminent. Mercifully, at that moment the crowd opened, and with a bow that hid his face behind his hat he made good his retreat. During the remaining half hour of his walk, he thought no more of metaphysics. The horrid danger of physical discovery from which he had escaped so narrowly filled him with a shuddering alarm. Nor could he banish from his mind the harrowing thought that perhaps, for all his gray hair and painted wrinkles and fine clothes, Rose in truth had recognized him.

That night an irresistible attraction drew him to the Carthame abode. In the little parlor he found the severe Madame Carthame, her adorable daughter, and the offensive Count Siccatif de Courtray. Greatly to his relief, his reception was in the usual form: Madame Carthame conducted herself after the fashion of a well-bred iceberg; Rose endeavored to mitigate the severity of her parent's demeanor by her own affability; the Count, as much as possible, ignored his presence. Jaune could not repress a sigh of relief. She had not recognized him.

But his evening was one of trial. With much vivacity, Rose entertained the little company with an account of her romantic adventure with the French nobleman who had come to America in quest of his lost daughter; for she had read the newspaper story, and had identified its hero with the assailant of her heel. She dwelt with enthusiasm upon the distinguished appearance of the unhappy foreigner; she ventured the suggestion, promptly and sternly checked by her mamma, that she herself might be the lost child; she grew plaintive, and expressed a burning desire to comfort this stricken parent with a daughter's love; and, worst of all, she sat silent, with a far-away look in her charming eyes, and obviously suffered her thoughts to go astray after this handsome Marquis in a fashion that made even the Count Siccatif de Courtray fidget, and that filled the soul of Jaune d'Antimoine with a consuming jealousy—not the less consuming because of the absurd fact that it was jealousy of himself! As he walked home that night through the devious ways of Greenwich to his dismal studio, he seriously entertained the wish that he never had been born.

The next day all the morning papers contained elaborate "interviews" with the Marquis: for each of the several reporters who had been put on the case, believing that he alone had failed to get the facts, and being upheld by a lofty determination that no other reporter should "get a beat on him," had evolved from his own inner consciousness the

story that Jaune, for the best of reasons, had refused to tell. The stories thus told, being based upon the original fiction, bore a family resemblance to each other; and as all of them were interesting, they stimulated popular curiosity in regard to their hero to a very high pitch. As the result of them, Jaune found himself the most conspicuous man in New York. During the three hours of his walk he was the center of an interested crowd. Several benevolent persons stopped him to tell him of fatherless young women with whom they were acquainted, and to urge upon him the probability that each of these young women was his long-lost child. The representatives of a dozen detective bureaus introduced themselves to him, and made offer of their professional services; a messenger from the chief of police handed him a polite note tendering the services of the department and inviting him to a conference. It was maddening.

But worst of all were his meetings with Rose. As these multiplied, the conviction became irresistible that they were not the result of chance; indeed, her manner made doubt upon this head impossible. At first she gave him only a passing glance, then a glance somewhat longer, then a look of kindly interest, then a long look of sympathy; and at last she bestowed upon him a gentle, almost affectionate, smile that expressed, as plainly as a smile could express, her sorrow for his misery and her readiness to comfort him. In a word, Rose Carthame's conduct simply was outrageous!

The jealous anger which had inflamed Jaune's breast the night before swelled and expanded into a raging passion. He longed to engage in mortal combat this stranger who was alienating the affection that should be his. The element of absurdity in the situation no longer was apparent to him. In truth, as he reasoned, the situation was not absurd. To all intents and purposes he was two people: and it was the other one of him, not himself at all, who was winning Rose's interest, perhaps her love. For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would adjust the difficulty in his own favor by remaining this other person always. But the hard truth confronted him that every time he washed his face he would cease to be the elderly Marquis, with the harder truth that the fabulous wealth with which, as the Marquis, the newspapers had endowed him was too entirely fabulous to serve as a basis for substantial life. And being thus cut off from hope, he fell back upon jealous hatred of himself.

That night the evening paper in which the first mention of the mysterious French noble-

man had been made, contained an article cleverly contrived to give point to the mystery in its commercial aspect. The fact had been observed, the article declared, that the nobleman's promenade began and ended at a prominent clothing establishment on Broadway; and then followed, in the guise of a contribution toward the clearing up of the mystery, an interview with the proprietor of the establishment in question. However, the interview left the mystery just where it found it, for all that the tailor told was that the Marquis had bought several suits of clothes from him; that he had shown himself to be an exceptionally critical person in the matter of his wearing apparel; that he had expressed repeatedly his entire satisfaction with his purchases. In another portion of the paper was a glaring advertisement, in which the clothing man set forth in an animated fashion the cheapness and desirability of "The Marquis Suit"—a suit that "might be seen to advantage on the person of the afflicted French nobleman now in our midst, who had honored it with his approval, and in whose honor it had been named." Upon reading the newspaper narrative and its advertisement pendent, Jaune groaned aloud. He was oppressed by a horror of discovery, and here, as it seemed to him in his morbidly nervous condition, was a clew to his duplex identity sufficiently obvious to be apparent even to a detective.

THE Count Siccatif de Courtray, as has been intimated, went so far as to fidget while listening to Mademoiselle Carthame's vivacious description of her encounter with the handsome Marquis. Being regaled during the ensuing evening with a very similar narrative—a materially modified version of the events which had aroused in so lively a manner the passion of jealousy in the breast of Jaune d'Antimoine—the Count ceased merely to fidget, and became the prey to a serious anxiety. He determined that the next day, quite unobtrusively, he would observe Mademoiselle Carthame in her relations with this unknown but dangerously fascinating nobleman; and also that he would give some attention to the nobleman himself. This secondary purpose was strengthened the next morning, while the Count was engaged with his coffee and newspaper, by his finding in the "*Courrier des États-Unis*" a translation of the paragraph stating the curious fact that the daily walk of the Marquis began and ended at the Broadway tailor-shop.

Having finished his breakfast, the Count leisurely betook himself to Broadway. As he slowly strolled eastward, he observed on the other side of the street Jaune d'Antimoine,

in his desperately shabby raiment, hurriedly walking eastward also. The Count murmured a brief panegyric upon M. d'Antimoine, in which the words "cet animal" alone were distinguishable. They were near Broadway at this moment, and to the Count's surprise M. d'Antimoine entered the clothing establishment from which the Marquis departed upon his daily walk. Could it be possible, he thought, that fortune had smiled upon the young artist, and that he was about to purchase a new suit of clothes? The Count entertained the charitable hope that such could not be the case.

It was the Count's purpose, to the end that he might follow also the movements of Mademoiselle Carthame, to follow the Marquis from the beginning to the end of his promenade. To this end he set himself to watching closely for the appearance of the grief-stricken foreigner, moving carelessly the while from one shop-window to another that commanded a view of the field. At the end of half an hour, when the Count was beginning to think that the object of his solicitude was a myth, out from the broad portal of the clothing establishment came the Marquis in all his glory—more glorious, in truth, than Solomon and more melancholy than the melancholy Jaques. And yet for an instant the Count Siccatif de Courtray was possessed by the absurd fancy that this stately personage was Jaune d'Antimoine. Truly, here was the same tall, handsome figure, the same easy, elegant carriage, the same cut of hair and beard. But the resemblance went no further, for beard and hair were gray almost to whiteness, the face was pale and old, and the clothes, so far from being desperately seedy, were more resplendent even than the Count's own. No, the thought was incredible, preposterous, and yet the Count could not discharge it from his mind. He stamped his foot savagely; this mystery was becoming more interesting than pleasing.

In the crowd that the Marquis drew in his wake, as he slowly, sadly sauntered up Broadway, the Count had no difficulty in following him unobserved. The situation was that of the previous day, only it was intensified, and therefore, to its hero, the more horrible. The benevolent people with stray fatherless young women to dispose of were out in greater force; the detectives were more aggressive; the newspaper people were more persistent; the general public was more keenly interested in the whole performance. And Rose—most dreadful of all—was more outrageous than ever! The Count grew almost green with rage during the three hours that he was a witness of this young woman's scandalous

conduct. A dozen times she met the Marquis in the course of his walk, and each time that she met him she greeted him with a yet more tender smile. A curious fact that at first surprised, then puzzled, then comforted the Count was the very obvious annoyance which these flattering attentions caused their recipient. Evidently, he persistently endeavored to evade the meetings which Rose as persistently and more successfully endeavored to force upon him. Within the scope of M. de Courtray's comprehension only one reason seemed to be sufficient to explain the determination on the part of the Marquis to resist the advances of a singularly attractive young woman, whose good disposition toward him was so conspicuously, though so irregularly, manifested: a fear of recognition. And this reason adjusted itself in a striking manner to the queer notion that had come into his mind that the Marquis was an ideal creation, whose reality was Jaune d'Antimoine. The thought was absurd, irrational, but it grew stronger and stronger within him—and became an assured conviction when, shortly after the promenade of the Marquis had ended, Jaune came forth from the clothing-store in his normal condition of shabbiness and youth. The Count was not in all respects a praiseworthy person, but among his vices was not that of stupidity. Without any very tremendous mental effort he grasped the fact that his rival had sold himself into bondage as a walking advertisement, and, knowing this, a righteous exultation filled his soul. Jaune's destiny, so far as Mademoiselle Carthame was concerned, he felt was in his power; and he was perplexed by no nice doubts as to the purpose to which the power that he had gained should be applied.

Untroubled by the knowledge that his secret was discovered, Jaune entered upon the last day of his martyrdom. It was the most agonizing day of all. The benevolent persons, the reporters, the detectives, the crowd surging about him, drove him almost to madness. He walked as one dazed. And above and over all he was possessed by a frenzy of jealousy that came of the offensively friendly smiles which Rose bestowed upon him as she forced meetings upon him again and again. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from laying violent hands upon this bogus Marquis who falsely and infamously had beguiled away from him the love for which he gladly would have given his life. Only the blood of his despicable rival, he felt, would satisfy him. He longed to find himself with a sword in his hand on a bit of smooth turf, and the villainous Marquis over against him, ready to be run through. The thought was so delightful, so animating, that involuntarily he made a lunge,

and had to apologize confusedly to the elderly gentleman whom he had poked in the back with his umbrella.

At last the three hours of torture, the last of his two weeks of hateful servitude, came to an end. Pale beneath his false paleness, haggard beyond his false haggardness of age, he entered the clothing-store and once more was himself. With a gladness unspeakable he washed off his wrinkles and washed out the gray from his hair and beard; with a sense of infinite satisfaction that, a fortnight earlier, he would not have believed possible, he resumed his shabby old clothes. Had he chosen to do so, he might have walked away in the new and magnificent apparel which he now fairly had earned; but just at present his loathing for these fine garments was beyond all words.

The tailor fain would have had the masquerade continue longer, for, as he frankly stated, "The Marquis Suit" was having a tremendous sale. But Jaune was deaf not only to the tailor's blandishments, but to his offers of substantial cash. "Not for the millions would I be in this part of the Marquis for one day yet more," he said firmly. And he added, "I trust to you in honor, sare, that not never shall my name be spoken in this affair."

"Couldn't speak it if I wanted to, my dear boy. It's a mystery to me how you're able to pronounce it yourself! Well, I'd like you to run the 'Marquis' for another week; but if you wont, you wont, I suppose, so there's an end of it. I'm sorry you haven't enjoyed it. I have. It's been as good a thing as I ever got hold of. Now give me your address and I'll have your clothes sent to you. Don't you want some more? I don't mind letting you have a regular outfit if you want it. One good turn, you know — and you've done me a good turn, and that's a fact."

But Jaune declined this liberal offer, and declined also to leave his address, which would have involved a revelation of his name. It was a comfort to him to know that his name was safe — a great comfort. So the garments of the forever-departed Marquis were put up in a big bundle, and Jaune journeyed homeward to his studio in Greenwich — bearing his sheaves with him — in a Bleeker street car.

"WELL, you are a cheeky beggar, d'Antimoine," said Vandyke Brown, cheerfully, the next morning, as he came into Jaune's studio with a newspaper in his hand. "So you are the Marquis who has been setting the town wild for the last week, eh? And who did you bet with? And what started you in such a

crazy performance, anyway? Tell me all about it. It's as funny — Good heavens! d'Antimoine, what's the matter? Are you ill?" For Jaune had grown deathly pale and was gasping.

"I do not know of what it is that you talk," he answered, with a great effort.

"Oh, come now, that's too thin, you know. Why, here's a whole column about it, telling how you made a bet with somebody that you could set all the town to talking about you, and yet do it all in such a clever disguise that nobody would know who you really were, not even your most intimate friends. And I should say that you had won handsomely. Why, I've seen you on Broadway a dozen times myself this last week, and I never had the remotest suspicion that the Marquis was you. I must say, though," continued Brown, reflectively, and looking closely at Jaune, "that it was stupid of me. I did think that you had a familiar sort of look; and once, I remember, it did occur to me that you looked astonishingly like yourself. It — it was the clothes, you see, that threw me out. Where ever did you get such a stunning rig? I don't believe that I'd have known you dressed like that, even if you hadn't been gray and wrinkled. But tell all about it, old man. It must have been jolly fun!"

"Fun!" groaned Jaune; "it was the despair!" And then, his heart being very full and his longing for sympathy overpowering, Jaune told Brown the whole story. "But what is this of one bet, my dear Van," he concluded, "I do not of the least know."

"Well, here it all is in the paper, anyway. Calls you 'a distinguished animal-painter,' and alludes to your 'strikingly vigorous 'Lioness and Cubs' and powerful 'Dray Horses' at the last spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists.' Must be somebody who knows you, you see, and somebody who means well by you, too. There's nothing at all about your being an advertisement; indeed, there's nothing in the story but a good joke, of which you are the hero. It's an eccentric sort of heroism, to be sure; but then, for some unknown reason, people never seem to believe that artists are rational human beings, so your eccentricity will do you no harm. And it's no end of an advertisement for you. Whoever wrote it meant well by you. And, by Jove! I know who it is! It's little Conté Crayon. He's a good-hearted little beggar, and he likes you ever so much, for I've heard him say so; but how he ever got hold of the story, and especially of such a jolly version of it, I don't see."

At this moment, by a pleasing coincidence, Conté Crayon himself appeared with the de-

sired explanation. "You see," he said, "that beast of a Siccatis de Courtray hunted me up yesterday and told me the yarn about you and the slop-shop man. He wanted me to write it up and publish it, 'as a joke,' he said; but it was clear enough that he was in ugly earnest about it. And so, you see, I had to rush it into print in the way I chose to tell it—which would do you a bit of harm, d'Antimoine—in order to head him off. The black-guard meant to get you into a mess, and if I'd hung fire he'd have told somebody else about it, and had the real story published. Of course, you know, there's nothing in the real story that you need be ashamed of; but if it had been told, you certainly would have been laughed at, and nasty people would have said nasty things about it. And as there wasn't any time to lose, I had to print it first and then come here and explain matters afterward. And what I've got to say is this: Just you cheek it out and say that it *was* a bet, and that you won it! Brown and I will back you up in it, and so will the slop-shop man. I've been to see him this morning, and he is so pleased with the way that 'The Marquis Suit' is selling, and with the extra free advertisement that he has got out of my article, that he's promised to adopt the bet version in his advertisement in all the papers. He is going to advertise that 'The Marquis Suit' is so called because everybody who wears it looks like a marquis—just as you did. This cuts the ground right from under the Count's feet, you see; for nobody'd believe him on his oath if they could help it.

"And now I must clear out. I've got a race at Jerome Park at two o'clock. It's all right, d'Antimoine; I assure you it's all right—but I should advise you to punch the Count's head, all the same."

Vandyke Brown thought that it was all right, too, as he talked the matter over with Jaune after little Conté Crayon had gone. But Jaune refused to be comforted. So far as the public was concerned he admitted that Conté Crayon's story had saved him, but he was oppressed by a great dread of what might be the effect of the truth upon Rose. For Jaune d'Antimoine was too honest a gentleman even to think of deceiving his mistress. He must tell her the whole story, without reserve, and as she approved or disapproved of what he had done must his hopes of happiness live or die.

"Better have it out with her to-day, and be done with it," counseled Brown.

"Ah! it is well for you to speak of a hurry, my good Van; but it is not you who go to execute your life. No, I've not the force to go to-day. To-day I go to make a

long walk. Then this night I sleep well. To-morrow, in the morning, do I go to affront my destiny." And from this resolution Jaune was not to be moved.

Yet it was an unfortunate resolution, for it gave the Count Siccatis de Courtray time and opportunity for a flank movement. In the Count's breast rage and astonishment contended for the mastery as he contemplated the curious miscarriage of his newspaper assault. He had chosen this line of attack partly because his modesty counseled him to keep his own personality in the background, partly because the wider the publicity of his rival's disgrace the more complete would that disgrace be. But as his newspaper ally had failed him, he took the campaign into his own hands; that is to say, he hurried to tell the true story, and a good deal more than the true story, to Rose and Madame Carthame.

Concerning its effect upon Rose, he was in doubt; but its effect upon Madame Carthame was all that he could desire. This severe person instantly took the cue that the Count dexterously gave her by affecting to palliate Jaune's erratic conduct. He urged that, inasmuch as M. d'Antimoine was a conspicuous failure as an artist, for him to engage himself to a tailor as a walking advertisement, so far from being a disgrace to him, was greatly to his credit. And Madame Carthame promptly and vehemently asserted that it wasn't. She refused to regard what he had done in any other light than that of a crime. She declared that never again should his offensive form darken her door. Solemnly she forbade Rose from recognizing him when in the future they should chance to meet. And then she abated her severity to the extent of thanking the Count with tears in her eyes for the service that he had done her in tearing off this viper's disguise. Naturally, the Count was charmed by Madame Carthame's energetic indignation. He perceived that his unselfish investigations of the actions of Monsieur Jaune were bearing excellent fruit. Already, as he believed, the way toward his own happiness was smooth and clear. As the Count retired from this successful conference, he laughed softly to himself; nor did he pause in his unobtrusive mirth to reflect that those laugh best who laugh last.

And thus it came to pass that when Jaune, refreshed by sound slumber and a little cheered by hope, presented himself the next morning at Madame Carthame's gates, fate decreed that Rose herself should open the gates to him—in response to his ring—and in her own proper person should tell him that she was not at home. In explanation

of this obviously inexact statement she announced to him her mother's stern decree. Being but a giddy young person, however, and one somewhat lacking in fit reverence of maternal authority, she added, on her own account, that in half an hour or so she was going up Fourth street to the Gansevoort market, and that Fourth street was a public thoroughfare, upon which M. d'Antimoine also had a perfect right to walk.

In the course of this walk, while Jaune gallantly carried the market-basket, the story that Rose already had heard from the Count Siccâtif de Courtray was told again—but told with a very different coloring. For Mademoiselle Carthame clearly perceived how great the sacrifice had been that Jaune had made for her sake, and how bravely, because it was for her sake, it had been made. There was real pathos in his voice; once or twice he nearly broke down. Possibly it was because she did not wish him to see her eyes that she manifested so marked an interest in the shop windows as they walked along.

"And so that adorable Marquis was unreal?" queried Mademoiselle Carthame sadly, and somewhat irrelevantly, when Jaune had told her all.

"He was not adorable. He was a disgusting beast!" replied M. d'Antimoine savagely.

"I—I loved him!" answered Rose, turning upon Jaune, at last, her black eyes. They did not sparkle, as was their wont, but they were wonderfully lustrous and soft.

Jaune looked down into the market-basket and groaned.

"And—and I love him still. I think, I—I hope, that he will live always in my heart."

The voice of Mademoiselle Carthame trembled, and her hand grasped very tightly the bag of carrots that they had been unable to make a place for in the basket, for they were coming back from the market now.

Jaune did not look up. For the life of him he could not keep back a sob. It was bitter hard, he felt, that out of his love for Rose should come love's wreck; and, harder yet, that the rival who had stolen her from him should be himself! Through the mist of his misery he seemed to hear Rose laughing softly. Could this be so? Then, indeed, was the capstone set upon his grief!

"Jaune!"

He started, and so violently that a cabbage, with half a dozen potatoes after it, sprang out of the basket and rolled along the pavement at their feet. His bowed head rose with a jerk, and their eyes met full. In hers there was a look half mocking, that as he

gazed changed into tenderness; into his, as he saw the change and perceived its meaning, there came a look of glad delight.

"As though you could deceive me! Why, of course, I knew you from the very first!"

Then they collected the potatoes and the cabbage and walked slowly on, and great happiness was in their hearts.

The world was a brighter world for Jaune d'Antimoine when he gave into Rose's hand the market-basket on her own door-step, and turned reluctantly away. But there still were clouds in it. Rose had admitted that two things were necessary before getting married could be thought of at all seriously: something must be done by which the nose of the Count Siccâtif de Courtray would be disjointed; something must be done to assure Madame Carthame that M. d'Antimoine, in some fashion at least a little removed from semi-starvation, could maintain a wife. It was certain that until these things were accomplished Madame Carthame's lofty resolution to transform her daughter into a countess, and her stern disapprobation of Jaune as a social outcast, never would be overcome.

As events turned out, it was the second of these requirements that was fulfilled first.

MR. BADGER BRUSH was a very rich sporting man, whose tastes were horsey but whose heart was in the right place. It was his delight to make or to back extraordinary wagers. Few New Yorkers have forgotten that very queer bet of his that resulted in putting high hats on all the Broadway telegraph poles. When Mr. Brush read the story of Jaune d'Antimoine's wager, therefore, he was greatly pleased with its originality; and when, later in the day, he fell in with little Conté Crayon at Jerome Park, he pressed that ingenious young newspaper man for additional particulars. And knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Badger Brush's heart, Conté Crayon did not hesitate to tell the whole story—winding up with the pointed suggestion that inasmuch as the hero of the story was an animal-painter of decided, though as yet unrecognized, ability, Mr. Brush could not do better than manifest his interest in a practical way by giving him an order. The sporting man rose to the suggestion with a commendable promptness and warmth.

"I don't care a blank if it wasn't a bet," he said heartily. "That young man has pluck, and he deserves to be encouraged. I'll go down and see him to-morrow, and I'll order a portrait of Celeripes; a life-size, thousand-dollar portrait, by Jove! Celeripes deserves it, after the pot of money he brought me at Long Branch, and your friend deserves it too."

And I have some other horses that I want painted, and some dogs — he paints dogs, I suppose? And I know a lot of other fellows who ought to have their horses painted, and I'll start them along at him. I'll give him all the painting he can handle in the next ten years. For it *was* a bet, you see, after all. Didn't he back his cleverness in disguise against the wits of the whole town? And didn't the slop-shop man put up the stakes? And didn't he just win in a canter? I should rather think he did! Of course it was a bet, and a mighty good one at that. Gad! Crayon, it's the best thing that's been done in New York for years. It's what I call first-class cheek. I couldn't have done it better, sir, myself!"

Thus it fell out that half an hour after Jaune got back to his studio from that memorable walk to the Gansevoort market, he had the breath-taking-away felicity of booking a thousand-dollar order, and of receiving such obviously trustworthy assurances of many more orders that his wildest hopes of success in a moment were resolved into substantial realities. When he was alone again he certainly would have believed that he had been dreaming but for the fact that Mr. Badger Brush had insisted upon paying half the price of the picture down in advance; for whatever this good-hearted, horsey gentleman did, he did thoroughly well. The crisp notes, more than Jaune ever had seen together in all his life before — save once, when he took a dealer's check for ten dollars to a bank and looked through the wire screen while the bank man haughtily cashed it — lay on the table where Mr. Badger Brush had laid them; and their blissful presence proved that his happiness was not a dream, but real.

From the corner into which, loathingly, he had kicked it, he drew forth the bundle containing "The Marquis Suit." With a certain solemnity he resumed these garments of price in which he had suffered so much torture, and, being clad, boldly presented himself to Madame Carthame with a formal demand for her daughter's hand. And in view of the sudden and prodigious change that had come over M. d'Antimoine's fortunes, almost was Madame Carthame persuaded that the matrimonial plans which she had laid out for her daughter might be changed. Yet did she hesitate before announcing that their Median and Persian quality might be questioned: for the hope that Rose might be a countess lay very close to Madame Carthame's heart. However, her determination was shaken, which was a great point gained. And presently — for Jaune's star was triumphantly in the ascendant — it was completely destroyed. The

instrument of its destruction was Mr. Badger Brush's groom, Stumps.

Stumps was a talkative creature, and whenever he came down to Jaune's studio, as he very often did while the portrait of Celeripes was in progress, he had a good deal to say over and above the message that he brought as to when the horse would be free for the next "sitting" in the paddock at Mr. Brush's country place where Jaune was painting him. And Jaune, who was one of the best-natured of mortals, usually suffered Stumps to talk away until he was tired.

"You might knock me down with a wisp of hay, you might, indeed, sir," said the groom one morning a fortnight after the picture had been begun — the day but one, in fact, before that set for Vandyke Brown's wedding. "Yes, sir," he continued, "with a wisp of hay, or even with a single straw! Here I've been face to face with my own father's brother's son, and I've put out my hand to him, and he's turned away short and pretended as he didn't know me and went off! And they tell me at his lodgin', for I follered him a-purpose to find him out, that he calls himself a Frenchman, and says as how his name — which it is Stumps, and always has been — is Count Sikkativ de Cortray!"

Jaune's palette and brushes fell to the floor with a crash. "Is it possible that you do tell me of the Comte Siccatif de Courtray? Are you then sure that you do not make one grand meestake? Is it 'im truly that you 'ave seen?"

"Him, sir? Wy, in course it's him. Haven't I knowed him ever since he wasn't higher'n a hoss's fetlock? Don't I tell you as me and him's fust cousins? Him? In course it's him — the gump!"

"Then, my good Stump, you will now tell me of this wonder all."

"It's not much there is to tell, sir, and wat there is isn't to his credit. His father was my father's brother. My father was in the hoss line out Saint John's Wood way — in Lunnon, you know, sir — and his father lived in our street and was a swell barber. Uncle'd married a French young 'ooman as was dress-makin' and had been a lady's maid; it's along of his mother that he gets his Frenchness, you see. He was an only son, he was, and they made a lot of him — dressin' him fine, and coddlin' him, and sendin' him to school like anythink. Uncle was doin' a big trade, you see, and makin' money fast. Then, when he was a young fellow of twenty or so, and after he'd served at barberin' with his father for a couple of years, he took service with young Lord Skulpington — as had his 'cousin' livin' in a willa down our way, and

came to uncle's to be barbered frequent. And when Lord Skulpington went sudden-like over to the Continent, wishin' to give his 'cousin' the slip, havin' got sick of her, Stumps he went along. That's a matter of ten years ago, sir, and blessed if I've laid eyes on him since until I seed him here in New York to-day. Uncle died better'n two year back, aunt havin' died fust, and he left a tidy pot of money to Stumps; and I did hear that Stumps, who'd been barberin' in Paris, had giv' up work when he got the cash and had set up to be a gentleman, but I didn't know as he'd set up to be a count too. The like of this I never did see!"

"And you are, then, sure, you will swear, my good Stump, that this are the same man?"

"Swear, sir! I'll swear to it high and low and all day long! But I must be goin', sir. You will please to remember that the hoss will be ready for you at ten o'clock to-morrow mornin', sharp."

Jaune rushed down to Vandyke Brown's studio for counsel as to whether he should go at once to the Count's lodgings and charge him with fraud to his face, or should make the charge first to Madame Carthame. But Brown was out. Nor was he in old Madder's studio, though about this time he was much more likely to be there than in his own. Old Madder said that Brown had taken Rose—Rose Madder—over to Brooklyn, to the Philharmonic, and he believed that they were going to dinner at Mr. Mangan Brown's afterward, and would not be in till late; and he seemed to be pretty grumpy about it.

Jaune fumed and fretted away what was left of the afternoon and a good part of the evening. At last Brown and Rose came home, and Brown, with a very bad grace, suffered himself to be led away from old Madder's threshold. To do him justice, though, when he had heard the story that Jaune had to tell he was all eagerness. His advice was to make the attack instantly; and without more words they set off together, walking briskly through the chill air of the late October night.

As they were passing along McDougall street—midway between Bleecker and Houston, in front of the row of pretty houses with verandas all over their fronts—Jaune suddenly gripped Brown's arm and drew him quickly within one of the little front yards and into the shadow of the high iron steps.

"Look!" he said.

On the other side of the street, in the light of the gas-lamp that stands in the center of the block, was the Count himself. For the moment that he was beneath the gas-lamp

they saw him clearly. His face was set in an expression of gloomy sternness; his rapid, resolute walk indicated a definite purpose; he carried a little bundle in his hand.

"What a villain he looks!" whispered Brown. "Upon my soul, I do believe that he is going to murder somebody!"

"Ah! the vile animal! We will pursue," answered Jaune, also in a whisper.

Giving the Count a start of a dozen house fronts, they stepped out from their retreat and followed him cautiously. He walked quickly up McDougall street until he came out on Washington Square. For a moment he paused—by Sam Wah's laundry—and then turned sharply to the left along Fourth street. At a good pace he crossed Sixth Avenue, swung around the curve that Fourth street makes before beginning its preposterous journey northward, went on past the three little balconied houses whose fronts are on Washington Place, and so came out upon the open space where Washington Place and Barrow street and Fourth street all run into each other. It was hereabouts that Wouter Van Twiller had his tobacco farm a trifle less than two centuries ago.

The Count stopped, as though to get his bearings; and while they waited for him to go on Brown nudged Jaune to look at the delightfully picturesque frame house, set in a deep niche between two high brick houses, with the wooden stair elbowing up its outside to its third story. It came out wonderfully well in the moonlight, but Jaune was too much excited even to glance at it.

At the next group of corners—where Fourth street crosses Grove and Christopher streets at the point where they go sidling into each other along the slanting lines of the little park—the Count halted again. Evidently, the exceeding crookedness of Greenwich Village puzzled him—as well it might. Presently a Christopher-street car came along and set him straight; and thus guided he started resolutely westward, as though heading for the river.

"Is it possible that he goes 'imself to drown?" suggested d'Antimoine.

"No such good luck," Brown answered shortly.

Coming out on what used to be called "the Strand"—West street they call it now—the Count bore away from the lights of the Hoboken Ferry and from the guarded docks of the White Star and Anchor lines of steamers, skirted the fleet of oyster boats, and so came to the quiet pier at the foot of Perry street, where the hay barges unload. This pier runs a long way out into the river, for it is a part of what was called Sapokamikke Point in

Indian times. The Count stopped and looked cautiously around him, but his pursuers promptly crouched behind a dray and became invisible.

As he went out upon the pier, though, they were close upon his heels—walking noiselessly over the loose hay and keeping themselves hidden in the shadow of the barges and behind the piles of bales. At the very end of the pier he stopped. Jaune and Brown, hidden by a bale of hay, were within five feet of him. Their hearts were beating tremendously. There had been no tragical purpose in their minds when they started, but it certainly did look now as though they were in the thick of a tragedy. In the crisp October moonlight the Count's face shone deathly pale; they could see the fingers of his right hand working convulsively; they could hear his labored breathing. Below him was the deep, black water, lapping and rippling as the swirl of the tide sucked it into the dark, slimy recesses among the piles. In its bosom was horrible death. The Count stepped out upon the very edge of the pier and gazed wofully down upon the swelling waters. His dismal purpose no longer admitted of doubt. Involuntarily the two followed him until they were close at his back. Little as they loved him, they could not suffer him thus despairingly to leave the world.

But instead of casting himself over the edge of the pier, the Count slowly raised the hand that held the bundle, with the obvious intention of throwing the bundle and whatever was the evil secret that it contained into the river's depths. Quick as thought, Brown had seized the upraised arm, and Jaune had settled upon the other arm with a grip like a vise.

"No you don't, my boy! Let's see what it is before it goes overboard. Hold fast, d'Antimoine!"

The Count struggled furiously, but hopelessly.

"It's no use. You may as well give in, Stumps!"

As Brown uttered this name the Count suddenly became limp. The little bundle that he had clutched tightly through the struggle dropped from his nerveless hand, and fell open as it struck the ground. And there, gleaming in the moonlight, a brace of razors, a stubby brush, a stout pair of shears, lay loosely in the folds of a barber's jacket!

And this was the sorry climax to the brilliant romance of the proscribed Bonapartist, the Count Siccatif de Courtray!

Jaune, who was a generous-hearted young fellow, was for setting free his crest-fallen rival at once, and so having done with him. Brown took a more statesmanlike view of the situation. "We will let him go after he has owned

up to Madame Carthame what a fraud he is," he said. The Count winced when this sentence was pronounced, but he uttered no remonstrance. The shock of the discovery had completely demoralized him.

It was after midnight when they reached Madame Carthame's dwelling, and Rose herself, with her hair done up in curl papers, opened the door for them. When she recognized the three visitors and perceived that the Count was in custody, and at the same moment remembered her curl papers, on her face the gaze of astonishment and the blush of maidenly modesty contended for the right of way.

Madame Carthame fairly was in bed—as was evident from the spirited conversation between herself and her vivacious daughter that was perfectly audible through the folding doors which separated the little parlor from her bedroom. It was evident, also, that she was indisposed to rise. However, her indisposition was overcome, and in the course of twenty minutes or so she appeared arrayed in a frigid dignity and a loose wrapper. Rose, meanwhile, had taken off her curl papers, and Jaune regarded her tumbled hair with ecstasy.

The tribunal being assembled, the prisoner was placed at the bar and the trial began. It was an eminently irregular trial, looking at it from a legal point of view, for the verbal evidence all was hearsay. But it also was extra legal in that it was brief and decisive. Brown gave his testimony in the shape of a repetition of the story that Jaune had told him had been told by Mr. Badger Brush's groom; and when this was concluded, Jaune produced the jacket, razors, shears, and shaving brush, and stated the circumstances under which they had been found. Then the prosecution rested.

Being questioned by the court—that is to say, by Madame Carthame—in his own defense, the Count replied gloomily that he hadn't any. "When I saw that horse fellow," he said, "I knew that I was likely to get into trouble, and that was the reason why I wanted to get rid of these things. And now the game is up. It is all true. I was a barber. I am not a count. My real name is Stumps."

Then it was that Madame Carthame, blissfully ignorant of the fact that she had neglected to remove her night-cap, stood up in her place, with her wrapper gathered about her in a statuesque fashion, and in a tragic tone uttered the single word:

"Sortez!"

And the Count went!

Out, out into the chill and gloom of night went the false Count, never to return; and with him went Madame Carthame's fond hope that her daughter would be a countess, which also was the last barrier in the way of Jaune

d'Antimoine's love. Perceiving that the force of fate inexorably was pressing upon her, Madame Carthame — still in her night-cap — bestowed upon Rose and Jaune the maternal blessing in a manner that, even allowing for the night-cap, was both stately and severe.

At Vandyke Brown's wedding Jaune d'Antimoine was radiantly magnificent in "The Marquis Suit," adding splendor to the ceremony and rendering himself most pleasing in the eyes of Rose Carthame. And a month later he was yet more radiant when he wore the famous suit again, in the church of

Saint Vincent de Paul, and was married himself.

Conté Crayon brought Mr. Badger Brush down to the wedding, and the groom came too, and the tailor got wind of it and came without being asked — and had to be implored not to work it up into an advertisement, as he very much wanted to do. Mrs. Vandyke Brown, just home from her wedding journey, was the first — after the kiss of Madame Carthame had been sternly bestowed — to kiss the bride; and Mr. Badger Brush irreverently whispered to Conté Crayon that he wished, by Jove, he had her chance!

Ivory Black.

AMERICANS AT PLAY.

IF the future social historian of America shall put much trust in the propositions about the character of the American people of to-day that are current in essays, newspaper leaders, sermons, and elsewhere, he will miss the mark. Some false theories, from frequent repetition, gain an authority equal to that of the Apostles' Creed. Since the first seed of the English race germinated in these shores, several theories about them have been accepted as generally true. The most of these have been false. It was very early believed that Americans were shorter-lived than their English progenitors; the falsehood is so vital that even life-insurance experience cannot quite kill it. It was long held, and I suppose it is yet held, that Yankees love money more than any other people; but does an American like a dollar any better than an Englishman or Scotchman likes four shillings? Will not the generous-hearted son of Erin higgie for a half-penny in a bargain? Isn't a franc very dear, also, to the Frenchman? In one breath Old World writers dub the people of the United States a nation of "dollar-hunters," and in the next berate them for an excessive liberality that "spoils travel." Most Englishmen hold to the opinion that Americans sit up of nights to corrupt the English language. But the most curious of fallacies about Americans are those which they hold themselves. One of these is that we are an overworked race, incapable of amusing ourselves. Over and over again the leader-writers — the only real *ex cathedra* preachers of our age — assure us that we are incapable of merry-making, that our attempts at fun are cumbrous failures, and that, as a people, we are quite incapable of play. The best of the joke is that we all believe this, and feel sorry for ourselves accordingly.

To one of the most refined and fastidious of New England scholars I once remarked that the American writer best known in Europe was Mark Twain. "He ought to be," was the reply. "Anybody who can make our melancholy people laugh deserves the highest honor." The foundation for this belief in that American melancholy, with a college man leading a life of scholarly seclusion, is easy to find. He reads of May-poles in old ballads, but we have none; he sees merry-makings from a distance as he travels in Europe, and sees them through the atmosphere of old poetry — all the rudeness and brutality in them fail to reach him. He only knows that our people do not dance on the village green, or kiss their sweethearts under the mistletoe, or carry in a grinning boar's head at Christmas. Our shepherds do not play upon any pipes but those that hold tobacco. Are we not, therefore, a lugubrious people?

But how even a college professor should get the notion that the American people are incapable of amusement, I cannot see. The gymnasium is rather more prominent than the library — in Harvard itself there is a professor whose business it is to teach athletics. What would the venerable founders, who adopted the solemn Latin motto which devotes the college to religious and ecclesiastical uses, have thought to see a member of the Harvard faculty taking the flying trapeze? Twenty years ago every well-informed man knew who were the great professors at the leading universities; now it is much if you can keep the run of the young men who row stroke in the boat crews, and who, with the base-ball, foot-ball, and lacrosse players, have somewhat eclipsed the renown of the great teachers.

I have been for some months involved in

all the toils of building in a place remote from supplies. When the Fourth of July came, my stone-masons, living for weeks in a tent away from their families, and consequently anxious to complete their work, agreed to work all day. But, like true holiday-keeping Americans, they could not stand it; the lake was too tempting; at noon all three "knocked off" and went a-fishing, after the ancient example of Simon Peter. The only man left on my hands was a Scotch tender, who would not lose his wages, though he had no masons to tend. The carpenters at work for me are men of about fifty years of age, who do not, it is true, dance on the green, or keep house-warmings, like ancient Englishmen, but all of them left me for a week at a stretch to attend the county fair, and the intelligent American "help" in the kitchen went also. My French-Canadian plasterer stood solitary at his post like another Casabianca; but the brick-mason couldn't lay the hearth,—his duties as village-fiddler detained him at the fair. I wonder if the social philosophers who are so sure that we have no holidays, just because everybody has always said so, ever considered what a great element in our rural life the so-called agricultural fair is, with its pumpkins and bicycle races, its big oxen, trotting-horses, gypsy fortune-tellers, needle-work, female equestrians, firemen's "tournaments," side-shows, dances, and other amusements. We have two of these in our county every autumn. Only last week I rowed five miles against a head wind in a hot September sun, on a pressing errand for my builders, and then found the steam-planing mill as still as death; proprietors and men had shut down and gone off to see the fair, six miles away,—except one fellow, who alone chose to amuse himself, in the way supposed to be congenial to our race, by attending a murder trial in the village hard by.

Living as I do on the lake that is preferred to all others in America as a resort, it seems ridiculous to talk of Americans as incapable of enjoyment. For thirty miles north and south, on both shores, Lake George is peopled in summer by many thousands who give themselves up to pleasure of every healthful sort—rowing, fishing, driving, bathing, mountain-climbing, boat-racing, canoe-racing, steam-boat excursions, moonlight sailing, lawn-tennis, base-ball, mooning on the piazza, and other outdoor recreations, to say nothing of indoor games. Nor are these all rich people; farm-houses and shell cottages are occupied by multitudes of people with little money who love recreation like good Americans, and who take vacations of a length unknown to Europeans in similar circumstances.

But these are not the peasants, you say.

Alas! we have no peasants to attend feasts given by patronizing lords-of-the-manor. But our country people have their own recreations. Joshua's Rock, within gunshot of where I write, is now inclosed and forbidden; but it has been a picnicing and chowdering place for the neighborhood probably ever since the land was inhabited by white people, and, from the relics we find, it appears to have been the scene of Indian fish-suppers for centuries before. A chowder was given a few weeks ago at the head of our little bay; there was no end to the carriages, wagons, row-boats, sail-boats, and little steamers that waked the resounding echoes of our usually quiet cliffs. There were perhaps a thousand people in the crowd, and not a city person among them. They were yeomanry from the rugged flanks of French Mountain, and from the fertile grain and grass country to the south and east, with mechanics, clerks, and store-keepers from half-a-dozen villages in a radius of fifteen miles. A horse ran away, and several persons were injured. One of them was thought to be fatally hurt, but when the wounded had been cared for, the irrepressible American went on with his merry chowder as though nothing had happened. Each comer paid twenty-five cents as his contribution toward the fish chowder, and furnished the rest of his provisions himself. There was no music, no dancing, no beer, no singing, no May-pole, no gracious lady-of-the-manor, but there was unintermitting enjoyment for all that.

In vain will the historian of the future look for any reflection of all this in the novels of society that graze the cuticle of our national life. Our novelists, for the most part, shirk the chowder and the county fair. If you should write of these things frankly, you are sure to be snubbed by the refined critic, who will accuse you of "a latent sympathy with vulgarity." But we shall never have a genuinely American literature so long as we shrink from the life of our common people. Isolation and exclusiveness is not a mark of superior culture, though it passes for something of the sort. There is no vulgarity so vulgar as that which feels itself liable to contamination by contact with people of no pretensions.

In estimating the capacity of Americans for amusement, it should be remembered that if they have fewer troupes of strolling players than other peoples, they compensate themselves with no end of church "entertainments." If we keep few ancient holidays, we take liberal vacations; if we buy few comic papers, we exact that our sober journals shall keep "funny men" as jesters to King Demos. The predominant quality in two-thirds of our most popular men of letters is either wit or humor. Even in

the pulpit the most popular men are amusing, either purposely or otherwise, and it is doubtful if any other nation ever had so many humorists among its legislators as we have had.

We are accused of grimness and lack of joyousness in our merry-making, but all merry-making is serious business when the observer is out of sympathy with it. One delicious late afternoon, in a town on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, six or seven years ago, I saw the pole of an acrobat set up in the street. The fellow performed some commonplace feats of agility, such as you may see on a summer's day at Rockaway when our city people, rich and poor, are airing themselves along the shore. But the Italian was jauntily dressed in colors, and aided by a clown; his two children, mere infants, were forced to perform with him, and his wife, bedizened with tinsel, showing off her meager ugliness in tights, solicited contributions by passing round a tambourine. The oldest little boy, of five years, after performing several dangerous feats, grew nervous, missed his hold, and fell heavily on his back. The father

cuffed him, and he ran, hurt and sobbing, to his mother. A charming gentleman and lady from Weimar, who had crossed the Simplon in the coupé of the diligence with me, stood by; I shall never forget the indignant emphasis of this gentleman's exclamation when the poor boy fell: "*C'est abominable!*" But the crowd of people took no notice; the tumbling and contortions of the actor, and the capers of the clown, continued to excite applause. The poor mother, in her ridiculous tights and furbelows, alternately fondled her frightened children and jingled her tambourine, praying the bystanders to contribute. I do not believe that our amusements are any more grim or disagreeable than this one which gave the common people of Stresa so much delight. Even the fun of dancing on a hay-barge towed slowly through the Kill von Kull on a moonlight night—which is so common a recreation with Manhattaners of a certain class—can hardly seem drearier to the observer than the Italian street circus did to three foreigners.

Edward Eggleston.

CHINESE GORDON.

I.

It is more than twenty years since General Gordon won the strange sobriquet which has clung to him amid all the vicissitudes of a singularly adventurous career. The story, familiar enough in the East, has been almost forgotten in the West; and, notwithstanding many biographies have appeared of late, there are probably few who could explain why the Governor-General of the Soudan is always spoken of as Chinese Gordon. Yet that Gordon is Governor-General of the Soudan is due to the exploit which won for him so unique a title. Twenty-one years ago the Chinese Empire, after submitting to a peace dictated by the allied powers amid the ashes of its imperial palace, was threatened with ruin by the rebellion of the Taipings. The heart of the empire had fallen into the hands of the rebels, who, under Chung-Wang, a kind of Chinese Mahdi, had routed the armies of China and menaced the dynasty with overthrow. For five years Shanghai itself was only preserved from capture and loot by the presence of a British garrison. Repeated attempts were vainly made by the Chinese authorities to win back their lost provinces; and as year after year passed by, it seemed as if this cancer, preying on the vitals of the empire, would eventually destroy it. At the

beginning of 1863 the Taipings, numbering one hundred thousand fighting men, occupied the whole of the country stretching from Shanghai to Nankin. They held every walled city for a distance of several hundred miles to the south and west. Inflamed with fanaticism, flushed with victory, they were in undisturbed possession of the garden of China. Their head-quarters at Soochow, a strongly fortified citadel, commanded the whole province. The towns and villages were in ruins, and vast tracts of country were depopulated. It was while affairs were in this position that Gordon, then a major in the British army, was appointed to the command of the imperial forces. They consisted of four thousand Chinese mercenaries, officered for the most part by foreign sailors with a turn for filibustering, undisciplined, and demoralized by repeated defeats. In addition to this rabble, Gordon had nothing to rely upon beyond a firm base, ample munitions of war at Shanghai, and a couple of steam-tugs. The situation seemed a hopeless one, and Gordon might well have despaired. But Gordon is a man not given to despair. As was said of another whom in many respects he much resembles, "Hope shone in him as a pillar of fire after it had gone out in other men."

This faith was justified by his works. In twelve months after he assumed command he

had suppressed the Taiping rebellion. With his handful of natives, reinforced as the campaign went on by prisoners captured in the field, he defeated the rebels, and stormed their fortresses one after another, until, on his recall, he left the Chinese Government in a position to overturn the last stronghold of the rebellion in the city of Nankin. Never had a victory more brilliant been achieved with forces so inadequate, and seldom had the genius of a commander been more conspicuous in the transformation which it wrought in the fortunes of war. Because he crushed the Taipings and saved China, he acquired the name of Chinese Gordon; and because he had proved his ability to do such marvels in China, he was this year dispatched to Khartoum to accomplish a task from which an army might have recoiled. It was no unfounded expectation that the man who, with four thousand unwarlike Chinese, could crush the Taiping insurrection, might be able, with the aid of the six thousand Egyptians in Khartoum, to secure the evacuation of the Soudan. To reconquer a province studded with fortresses and garrisoned with one hundred thousand men, was a far more formidable enterprise than the extrication of some scattered garrisons from the valley of the Upper Nile. Gordon, who had done the one, was confident that he would not find it impossible to do the other. That confidence was shared by his countrymen, and in that lies the secret of the justification of his mission to the Soudan.

II.

GENERAL GORDON, although but fifty years of age, has seen service the value and variety of which affords a striking illustration of the extent of the work which falls to the share of England in the government of the world. Entering the army when a youth, his first campaign was that of the Crimea, where he displayed the courage and *sang froid* which have distinguished him through life. After the fall of Sebastopol he was employed first in defining the frontier between Russia and Turkey in Europe, and then in laying down the correct limits of the frontiers of Armenia. Hardly had he finished this task, when the outbreak of the Chinese war hurried him to the further East. He took part in the operations that resulted in the capture of Peking; and, after the war with China was over, he served for some time in the small British force that defended Shanghai from the Taipings. In 1863 he assumed the command of the imperial troops, and, as has already been remarked, he achieved a success that startled none so

much as the Chinese themselves. In the series of actions that led up to the final victory, Gordon, then only thirty years old, displayed that rare faculty for organizing and inspiring irregular troops which has always been the chief secret of his success. Never was this genius for command better displayed than when Gordon organized his body-guard out of the Taiping prisoners captured on the field, and imbued every Chinaman under his command with a belief that he was both invulnerable and invincible. He always led his troops into action himself, armed with no weapon save a small cane, but the superstition of his soldiers transformed it into a magic wand of victory, and an almost perfect immunity from wounds established a belief that he had a charmed life, similar to that with which the Russian army associated the name of Skobelev. For the next six years, from 1865 to 1871, Gordon was employed in superintending the fortifications of the Thames, a period of service which is associated with incessant activity on behalf of the gutter-snipes and Arabs of the streets of Gravesend, where legends of "the good colonel" still linger among the boys who passed through his ragged-school.

After spending six years at Gravesend Colonel Gordon was dispatched to represent the English Government on the Danubian Commission. The work was not very congenial. The Danube, the Mississippi of Europe, has an International Commission to control its lower channel. Representatives of all the great powers, and also of the riverine states, direct the engineering works necessary to keep its mouths open for navigation; and it was on this Commission that Colonel Gordon spent the next two years of his life. From the mouth of the Danube he was summoned by the late Khedive of Egypt, and appointed ruler of the head waters of the Nile and Governor-General of the Equator. After spending a couple of years in these remote regions, he was in 1877 appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, and he continued to wield absolute power for the next three years over a region considerably larger than India. Before he finally quitted the Soudan he executed a mission to Abyssinia, which was not the least adventurous of his African exploits. Returning to England in 1880, he accepted the post of Military Secretary to Lord Ripon, who was then going out as Governor-General of India. The appointment, however, was a mistake, and before work began Colonel Gordon had resigned. The next few years he spent in travel. During a visit to South Africa he was induced to undertake the settlement of the Basutan difficulty; but the

Cape Government took alarm at his frank recognition of the justice of the rebels' complaints, and the appointment was canceled.

There was some talk at one time of appointing him President in Zululand when the late King Cetewayo was restored, but it came to nothing. Gordon spent some time in the Seychelles, where he believed he had discovered the tree of forbidden fruit; and ultimately, after visiting England, he settled for a time at Jerusalem. Here he was speedily absorbed in the identification of historical sites and in dreamy speculations concerning the future of the East, in which texts of Hebrew prophecies supplied clues for the elucidation of the problems of European diplomacy. He was at Jerusalem when the summons came from the King of the Belgians which indirectly led to his return to his old post at Khartoum.

III.

THE Soudan, or the Black Country, is a vast and undefined region stretching south of Egypt to the equator. The greater part of it is desert, and although its area exceeds that of India, its population is not three times that of the State of New York. Along the river, however, there is a strip of verdure, and in the southern and south-eastern provinces, especially in the country between the two Niles and that near the lakes and the source of the White Nile, the soil is very rich. Khartoum, the capital of the whole region, and situated at the junction of the two Niles, is an important commercial center. Egyptian government in the Soudan was a mere matter of periodical pillage, accompanied by the torture of men and the ravishing of women. Its only redeeming feature was that it prevented internecine wars; and when occasionally a good governor-general was appointed, the Bashi-Bazoukery was reduced to a minimum, and the force of the Egyptian Government was exerted for the repression of the slave-trade, which is the staple industry of the Soudan. But the system of government was essentially Turkish. When General Gordon was appointed Governor-General, he informed Ismail, the late Khedive, thrice over that his appointment would be fatal to the continuance of the old system. "Nevermore," said he, "will Egypt be able to govern the Soudan in the old Turkish or Circassian fashion after I have resided there long enough to teach the people that they have rights. If you send me, you must continue my system or lose the Soudan."

Ismail was deaf to the warning. He sent Gordon. His successor did not continue Gordon's system, and the result is before us.

Egypt has lost the Soudan exactly as he predicted. To attempt to restore the Circassian system, with its corruption, its bastinado, its pillage, and its Bashi-Bazoukery, among people who for three years had been governed on English principles by an Englishman so upright and inflexible as General Gordon, led to a widespread revolt. "I laid the egg," said General Gordon to me at Southampton, "which the Mahdi has hatched. I taught the people that they had rights. Everything has sprung from that."

To a population familiarized for the first time with justice and right, the return of the old régime, with its Pashas and Bashi-Bazouks, must have been insupportable. Popular discontent was not long in raising its voice, and, after a while, in finding a head. That head was the Mahdi. For three years he has been struggling with more or less success against the attempt of the Egyptians to reassert their supremacy in these regions. Several battles, more or less bloody, and fought with varying success, led up to the complete annihilation of Hicks's army, which had been dispatched, in spite of the plaintive entreaties of its commander, into the revolted province of Kordofan. Prior to that disaster the English Government had refused to interfere with the policy of Egypt in the Soudan, but now it abandoned its attitude of indifference, and dictated to the Egyptian Government the entire evacuation of that country. The English Government at first does not seem to have troubled itself much as to how the policy of evacuation was to be carried out. Public opinion was tranquil because uninformed, when suddenly, as a voice out of the sky, General Gordon was heard asking what was to become of the garrisons. "There are some twenty-five thousand soldiers in the Soudan whose only offense is loyalty to their sovereign. Are you, in return for their fidelity, going to abandon them to massacre?"

That was the question put by General Gordon in the ears of the whole nation. Ministers hesitated. There was a delightful simplicity, to say nothing of economy, in the formula, "Let the garrisons be speared," which commended itself to some at least of the ministers. But the nation did not hesitate. It revolted against the cynical cry in favor of evacuation by massacre, and the Ministry, bowing to the storm, sent for General Gordon, and asked him to undertake the evacuation of the country with the least possible risk to life and property, and to arrange for the safe removal of the Egyptian employees and troops. His own opinion was distinctly adverse to the abandonment of Khartoum. "Defend Khartoum at all hazards," was the watchword of

his policy. "Whatever you may decide about evacuation, you cannot evacuate, because your army cannot be moved." But when the Government informed him that it was their irrevocable decision to "cut the dog's tail off," *coûte que coûte*, as he phrased it, he bowed to the inevitable; but he added *sotto voce*, "I may cut it off, but I cannot hinder its growing again." The Soudanese, in his opinion, were better than the Egyptians; he exulted in the prospect of liberating them from the Bashi-Bazouks, and although this entailed as a natural corollary the recognition of the slave-trade,—because the Soudan for the Soudanese is only another formula for the Soudan for the slave-dealers,—it was better, in his opinion, to have the slave-trade minus the Egyptian Government than the Egyptian Government and the slave-trade as well. It was in that spirit that he undertook his mission,—a mission of liberation,—purposing as soon as it was accomplished to leave for the Congo, there to found, in the Niam-Niam country, a native empire under his own sovereignty, with a standing army of liberated slaves, by whose aid he would cut the slave-trade of Central Africa up by its roots.

IV.

GENERAL GORDON was asked to go to the Soudan at three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the 18th day of January. He left at eight o'clock that night, and reached Khartoum in exactly one month. Mounting a fleet dromedary, he rode forth from Korosko to Abou Hamad, and, like Cæsar, the fortunes of the English Government rode with him through the desert. If he had fallen, the Cabinet would not have long survived. Fortunately he got through alive, and the first success of his mission enabled them to defeat the attack of the opposition. The popular manifestations of enthusiasm which had accompanied his course culminated in his triumphal entry into Khartoum. He had dispatched a telegram on his way to the terrified garrison: "You are men, not women. Be not afraid. I am coming." And when he arrived he told the thousands who came to kiss his feet and hail him as the savior of the Soudan: "I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks." The scene that followed his arrival was dramatic. The books recording the debts of the overtaxed people were burnt publicly in front of the palace. The kourbashs, whips, and other implements of torture, were all placed on the burning pile. The jail was demolished

and the prisoners were set at liberty. At night the town was in a blaze of illumination, and the negroes indulged in a display of fireworks to mark their appreciation of their deliverer. The next day General Gordon began the work of evacuation. Natives of the Soudan were appointed to the command of all the most important posts. Colonel de Coëtlogon, who had commanded the garrison, was sent home. "I consider Khartoum as safe as Kensington Park," wrote General Gordon. The fellah troops were ordered to Egypt; two thousand women and children were sent down the river to Berber. General Gordon recognized the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, and issued a proclamation announcing that, as henceforth the Soudan and its Government had become independent, it would look after its own affairs without interference by the Egyptian Government in anything whatever. They could do as they pleased about slaves and the slave-trade. The petition-boxes were reestablished, and all men were allowed free access to the palace. Over the throne of the Governor-General they read: "The hearts of men are in the hands of God." The first part of his mission had been brilliantly accomplished.

V.

WHAT, then, was the task which General Gordon rode forth into the desert to accomplish? His mission was pacific, but he has been fighting round Khartoum. The inconsistency is solely on the surface, and that there should be even an apparent inconsistency is due alone to the extent to which General Gordon's action has been trammelled by orders from home. The main end of the policy he was dispatched to carry out was to withdraw from the Soudan the garrisons of 20,000 Egyptian troops, as well as the employees, native Christians, women, and children, who could not remain with safety when the country was evacuated. There were from 10,000 to 15,000 of the latter non-military class in Khartoum alone. General Gordon was informed that the Egyptian Government was "earnestly solicitous that no effort should be spared to insure the retreat both of the civilian population and of the garrison without loss of life." In order to secure their safe retreat he was left to act on his own discretion, both as to the most opportune time and the best method; and he was given full discretionary power to retain the troops for such reasonable period as he might think necessary, in order that the abandonment of the country might be accomplished with the least possible risk to life and property. Before retiring he was to hand over the country to the repre-

representatives of the different petty sultans who existed before its conquest, and to attempt to form a confederation of these potentates. In accepting the duty thus imposed upon him, General Gordon asked what should be done "if the Mahdi's adherents attack the evacuating columns? It cannot be supposed that they are to offer no resistance." And he went on to say that it would be reasonable in such a case to allow them to follow up the Mahdi to such a position as might insure their future safe march. He would, he said, carry out the evacuation to the best of his ability, with avoidance, as far as possible, of all fighting. "I would, however," he added, as if anticipating the storm of misrepresentation that would be launched against him, "hope that Her Majesty's Government will give me their support and consideration should I be unable to fulfill all their expectations."

Here, therefore, we have the whole policy clearly defined. The country is to be handed over to its original owners; the troops, if need be, to be temporarily employed in establishing the power of the new rulers, and then withdrawn. If they were attacked on the march, they were to beat back their assailants, and, if necessary, assume a defensive-offensive. With that programme General Gordon went out to the Soudan; and to that programme he has adhered with a scrupulous fidelity. He has never fired a shot except in attempting to extricate the garrisons or to follow up the Mahdi's adherents to such a position as would insure the future safe march of the evacuating columns. One of the first steps taken by General Gordon was to recognize the Mahdi as ruler of Kordofan and to appoint Soudanese to the command of the various fortresses and provinces of the Soudan. It was only when the Mahdi's emissaries bade him defiance, when a storm of bullets was poured in upon the steamers sent to rescue the outlying garrisons, and when the Mahdi's adherents fusilladed his palace at Khartoum, that he assumed a militant attitude and stood on the defensive against the insurgents.

There is a possibility that General Gordon might have succeeded in arranging with the Mahdi for the safe retreat of the garrison and the Egyptian and Christian inhabitants. If, as soon as he had arrived at Khartoum, he could have ridden through into the presence of the Mahdi, he might have come to an understanding with him which would have prevented bloodshed. That at least was General Gordon's opinion, and upon that opinion he was prepared to act. So convinced was he as to the urgent need for coming into personal communication with the Mahdi, that he even contemplated getting himself made prisoner

in order that he might be carried as a captive into his presence. Unfortunately his heroic scheme was vetoed by the home Government. His life, it was held, was too precious to be risked in that fashion. Foiled in this matter, General Gordon cast about for the best alternative policy. At Khartoum he found a general desire to have Zebehr, the king of the slave-traders, established as ruler in the capital of the Soudan. Zebehr, a man of supreme ability, although stained by much cruelty, could command a large local following, and his obvious interest would lead him to do what he could to expedite the safe evacuation of the country. One thing was certain: a pacific arrangement with the Mahdi having been rendered impossible, the retreat of the garrisons and the civilians was physically impossible, unless the tribes who alone could furnish means of transport were assured that the new ruler of Khartoum would not punish those who assisted the retiring Egyptians. A permanent friendly power must therefore be established at Khartoum, otherwise the tribes on the line of retreat would forthwith go over to the Mahdi. But when Gordon telegraphed for Zebehr, Zebehr was denied him. The Anti-Slavery Society had protested. The prejudice, well-founded and deep-rooted, against the king of the slave-traders arrayed public sentiment in England against the selection of such a ruler at Khartoum; and, despite the opposition of the most influential of the ministers, the Cabinet refused to allow Zebehr to proceed to Khartoum. Once more Gordon's plans were upset by his employers, and he was left face to face with a situation growing daily more perilous and anarchic. He had sent two thousand women and children down to Berber, from whence he hoped they could be sent on to the sea, General Graham's victories near Suakim being relied on to open the road. To secure the opening of the road and the safety of Berber, General Gordon urged that two squadrons of cavalry should be sent through from Suakim. That also was denied him; and then the Government, having vetoed in succession every plan by which his pacific mission might have been successful, telegraphed to him to desert his garrison and come home. Gordon's reply was a flat refusal. His soldiers had followed him to danger and death. "I cannot desert my garrison." So he remained at his post, and he will remain. Behind the ramparts of the beleaguered city he will stand or fall with those whom he was sent to save. If he cannot take them with him, he will die at his post.

In person General Gordon is slight and short. His appearance is more suggestive of activity than stateliness, and nothing can be

more unassuming than his manner. There is a beautiful child-like simplicity about his smile, which recalls, by a certain curious association of ideas, the impression produced by the first sight of Mr. Carlyle. But there is something about his lower face suggestive of latent "hardness," of a will that can be as of iron, and of a decision that shrinks not at hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, should the necessity unfortunately arise. In him a sympathy as impulsive and as tender as that of a woman is united with the fierceness and daring of an ancient Viking. The man is positively unique in this combination of puritan and crusader, humanitarian and soldier, revolutionist and man of order, idealist and man of affairs, that our times have seen. The diversified influences flowing from this heterogeneous conglomeration of antithetical qualities act and react upon his mind with a most bewildering result. Never was there any man so difficult to follow, or so easy to understand. "Gordon," said one who knew him well, "was created for the express purpose of confounding all newspaper editors. He never says the same thing twice or sticks to one opinion two hours together. Yet, by those who are capable of looking below the surface and clearing away the apparent inconsistencies, there will be found a clear silver thread of consistent purpose running through all his impulsive vagaries of thought and expression." To the creatures of routine and humdrum General Gordon is a sheer lunatic. To the official with his red tape and straight lace he is a *bête noire*. A man who is constantly saying and doing the most paradoxical things, whose mind is quicksilver, and whose life is dominated by a curious combination of the religious principles of Cromwell and Thomas à Kempis, is indeed an incomprehensible phenomenon to the dwellers in the well-ordered realm of commonplace. Those who have no faiths, but only habits, are naturally at a loss to account for a man of admitted genius whose convictions are the oddest jumble of enthusiasms that can be imagined. A Governor-General of the Soudan, who interrupts his administrative duties in order to try to nurse a starving little black baby back into life; the patron saint of the Anti-Slavery Society, who legitimatizes the slave-trade by a decree and resolves upon appointing the king of the slave-traders as sovereign of Khartoum, is not a man to be described by any formula; he must be classed by himself. So men who have not a tittle of his administrative genius, or his shrewd political sagacity, shrug their shoulders and say that Gordon is mad. And of course, if they themselves are the type of true sanity, they are right;

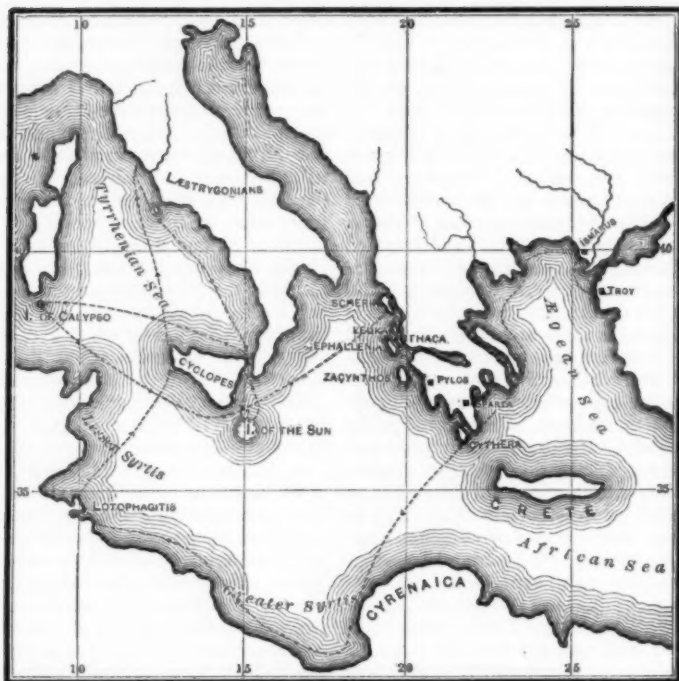
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but if so, then he is one of those madmen whose madness is of the nature of inspiration. Gordon's eccentricity, of which many strange stories are told, his impulsiveness, his unreasoning generosity, do not in the least impair the marvelous influence which he seems to exert on all with whom he comes in contact.

From the simple Chinese peasants, whom he converted into his ever-victorious army, to the ex-Khedive of Egypt, one of the ablest men of the century, all who have known him have felt the spell of his magnetic personality. Without an effort he imbues those around him with his own enthusiasm. He is fitful, imperious, and changeable. His mood varies from time to time, almost from minute to minute. At one moment he is in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; the next he is exulting in the conscious presence of the Eternal, his fellow-worker in the Soudan. "With the help of God I will defeat the Mahdi," said he at Korosko, when on his way to Khartoum; and during his former term of office the expression "God is the real Governor-General" was constantly on his lips. He commands the enthusiastic support of all around him because of his implicit belief in himself, not as an individual, but as the passive instrument of a Higher Power. No man could be more modest and retiring in the ordinary intercourse of life, or more audacious in his self-assertion when engaged in the discharge of his duty. Men who deny the existence of the Being the consciousness of whose presence is the sustaining principle of Gordon's existence, cannot resist the spell of his transparent sincerity. All who know him admire him, and those who know him best love him most, excepting, of course, the officials whom he distracts with his telegrams; for his personality does not make itself felt through the wire. At the present moment this unique figure has fascinated the imagination of the English people. It is as if King Arthur had come to life again, nerved with the faith of Cromwell, to serve England in the Soudan. To the mass of his countrymen he seems an ideal knight, "who reverences his conscience as his king, whose glory is redressing human wrong." And yet, with all his supreme devotion to duty, and his Christ-like self-sacrifice in the cause of the poor and oppressed and those who have no helper, he is very human. But his faults, like those of a wayward but brilliant child, increase the hold which he has upon the popular imagination; and few things are more probable than that a determination to see that he comes to no harm may yet commit England to an expedition to Khartoum which will lay the foundations of an African India.

W. T. Stead.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.



THE ROUTE OF ULYSSES.

I.

WHAT remains for exploration to find on the surface of our little earth? The north and south poles, some outlying bits of Central Africa, some still smaller remnants of Central Asia—all defended so completely by the elements, barbarism, disease, starvation, by nature and inhumanity, that the traveler of modest means and moderate constitution is as effectually debarred from their discovery as if they were the moon and he inexorably condemned to retread the trodden paths of men more fortunate in their times.

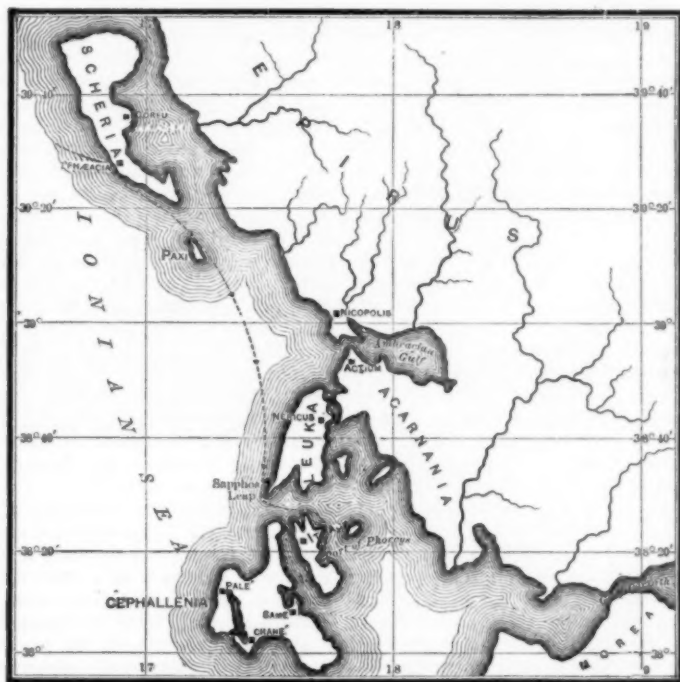
What then? I said to myself, longing for a venture. Let us begin the tread-mill round again and rediscover. Suppose I take the earliest book of travel which remains to us, and burnish up again the golden thread of the journey of the most illustrious of travelers, as told in the "Odyssey," the book of the wanderings of Odysseus, whom we unaccountably call Ulysses, which we may consider not only

the first history of travel, but of geography, as it is doubtless a compendium of the knowledge of the earth's surface at the day when it was composed, as the "Iliad" was the census of the known mankind of that epoch. Spread on this small loom, the fabric of the story, of the most subtle design,—art of the oldest and noblest,—is made up with warp of the will of the great gods, crossed by the woof of the futile struggles of the lesser, the demi-gods, the heroes, and tells the miserable labors of the most illustrious of wanderers, the type for all time of craft, duplicity, and daring, as well as of faith and patient endurance.

But as Homer's humanity mixes by fine degrees with his divinity, so his *terra cognita* melts away into fairy-land, and we must look for a trace written on water before landing on identifiable shores. The story opens finding Ulysses the prisoner of Love, and Calypso in Ogygia, a fairy island of which the Greek of Homeric days had heard perhaps from some storm-driven mariner, or which may be a bit

of brain-land. The details of the story make it very difficult even to conjecture where Ogygia was, if it was.* How Ulysses leaves the island alone on a raft is told by the poet in the fifth canto; how he got there the hero recounts in the narration to Alcinoüs in Phæacia. Leaving Troy, he stops at Ismarus, a town on the coast of Thrace, which he surprises and sacks; but, repulsed by the inhabitants of the lands near by rallying to the defense, and visited by the wrath of the gods for his offense, he is punished by a three days' gale, and reaches Cape Malea, where, unable

nibals, over whose land the smoke hangs like whirlwinds—evidently Sicily. This little island, where the Greeks debark, is not to be identified, but is probably one of those to the west of Sicily, called later the Ægades. Thence, after the famous adventure of the Cyclops' cave, one of the poet's most marvelous inventions (since every detail shows that there was no positive knowledge of the land or its people—only a fantastic tradition), they fly and arrive at the floating island of Æolus, another creation of mythology, and thence to the shores of the Læstrygonians,



ITHACA AND ADJOINING ISLANDS.

to stem the north wind which still persecutes him, he runs past Cerigo down to the African coast, which he reaches in nine days. Here we enter into semi-fable.† The Lotophagi seduce his men with their magic fruit which brings oblivion, and he is obliged to fly again. This time he goes north, and comes to an island which lies before the port of the Cyclops, a terrible race: giants with one eye, and can-

another fabulous, man-eating race, in whose land the days are separated only by a brief pretense of night; escaping thence with his single ship and crew, Ulysses arrives at Æa, the island of Circe, conjecturally identified with Cape Circeo, between Naples and Civitavecchia. Circe sends the hero to the land of the Cimmerians,‡ where time touches eternity, and the shades of the dead come to visit the

* It has been conjectured that the Ogygia of Calypso was a small barren island just south of Sardinia. There is no evidence in favor of the theory, but it is possible. I adopt it in the route map *faute de mieux*.

† The Lotophagitis has been recently plausibly identified with Jerba, on the coast of Tunis, the word *rotas* being still used there, evidently a survival of some primitive language, for the date, and the transliteration of *rotas* to *lotas* being according to Grimm's law: see Reinach's letter to the "Nation" (Mar. 13, 1884) on Jerba.

‡ The Cimmerians have been conjecturally identified with the Cymri, the Cimmerian darkness with the fogs of England and the North Sea countries, but there is nothing but conjecture in the case.

unterrified living; and here Tiresias, the dead soothsayer, tells the future wanderings of the Ithacan chief. Again, returning to Ææa, he is redirected toward home through the strait where Scylla and Charybdis menace his existence. This we recognize by later tradition as the Straits of Messina, but the fabulous so dominates the slight element of geography in it, that it is clear that Homer never passed that way, and gained his knowledge only from far remote report; while his second passage—after the sacrilege committed in the Island of the Sun—through the straits is puzzling, and the recital makes it clear that till Phæacia was reached the poet was not in *terra cognita*.

The indications are hardly reconcilable with the map. Leaving Circe to go home, he passes the straits, and stopping at the Island of the Sun, his comrades commit a sacrilege which leads to their destruction and his being driven back to Ogygia through the straits, a solitary survivor. But on his departure for Phæacia direct, he does not pass again through the straits, possibly returning to the south of Sicily.

Released by Calypso, he goes on a raft with the sailing direction to keep the Great Bear, "which is also called the Wain," on his left,—i. e., he sails eastward, and for seventeen days splits the waves, and sees on the eighteenth the wooded mountain of the island of the Phæacians, the Scheria of the ancients. The continuity of tradition and the consistency of the narrative leave no doubt that this was our Corfu, the uttermost of the lands positively known to the geography of that day.

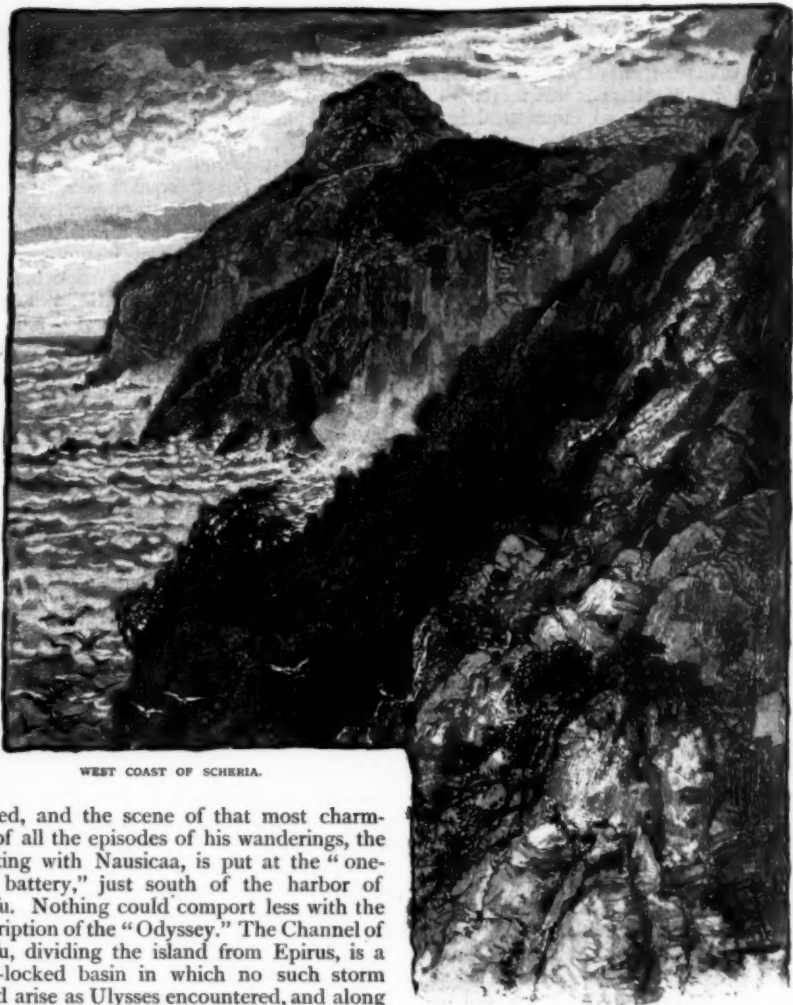
Already in sight of Scheria, Ulysses is overtaken again by the wrath of Poseidon, who unchains on him all his tempests; and, his raft wrecked in open sea, himself swept away from it into the mountainous waves, he regrets not having found a glorious death before Troy, seeing an inevitable and unhonored end before him, with no funeral rites to give his soul peace. Leucothea, the white goddess, throws into the black warp a silver thread, and brings the story into new light and color. She gives him an amulet which, by its magic, carries him through the last of his grave perils, and preserves him when, with a great and wrathful burst of wind, Poseidon disperses the timbers of his raft and leaves him floating in the yeasty sea. He seizes on one of the timbers and hopefully strikes out for the land. Athene comes once more to his aid. She chains all the winds except Boreas, which, wafting him for two days and nights to the south-east, gives place to a perfect calm. Ulysses, raised on the summit of a huge wave,

looks out and sees the land. But it is a terrible rock-bound coast. "He hears the roar of the waves that break on the rocks, because the shock of the great waves against the bare cliffs sounds fearfully, and the sea, far and wide, is covered with foam. But there is no peaceable roadstead, no port, safe refuge of ships; everywhere high, mountainous rocks and cliffs." He appeals to the gods for pity, and just then, "while he turns these thoughts in his spirit and heart, an immense wave throws him on the bare shore. Then his flesh would have been torn and his bones broken if Athene had not inspired him. With both hands he clutches the rock and embraces it with groans until the wave had withdrawn. He in this way escapes death, but the return of the wave falls on him, strikes him, and withdraws him into the open sea. He, emerging from the depths, more prudently coasts along, swimming until he can find an opening in the rocks where he may enter, and finally perceives the mouth of a river. He offers a prayer to the river god, and is heard and peacefully received by the peaceable wave, which lands him on the sandy shore." The whole of the finale of the fifth book is grand and imaginative, especially in the description of the sea and the condition of Ulysses as he sinks on the hospitable sands exhausted, half dead from his long struggle and his two days' and nights' swim, sustained only by one of the logs of his raft;* but what to my present purpose is of most significance is the striking description of the west coast of Corfu and the unmistakable evidence of the mythologist giving way to the traveler. Here we strike the veritable track of Ulysses, and here begin our researches. To reach this point all the commerce of the Levant aids us—steamers from Trieste, Brindisi, Naples, Patras, Malta, etc.

Here I found fit to my purpose a little yacht of twelve tons, cutter-rigged and Malta-built, the *Kestrel*, with whose master and owner I made my bargain, viz.: he was to obey all my reasonable orders for any voyage within the two archipelagos, find his ship and crew of two sailors in all they needed for service and safety, do my cooking, and insure himself, for the sum of fifteen pounds sterling a month for three months; and while he was putting in stores, fitting new cables to his anchors, and burnishing up a bit, we began to inspect Scheria.

The popular tradition of to-day fixes the landing of Ulysses near the actual city of Corfu, and an island is pointed out as his ship turned to a rock; while the spot where he

* The text leaves a doubt if he even retained his hold on this, as it describes his striking out with the veil of Leucothea under his breast.



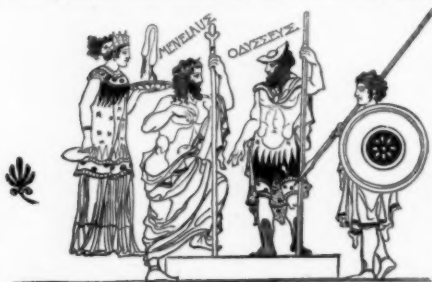
WEST COAST OF SCHERIA.

landed, and the scene of that most charming of all the episodes of his wanderings, the meeting with Nausicaa, is put at the "one-gun battery," just south of the harbor of Corfu. Nothing could comport less with the description of the "Odyssey." The Channel of Corfu, dividing the island from Epirus, is a land-locked basin in which no such storm could arise as Ulysses encountered, and along which no such rocks exist as are described in the poem. The seventeen days' drift from the westward before the tempest, and the next two days after it, wafted by Boreas, show that he was in the open Adriatic, and coasting along the rock-bound western coast of Scheria to find an inlet where he might enter. The illustration shows the character of this coast in entire concordance with the "Odyssey"; and the convent (which is visited by all the tourists who, having some days in Corfu, care for the most picturesque part of the island), by its name, Palæocastrizza, shows that it stands on the site of some ancient city or fortress, as the term "Palæocastron" is never applied by local tradition to any con-

struction not belonging to the classical or archaic epochs. Even Byzantine ruins never receive the epithet "palæos." No trace is now to be found of any prior structure near the convent, which probably occupies the very site of that from which the name is derived. There used to be in the island an old antiquity-hunter who brought from time to time objects of gold and terra-cotta, vases, etc., to sell clandestinely in the city, dug up at a site which only he seems to have known, and of which he would never disclose the location. On inquiring for him on this my last visit to Corfu for these researches on behalf of THE CENTURY, he was not to be heard of. All

that we had learned from him was that the ruins of which he knew and where he excavated in secret were somewhere on the western coast, which corresponds to my hypothesis that the capital of Alcinoüs was there.

There is something so unpractical in the Greek laws on the subject of excavation and exportation of antique objects, that it is to be hoped that the shrewd common sense of the people will ere long see their impolicy.



MEETING OF ULYSSES AND MENELAUS. (FROM AN OLD GREEK VASE.)

Excavation without permission from the Government, even on one's own land, is punishable, and the Government practically confiscates the find when the finders are feeble, and levies a tax of half the value when they are not. Everything, therefore, is done in secret, and exportation by contraband is the only possible manner of profiting by one's good fortune. The peasant who finds an antique site carefully conceals it; and the objects he finds, instead of enabling the archaeologist to classify the antiquities by reference to their provenance, are sold to some one who removes them from the country, and so all clue is lost to their true archaeological position. As I shall have to show in the course of these articles, grave loss to the science of archaeology sometimes occurs in this way. In this particular instance the loss to me is the being unable to identify, with any probability, the place where or near to which Ulysses landed, and where the classic meeting with Nausicaa took place. When we get to Ithaca we shall find that the author of the "Odyssey" knew well every foot of land he describes; and the scene of Ulysses' disaster, already translated, accords so well with the actual topography that it is difficult to suppose that a mere inspiration dictated it, and that the author was not well acquainted with the island of Scheria, whose capital was Phæacia.

The claim of the city of Corfu to be the site of the ancient Phæacia rests on nothing but the fact that it is the only city in the island; but the ever-tranquil bay on which it lies, and the fact that Ulysses, instead of

searching for a place where he could land, would rather have had to search for a place where he could not, shows conclusively that no part of the eastern coast is entitled to the honor. The "one-gun battery," where local tradition places his landing, is perhaps the least likely point, as no running stream is to be found near there. The lake, which is now suggested as the tranquil water in which Ulysses came to land, must then have been much larger than at present, and now in no-wise resembles a river: it is the half-filled arm of the sea into which a wide basin of marshy land has been for centuries draining, but into which no water-course leads, and the view seen from above the "one-gun" needs scarcely a commentary to show its entire incompatibility with the "Odyssey."

The capital of Alcinoüs was, we are told by Homer, founded by his father Nausithoüs. His people were formerly inhabitants of Hyperia, "near the Cyclops," and were by these latter so ravaged and overborne that they emigrated to Phæacia. The generally accepted location of the Cyclops in Sicily suggests that Hyperia was probably there or in Italy; and that the Phæacians may have been related to the Siculi; since the Pelasgi, who invaded Italy from the north, and, uniting with the Umbri, spread over the whole of southern Italy, expelling the aborigines, are confounded by some of the earliest traditions with the Cyclops. As, from all we know, the Tyrrhene Pelasgi were the earliest metal-workers in that part of Europe, and as the Cyclops, the children of Hephaistos, the great metal-worker, are a mythological idealization of a race of smiths who had a habit of covering the eyes, for protection from sparks, with a screen in which a single hole was cut to see through, which was transmogrified into a single eye in the middle of the forehead, there is nothing unlikely in the inference that the Pelasgi and Cyclops were identical, and that the Phæacians were refugees from the conquest of southern Italy by that formidable people. That they were not Greeks we know by their absence from the catalogue of the "Iliad," where all the Hellenic tribes were recorded in their places in the league.

The Corfiotes of to-day boast of descent from the Phœnicians, and certainly they are not to be measured by the same standard as the Greek race in general. Their reputation for dishonesty has given rise to a Greek proverb, which relegates a person of more than usual craftiness and bad faith to the "Corfiotes." "He behaves like a Corfiote" is the greatest reproach the continental Greek can bring against a man who is too clever in business matters. In character as well as history

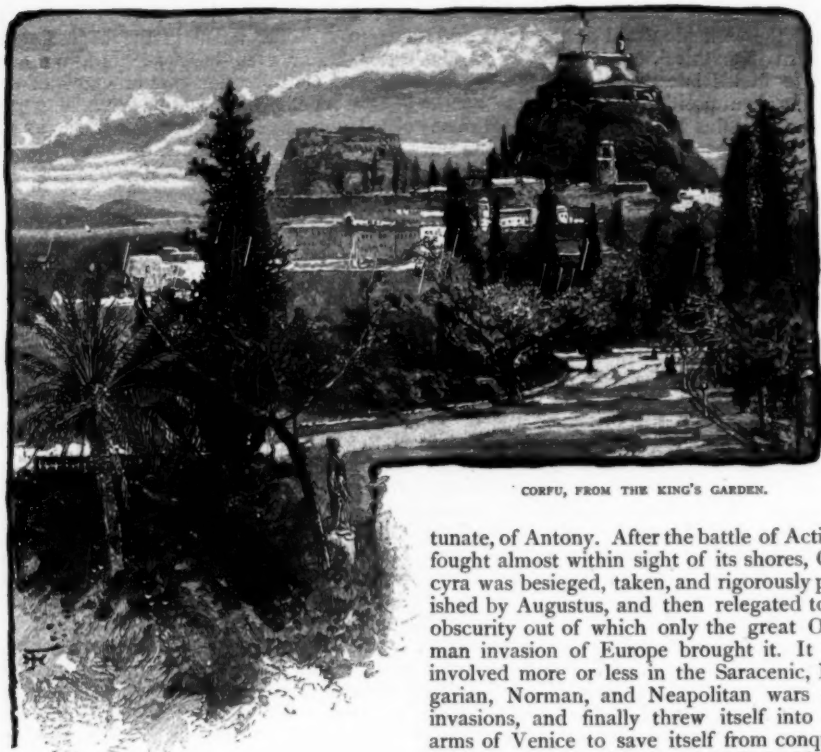
the Corfiote has little in common with Greece. As he had no place inside the line drawn around the Hellenic world at the great critical, even if mythical, epoch of the siege of Troy, so in his latest history he has always maintained a position more or less apart. Diodorus Siculus makes the Homeric name of the city, Phæacia, to have been derived from Phæacus, son of Poseidon, and places his reign contemporary with the Argonauts, as Phæacus protects Jason against the king of Iolcus when, returning from Colchis with Medea, he took refuge at Scheria. Mythology begins with it in the combat of Zeus and Poseidon in their struggle for supremacy in the government of the universe, and finishes with Ulysses' visit. History commences with the arrival of a colony of Corinthians under Chersicrates, who built a city which he called Chrysopolis. This was probably Corfu, for, as the immigration of Nausithoüs, coming from Italian shores, first established itself on the coast looking toward their old home, so the Corinthians, coming by the islands and the Epirote shores, would find their first landing in the spacious and tranquil bay formed by the crescent-shaped island, which, at its extremes, approaches the mainland. The Hellene of Corinth brought all the seeds of the virtues and vices of his national temperament to the fertile soil of Corcyra, as it is henceforward called by the Hellenic chronicles, colonization and war with their neighbors filling all their early history. They founded, according to their tradition, Apollonia and other cities on the mainland; but, as among the ruins of those cities there are Pelasgic remains, it is not to be supposed that they were the first colonists, but that they merely colonized, as the Romans did in the later times, with a dominant population, cities in decline or too weak to maintain their independence. This is, in ancient Greek history, oftener the meaning of the

word *colonize* than the founding of a new city. To get a clear idea of the condition of this part of the world at the beginning of historical, or even heroic, record, we must take into consideration that an epoch of civilization, perhaps of empire, had long preceded the awakening of the Hellenic national life; an epoch which ought, perhaps, to be measured by centuries, if we could measure it at all, and whose record is preserved in the stupendous ruins we call Pelasgic, a name applied by the Greeks to a people who preceded them, derived possibly from the Greek name of the stork, indicating a migrating or wandering people,—wandering, probably, because their empire had been broken up by some newer and stronger race, but which the various remaining traditions accord in asserting to have once held great rule in Italy, where they were known also as Tyrrhenians, in the Peloponnesus, and in Crete. We shall see presently some indications of the correctness of the assumption that they preceded by an indefinite period the great assemblage of Greeks, which the expedition to Troy perhaps marks, perhaps symbolizes; but at present I have only to do with the history and mythology of Corfu, which is in no way that we can perceive, connected with the Pelasgi.

The first wars of Corcyra were, as was to be expected of an enterprising people, with the mother country; but as in those days piracy was the chief business of every maritime people, *war* was perhaps only a normal condition. The Persian invasion brought Corcyra into the Hellenic league, but, with the duplicity of which the race furnished so many instances in ancient times, the Corcyriote fleet only sailed and took good care not to be in time for the battle, fearing the vengeance of the Persians. Their prudence brought on them, after the defeat of Xerxes at Salamis, a combined attack of the Peloponnesian States.



GREEK BOATS AND ROSTRUM OF ROMAN GALLEY.



CORFU, FROM THE KING'S GARDEN.

As the union of these was always a challenge to Athens, she sided with the Corcyrates, and the resulting war plunged Corcyra into intestine and social strife, in which the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated by the islanders; and the animosities and renewals of revolt and war, which the divisions of the classes of the population gave opportunity for, reduced the island to anarchy and impuissance. Their subsequent history is, with the exception of an occasional revival of partial independence, one of repeated subjugation and revolt. After losing even the relative independence of alliance with Athens, they were conquered by Agathocles of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, and finally Rome.

From this time Corcyra was the base of the Roman military movements against the Levantine enemies of the republic. The commanding position of the island has, from that day to this, made it an object of the covetousness of all the maritime powers of the Mediterranean by turns. In the civil wars of Rome, the island espoused the part of Pompey, later of Brutus and Cassius, and then, always unfor-

tunate, of Antony. After the battle of Actium, fought almost within sight of its shores, Corcyra was besieged, taken, and rigorously punished by Augustus, and then relegated to an obscurity out of which only the great Ottoman invasion of Europe brought it. It was involved more or less in the Saracenic, Bulgarian, Norman, and Neapolitan wars and invasions, and finally threw itself into the arms of Venice to save itself from conquest by Genoa. From this time (1386) the history of Corcyra, become Corfu, until the overthrow of the republic by Napoleon, is identified with that of Venice, and all the remains or structures in the island date from the Venetian occupation.

In 1537 the troops of the Sultan, under the orders of the renegade Barbarossa, made a descent on the island and laid siege to the city, which, taken by surprise, was ill-provisioned and with a small garrison. The Turkish fleet blockaded the port, and the troops beleaguered the city by land. The garrison was under the terrible alternative of being starved into surrender speedily or dismissing all the useless mouths. The latter was, on the whole, safer, for the surrender would have been disastrous even to the non-combatants, who were to Turkish barbarity no less obnoxious than the soldiers. The old men, women, and children were sent out of the city, perhaps the most horrible necessity which ever befell brave men. A successful defense of the city justified, in a military point of view, the terrible sacrifice; and, after a long and obstinate siege, Barbarossa, his army almost destroyed by battle and pestilence, withdrew, defeated.

The island was almost depopulated, ravaged, and so utterly impoverished that Venice was obliged to send the people seed-corn and beasts to till their fields. Nearly the whole of the nobility of the island had been killed in the defense.

To be in readiness for a similar emergency, the Senate augmented the already strong fortifications. The New Fort, as it is still called, was constructed, and, with a paternal regard for the well-being of the islanders which Venice did not always show for her Greek insular possessions, institutions were founded and regulations made which contributed greatly to the prosperity of the island.

In 1716 a new and determined attack was made by the Turks, under the leadership of Achmet III. Their fleet drove off that of Venice, and an army of thirty thousand men was debarked and laid siege to the city, whose defense was directed by Count Schulembourg. The outlying heights were taken quickly, and the garrison, shut in the inner line of fortifications, received the desperate assault of the Turks on the main works with more desperate resistance. After twenty days of incessant attack, the Turks carried the outworks, penetrated to the Place d'Armes, which is under the walls of the New Fort, and attempted to scale the walls themselves.

"The assault lasted more than six hours with an incredible fury. The women brought assistance to the defenders, and the priests, the crucifix in hand, ran along the ramparts or threw themselves into the fight. Finally a vigorous sortie terminated this bloody day. Attacked on every side, the assaulting force beat a retreat and lost all the outposts it had taken. A tempest, which burst on them in the night, completed the work of defeat, and, seized by panic, they embarked precipitately, leaving baggage and artillery behind them. In forty-two days they had lost fifteen thousand men." (*Isles de la Grèce.*)

The victory was commemorated by a statue to Schulembourg, which no subsequent conquest has disturbed, and which stands on the parade-ground among monuments of greater or less good taste (generally the latter), to mark the history of the island in modern days.

From that day to this, with the exception of an occasional *émeute*, nothing has come to disturb the peace of Corfu, and the once so splendid courage of the inhabitants has gone out like a fire without a draught. There is probably no province of the Hellenic kingdom so devoid of martial spirit or the virtues that grow out of it. It is now a most delightful winter resort, a Fortunate Isle left out of the current of political events and given over to invalids and to sportsmen, who find on the opposite Albanian coast the best shooting on the Mediterranean. The old citadel, with its double peak, serves as a light-house to the

lines of steamers which furrow the Adriatic, cross, and make Corfu their *entrepôt* between Trieste, Venice, Brindisi, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Smyrna.

The English occupation endowed the island with good roads, most of which are maintained in fair condition still; and a winter's sojourn here lacks nothing which could be expected in the compass of ten by thirty miles, with two posts per week from Europe. The fruits are those of the northern Mediterranean in great perfection, the oranges being only second to those of Crete; the waters are still well supplied with fish, though the people do all they can to exterminate them by the use of dynamite in fishing; and the "Bella Venezia" is a hotel which, though still strange to the resources of our American caravansaries, is more appropriate to the ways of the East and of idle people than are ours. The kindly, honest old host, appropriately known as Dionysos, lacks but little of giving to the stranger the hospitality of Alcinous. And life is so cheap that one who has worn out the world and realized an income of a thousand dollars a year may find a Macarian peace in an upper room of the "Bella Venezia," with windows looking out on the beautiful mountains of Epirus, snow-clad all winter, and the bright blue of the intervening sea, with the coming, going, and merely passing ships of all nations; and, when the sun is low, have a comfortable carriage to thread the labyrinths of the immense olive groves which form almost the only shade in the island. Here one meets men of all races—Turkish reliefs on their way from Stamboul to Durazzo, or Scutari of Albania; white-skirted palikars from Epirus; Eastern Jews, with their characteristic long robes; Persians, Montenegrins, Peloponnesians, etc., who, changing steamers here, or glad to breathe a land air during the stay in port of their steamers, stroll up and down the parade, with the easy-going townsmen and tourists of all nations, seeing the island in comfort or rushing over it in the custody of Cook or Gaze, to carry away a confused remembrance of Corfu and Syra, hardly recalling which was which.

Ulysses was dismissed from Scheria loaded with presents. The modern voyager is not so fortunate. The souvenirs of Corfu which he will carry with him, whether antique or modern, will rarely recompense him for the outlay. The bric-à-brac shops abound in false antiques, arms from Epirus, Greek laces, and Eastern embroideries, which no wise buyer meddles with, dear beyond measure as they are. Be content with the moderate *pension* of the Bella Venezia, and tempt not Mercury in his favored island: he was the god of

thieves as well as merchants, and was never better worshiped in his capacity of joint protector than in the bric-à-brac shops of Corfu.

Ulysses went to Ithaca in one night, in what must have been, for the time, the quickest passage on record, and a great credit to the rowers of King Alcinoüs. Nothing like it is to be expected to-day, though it is not impossible still, and the steamer which does the service makes a long, roundabout voyage. Our yacht, though small, was too big for rowing, and we had no special motive, as Ulysses had, to get quickly to Ithaca. As our route lay by Santa Maura, which has to do with the story of the "Odyssey," if not with the wanderings from Troy, we turned aside from his course to visit it. Nericus, as it was called in Homeric nomenclature, probably formed part of the realm of the Ithacan kings, Laertes mentioning his conquest of it; but it is not mentioned in the catalogue, and we may conclude was not Greek. It is barely separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, cut by the Corinthians through a flat, which more anciently, however, must have been a shallow arm of the sea. The action of the elements is filling it up again, so that time may unite it to the Acarnanian shore, as in the Homeric days; for Laertes, in recalling to Ulysses some of his old exploits ("Odyssey," book 24), says: "Ah, that it had pleased Zeus, Apollo, Athene, to have borne me to your palace, such as I was when, at the head of the Cephalonians, I took, *on the continent*, the proud city of Nericus!" In the catalogue of the Iliad we find that "Ulysses commands the magnanimous Cephalonians; the warriors of Ithaca; those of shady Neriton, of Crocyles, of the barren Ægilipos; those of Samos [Samé of Cephalonia, not the island Samos], of Zacynthus [Zante], and of the adjoining continent. Twelve ships whose sides were painted red followed him." But Nericus occurs nowhere.

Nothing illustrates so strikingly the change in the condition of civilization as the relations between the ancient and modern chief cities of the Greek islands. The substitute for the stately Nericus is a low, flat, uninteresting town, built on the plain which lies north of Nericus, and next the roadstead. To the east lie the rugged mountains of Acarnania and the Gulf of Arta; north, in full view, is the modern fortress of Prevesa; further, and to the east, Arta, the ancient Ambracia; and the long strip of low coast which stretches away from Prevesa northward is dotted with masses of ruin—those of the imperial Nicopolis, monument of the victory of Actium, won in those blue waters. The idle shepherds of those days, watching their sheep on these hills, saw

the crash of prows, the flight of Egypt, and the shame of Antony. Perhaps through this very channel, where the light-draft calque now glides, to gain the shelter of the islands going southward, ran the fugitive ships of Cleopatra; for this was evidently the channel by which the craft of those days avoided the stormy capes of Cephalonia and the southern point of Nericus. Standing on the eastern brow of the hill on which the old city stood, and on which its ruins still mark a noble past, is the citadel. Along the plain, among the olives, the fragments of tombs lie spread like flocks of sleeping sheep. The port was on the bay now connected with the northern roadstead by the Corinthian Channel; and two or three underground passages, in part cut in solid rock, one being high enough for a man to walk in upright and cut as cleanly and evenly as the walls of a chamber, connect it with the citadel which dominates the northern part of the island, where the fertile plains lie. The ruins are of various ages, embracing Pelasgic, but mainly later, and coming down to Roman times; and the great extent of the Pelasgic *enceinte*, which almost everywhere underlies the Hellenic and Roman work, shows the great early importance of the city. The citadel is bold and commanding, and looks out on the northern and western seas on one side and the Corinthian Channel and the inland sea on the other, and down to Ithaca, which, indeed, is visible from some points.

The post-Homeric name of Nericus was Leucadia. Æneas is represented as having debarked there, and Apollo had a temple on the heights which terminate the island to the south. From the cliffs which overlook the Adriatic on that side Sappho is said to have leaped into the sea, overcome by the sorrows of her unhappy love. "Sappho's Leap" is the name of the cliff to this day, and my Corfiote captain, as we glided by, told me how the place was celebrated because the Duchess of the island had jumped off into the sea from it, and that the people had put up a great inscription in memory of it. He had never seen it, and didn't know exactly where the leap was made; but I think he was very excusable for his ignorance, as the action of the sea, driven as it is sometimes by the furious south-west wind into a very "hell of waters," which consume the rock in their fury, must long ago have brought down all that classical times had seen of the rock, and changed the face of the cliff entirely. As it now is, I could find hardly a point where a new Sappho would have found a welcome so gentle to the embrace of the Adriatic; masses of fallen rock and stony beach would have given a harsher but more speedy end.

Mythology says that when Adonis was killed, Aphrodite, seeking him through all the earth, finally found him lying dead in the temple of the Erythraean Apollo. The Sun-god, to cure her grief, counseled her to throw herself from the cliffs of Leucadia into the sea, where she would find oblivion. Here Zeus, who seems to have found obstacles in the way of his legitimate marriage, and to have wooed Hera at first with less success than attended his mortal loves, found by the same process a salutary indifference to the charms of his divine sister and afterward spouse, to which temporary coolness on his part might, perhaps, be ascribed his ultimate success with the fickle fair.

Here, in practical historical times, criminals condemned to death were thrown into the sea. The people (who even now preserve a certain sympathy with the criminal class) used to tie numbers of birds to the limbs of the condemned and cover them with feathers to break the force of their fall, and then send boats to pick them up. If they survived, they were pardoned.

In modern times nothing has occurred to signalize Santa Maura, or "Levkadi," as it is indifferently called. It was taken and retaken by Turks and Venetians, and finally passed with the rest of the Ionian Islands to the heirs of Venice. Its people are a mild, hospitable race, to whom the stranger is a guest almost in the antique sense.

We loitered along with a feeble west wind under the western shore, bold and desolate, of Levkadi, its high peaks above us breaking into ravines, and the ravines ending in cliffs, doubled "Sappho's Leap," and before us lay Ithaca, the ten-years-sought-for island. To the north was still visible a dim film which we knew to be Corfu; nearer, one less dim, which we recognized by its outline to be Paxos, an island without history and without interest, but which tradition asserts to have been once united to Corfu and separated by an earthquake. The breeze quickened at night-fall as we went round the point of the Leukadian cliffs, and before us lay the inland sea, which, separating Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Zante from the mainland, is a sort of smooth-water channel for ships coming out of the Gulf of Patras, or of Corinth, as it is indifferently called, or running in there from Corfu and the upper Adriatic. The bolder portions of Ithaca are almost utterly denuded rock. One hollow, like a great theater, opens northward between two bold rocky peninsulas, and this is the vale from which the Odyssean city drew its prosperity. Olive-trees and vineyards still cover its slopes, and suggestions of white villages flashed

out from the silvery green sea of olive orchards as we flitted by, running under the eastern shore to catch the breeze that blew down from the mountain as the sun sank. We had all the wind our cutter could carry, and bowled along through the smooth water in the lee of the island like a steamer. Far ahead we saw, in the gathering night, a faint glimmer of light, which seemed too faint for a light-house and too steady for a house-light, and which perplexed us exceedingly, as no light was indicated on the chart; but, creeping along shore, we found that it was a tiny chapel standing on a long and menacing peninsula of bare rock, in the window of which burned a lamp,—in all probability the fulfillment of a vow made by some devout Greek sailor who had escaped the teeth of this Scylla; or the perpetuation of an antique custom, when the little chapel of St. Nicholas, protector of sailors, was a temple of Neptune, whom the saint replaces in function and respect of the seafarer. Nothing is more interesting in this part of the world than the evidences of the unbroken continuity of religious tradition, and the gradual change of paganism into Christianity,—if, indeed, the change has taken place, which in certain districts I am scarcely disposed to admit. The little chapels which one finds planted by the seaside or solitary roadside in all the Greek islands, and even on the mainland, will generally be found to have some antique material in them, some evidence of the earlier shrine which honored one of the Greek gods. The Olympians have their homologues if not their homonyms. Zeus goes back to his awful antique dignity of the Allfather, the original sole deity of the Pelasgian, worshiped in a temple not made by hands, under the speaking oak of Dodona, the one God, maker of heaven and earth, the Dyaus or Sky-father of our Aryan ancestors, and Zeus (Deus, Divus) of the western branch of the family; but his creatures and children fall into the lower rank of saints: Apollo becomes St. Elias (Helios); Athene, the Virgin Mary; Ares, St. George; Poseidon, St. Nicholas, etc., etc.

We left St. Nicholas and his night-light behind us, and, rounding a cape into the Bay of Vathy, saw in the dim distance the light of the outer light-house, and met the wind coming out of the bay. It was late, and beating up the bay would be a long job; so we turned in and left the navigation to the sailors. We woke, as Ulysses did, under the shadow of Neriton, where the Phæacians had left him sleeping.

"In one part of Ithaca is the port of Phorcys, the old man of the sea; the bold promontories forming the circuit protect it from the great waves and the

sounding winds. The ships which have once entered it may lie without cables. At its extremity is a bushy olive-tree whose shadow hides a delicious grotto and shady retreat, sacred to the Nereids. In this asylum, refreshed by an inexhaustible fountain, are placed the vases and the jars of stone. . . . It has two entrances: one, looking toward the north, is for the use of men; the other, to the east, is more divine. Never man enters there: it is the path of the immortals.

"The olive-tree and the grotto are known to the Phæacians. There they go. The ship runs half-way up the beach, so strong is the stroke of the rowers. Then these land, carrying Ulysses, still plunged in profound sleep, and lay him on the sand, wrapped in brilliant blankets and woven line."

Waking, he is bewildered by the artifice of Athene and does not recognize his native island; but finally, when he appeals to the Goddess to tell him the truth, if he be in Ithaca, she replies to him:

"Now I will show you the localities of Ithaca, that you may doubt no more. There is the port of Phorcys,

old man of the sea; there, at the extremity of the port, the bushy olive-tree, and under its shade a delicious grotto, dark resting-place, and sacred to the nymphs. This is the vaulted grotto where often you sacrificed entire hecatombs to the nymphs. There is Mount Neriton, shadowed by forests."

The identification of this little bay or "port" is the one contested point of the topography, and, on account of its greater commodiousness, Port Vathy (at the left as we enter the roadstead) is maintained by some authorities to be the "port of Phorcys." The geology of the two bays is conclusive evidence in favor of that which the Greeks now call Port Dexia (the right-hand port), as Port Vathy has not, and by its formation never could have had, a beach such as Homer describes, while that of Dexia is superb—a soft, unbroken stretch of sand. Other objections we shall meet further on.

[NOTE.—The puzzling question of the forms of classical names in these articles has been carefully considered, and the difficulty of adapting consistent classical orthography to popular archaeology seems too great to be overcome in this place.]

W. J. Stillman.



DEATH'S ANCHOR.

With sorrows overfreighted,
And driven by winds of care,
Two hearts that love had mated
Were sundered in despair.
Like barques at sea,
With aimless prow,
Benighted and belated
They seemed to me.

But now, ah now!
What change is this?
Their one best treasure—bliss
Naught else could match—is gone:
A child with silent-open eyes
Has wandered forth to meet the dawn
Of Paradise.
And now, ah now!
'Mid storm and wind and eddy
Unmoved they lie,

Quiet as night and as the heaven steady.
What anchor holds them?

Memory, that shall not die
Though the loved one be dead.
Great sorrowful peace enfolds them.
What though they feel the lifting,
Long, sob-like motion of the tide?
No more for them the hopeless drifting
Calm as the sleep-hushed head
And feet of him that died,
They rest; and when the strain
Of doubt begins again,
The silent chain—
Like little hands—
Draws them together.
O anchored hearts, fear not!
Nor wreck nor weather
Can mar your lot.

George Parsons Lathrop.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," "Lady Barberina," etc.

I.

MRS. DAINTRY stood on her steps a moment, to address a parting injunction to her little domestic, whom she had induced a few days before, by earnest and friendly argument,—the only coercion or persuasion this enlightened mistress was ever known to use,—to crown her ruffled tresses with a cap; and then, slowly and with deliberation, she descended to the street. As soon as her back was turned, her maid-servant closed the door, not with violence, but inaudibly, quickly, and firmly; so that when she reached the bottom of the steps and looked up again at the front,—as she always did before leaving it, to assure herself that everything was well,—the folded wings of her portal were presented to her, smooth and shining, as wings should be, and ornamented with the large silver plate on which the name of her late husband was inscribed,—which she had brought with her when, taking the inevitable course of good Bostonians, she had transferred her household goods from the "hill" to the "new land," and the exhibition of which, as an act of conjugal fidelity, she preferred—how much, those who knew her could easily understand—to the more distinguished modern fashion of suppressing the domiciliary label: She stood still for a minute on the pavement, looking at the closed aperture of her dwelling and asking herself a question; not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for she never spared herself in this respect. She would greatly have preferred that her servant should not shut the door till she had reached the sidewalk, and dismissed her, as it were, with that benevolent, that almost maternal, smile with which it was a part of Mrs. Daintry's religion to encourage and reward her domestics. She liked to know that her door was being held open behind her until she should pass out of sight of the young woman standing in the hall. There was a want of respect in shutting her out so precipitately; it was almost like giving her a push down the steps. What Mrs. Daintry asked herself was, whether she should not do right to

ascend the steps again, ring the bell, and request Beatrice, the parlor-maid, to be so good as to wait a little longer. She felt that this would have been a proceeding of some importance, and she presently decided against it. There were a good many reasons, and she thought them over as she took her way slowly up Newbury street, turning as soon as possible into Commonwealth avenue; for she was very fond of the south side of this beautiful prospect, and the autumn sunshine to-day was delightful. During the moment that she paused, looking up at her house, she had time to see that everything was as fresh and bright as she could desire. It looked a little too new, perhaps, and Florimond would not like that; for of course his great fondness was for the antique, which was the reason for his remaining year after year in Europe, where, as a young painter of considerable, if not of the highest, promise, he had opportunities to study the most dilapidated buildings. It was a comfort to Mrs. Daintry, however, to be able to say to herself that he would be struck with her living really very nicely,—more nicely, in many ways, than he could possibly be accommodated—that she was sure of—in a small dark *appartement de garçon* in Paris, on the uncomfortable side of the Seine. Her state of mind at present was such that she set the highest value on anything that could possibly help to give Florimond a pleasant impression. Nothing could be too small to count, she said to herself; for she knew that Florimond was both fastidious and observant. Everything that would strike him agreeably would contribute to detain him, so that if there were only enough agreeable things he would perhaps stay four or five months, instead of three, as he had promised,—the three that were to date from the day of his arrival in Boston, not from that (an important difference) of his departure from Liverpool, which was about to take place.

It was Florimond that Mrs. Daintry had had in mind when, on emerging from the little vestibule, she gave the direction to Beatrice about the position of the door-mat,—in which the young woman, so carefully

selected, as a Protestant, from the British Provinces, had never yet taken the interest that her mistress expected from such antecedents. It was Florimond also that she had thought of in putting before her parlor-maid the question of donning a badge of servitude in the shape of a neat little muslin coif, adorned with pink ribbon and stitched together by Mrs. Daintry's own beneficent fingers. Naturally there was no obvious connection between the parlor-maid's coiffure and the length of Florimond's stay; that detail was to be only a part of the general effect of American life. It was still Florimond that was uppermost as his mother, on her way up the hill, turned over in her mind that question of the ceremony of the front-door. He had been living in a country in which servants observed more forms, and he would doubtless be shocked at Beatrice's want of patience. An accumulation of such anomalies would at last undermine his loyalty. He would not care for them for himself, of course, but he would care about them for her; coming from France, where, as she knew by his letters, and indeed by her own reading,—for she made a remarkably free use of the "Athenæum,"—that the position of a mother was one of the most exalted, he could not fail to be *froissé* at any want of consideration for his surviving parent. As an artist he could not make up his mind to live in Boston; but he was a good son for all that. He had told her frequently that they might easily live together if she would only come to Paris; but of course she could not do that, with Joanna and her six children round in Clarendon street, and her responsibilities to her daughter multiplied in the highest degree. Besides, during that winter she spent in Paris, when Florimond was definitely making up his mind, and they had in the evening the most charming conversations, interrupted only by the repeated care of winding up the lamp or applying the bellows to the obstinate little fire,—during that winter she had felt that Paris was not her element. She had gone to the lectures at the Sorbonne, and she had visited the Louvre as few people did it, catalogue in hand, taking the catalogue volume by volume; but all the while she was thinking of Joanna and her new baby, and how the other three (that was the number then) were getting on while their mother was so much absorbed with the last. Mrs. Daintry, familiar as she was with these anxieties, had not the step of a grandmother; for a mind that was always intent had the effect of refreshing and brightening her years. Responsibility with her was not a weariness, but a joy,—at least it was the nearest approach to a joy that she knew, and

she did not regard her life as especially cheerless; there were many others' that were more denuded than hers. She moved with circumspection, but without reluctance, holding up her head and looking at every one she met with a clear, unaccusing gaze. This expression showed that she took an interest, as she ought, in everything that concerned her fellow-creatures; but there was that also in her whole person which indicated that she went no farther than Christian charity required. It was only with regard to Joanna and that vociferous houseful—so fertile in problems, in opportunities for devotion—that she went really very far. And now to-day, of course, in this matter of Florimond's visit, after an absence of six years; which was perhaps more on her mind than anything had ever been. People who met Mrs. Daintry after she had traversed the Public Garden—she always took that way—and begun to ascend the charming slope of Beacon street, would never, in spite of the relaxation of her pace as she measured this eminence, have mistaken her for a little old lady who should have crept out, vaguely and timidly, to inhale one of the last mild days. It was easy to see that she was not without a duty, or at least a reason,—and, indeed, Mrs. Daintry had never in her life been left in this predicament. People who knew her ever so little would have felt that she was going to call on a relation; and if they had been to the manner born they would have added a mental hope that her relation was prepared for her visit. No one would have doubted this, however, who had been aware that her steps were directed to the habitation of Miss Lucretia Daintry. Her sister-in-law, her husband's only sister, lived in that commodious nook which is known as Mount Vernon Place; and Mrs. Daintry therefore turned off at Joy street. By the time she did so, she had quite settled in her mind the question of Beatrice's behavior in connection with the front door. She had decided that it would never do to make a formal remonstrance, for it was plain that, in spite of the Old World training which she hoped the girl might have imbibed in Nova Scotia (where, until lately, she learned, there had been an English garrison), she would in such a case expose herself to the danger of desertion; Beatrice would not consent to stand there holding the door open for nothing. And after all, in the depths of her conscience Mrs. Daintry was not sure that she ought to; she was not sure that this was an act of homage that one human being had a right to exact of another, simply because this other happened to wear a little muslin cap with pink ribbons. It was a service that ministered

to her importance, to her dignity, not to her hunger or thirst; and Mrs. Daintry, who had had other foreign advantages besides her winter in Paris, was quite aware that in the United States the machinery for that former kind of tribute was very undeveloped. It was a luxury that one ought not to pretend to enjoy, — it was a luxury, indeed, that she probably ought not to presume to desire. At the bottom of her heart Mrs. Daintry suspected that such hankerings were criminal. And yet, turning the thing over, as she turned everything, she could not help coming back to the idea that it would be very pleasant, it would be really delightful, if Beatrice herself, as a result of the growing refinement of her taste, her transplantation to a society after all more elaborate than that of Nova Scotia, should perceive the fitness, the felicity, of such an attitude. This perhaps was too much to hope; but it did not much matter, for before she had turned into Mount Vernon Place Mrs. Daintry had invented a compromise. She would continue to talk to her parlor-maid until she should reach the bottom of her steps, making earnestly one remark after the other over her shoulder, so that Beatrice would be obliged to remain on the threshold. It is true that it occurred to her that the girl might not attach much importance to these Parthian observations, and would perhaps not trouble herself to wait for their natural term; but this idea was too fraught with embarrassment to be long entertained. It must be added that this was scarcely a moment for Mrs. Daintry to go much into the ethics of the matter, for she felt that her call upon her sister-in-law was the consequence of a tolerably unscrupulous determination.

II.

LUCRETIA DAINTRY was at home, for a wonder; but she kept her visitor waiting a quarter of an hour, during which this lady had plenty of time to consider her errand afresh. She was a little ashamed of it; but she did not so much mind being put to shame by Lucretia, for Lucretia did things that were much more ambiguous than any she should have thought of doing. It was even for this that Mrs. Daintry had picked her out, among so many relations, as the object of an appeal in its nature somewhat precarious. Nevertheless, her heart beat a little faster than usual as she sat in the quiet parlor, looking about her for the thousandth time at Lucretia's "things," and observing that she was faithful to her old habit of not having her furnace lighted until long after every one else. Miss

Daintry had her own habits, and she was the only person her sister-in-law knew who had more reasons than herself. Her taste was of the old fashion, and her drawing-room embraced neither festoons nor Persian rugs, nor plates and *plaques* upon the wall, nor faded stuffs suspended from unexpected projections. Most of the articles it contained dated from the year 1830; and a sensible, reasonable, rectangular arrangement of them abundantly answered to their owner's conception of the decorative. A rosewood sofa against the wall, surmounted by an engraving from Kaulbach; a neatly drawn carpet, faded, but little worn, and sprigged with a floral figure; a chimney-piece of black marble, veined with yellow, garnished with an empire clock and antiquated lamps; half a dozen large mirrors, with very narrow frames; and an immense glazed screen representing, in the livid tints of early worsted work, a ruined temple overhanging a river, — these were some of the more obvious of Miss Daintry's treasures. Her sister-in-law was a votary of the newer school, and had made sacrifices to have everything in black and gilt; but she could not fail to see that Lucretia had some very good pieces. It was a wonder how she made them last, for Lucretia had never been supposed to know much about the keeping of a house, and no one would have thought of asking her how she treated the marble floor of her vestibule, or what measures she took in the spring with regard to her curtains. Her work in life lay outside. She took an interest in questions and institutions, sat on committees and had views on Female Suffrage, — a movement which she strongly opposed. She even wrote letters sometimes to the "Transcript," not "chatty" and jocular, and signed with a fancy name, but "over" her initials, as the phrase was, — every one recognized them, — and bearing on some important topic. She was not, however, in the faintest degree slipshod or disheveled, like some of the ladies of the newspaper and the forum; she had no ink on her fingers, and she wore her bonnet as scientifically poised as the dome of the State House. When you rang at her door-bell you were never kept waiting, and when you entered her dwelling you were not greeted with those culinary odors which, pervading halls and parlors, had in certain other cases been described as the right smell in the wrong place. If Mrs. Daintry was made to wait some time before her hostess appeared, there was nothing extraordinary in this, for none of her friends came down directly, and she never did herself. To come down directly would have seemed to her to betray a frivolous eagerness for the social act. The delay, moreover, not only gave

her, as I have said, opportunity to turn over her errand afresh, but enabled her to say to herself, as she had often said before, that though Lucretia had no taste, she had some very good things, and to wonder both how she had kept them so well, and how she had originally got them. Mrs. Daintry knew that they proceeded from her mother and her aunts, who had been supposed to distribute among the children of the second generation the accumulations of the old house in Federal street, where many Daintrys had been born in the early part of the century. Of course she knew nothing of the principles on which the distribution had been made, but all she could say was that Lucretia had evidently been first in the field. There was apparently no limit to what had come to her. Mrs. Daintry was not obliged to look, to assure herself that there was another clock in the back parlor,—which would seem to indicate that all the clocks had fallen to Lucretia. She knew of four other time-pieces in other parts of the house, for of course in former years she had often been upstairs; it was only in comparatively recent times that she had renounced that practice. There had been a period when she mounted to the second story as a matter of course, without asking leave. On seeing that her sister-in-law was in neither of the parlors, she ascended and talked with Lucretia at the door of her bedroom, if it happened to be closed. And there had been another season when she stood at the foot of the staircase, and, lifting her voice, inquired of Miss Daintry—who called down with some shrillness in return—whether she might come up, while the maid-servant, wandering away with a vague cackinnation, left her to her own devices. But both of these phases belonged to the past. Lucretia never came into her bedroom to-day, or did she presume to penetrate into Lucretia's; so that she did not know for a long time whether she had renewed her chintz, or whether she had hung in that bower the large photograph of Florimond, presented by Mrs. Daintry herself to his aunt, which had been placed in neither of the parlors. Mrs. Daintry would have given a good deal to know whether this memento had been honored with a place in her sister-in-law's "chamber,"—it was by this name, on each side, that these ladies designated their sleeping-apartment; but she could not bring herself to ask directly, for it would be embarrassing to learn—what was possible—that Lucretia had not paid the highest respect to Florimond's portrait. The point was cleared up by its being revealed to her accidentally that the photograph—an expensive and very artistic one, taken in Paris

—had been relegated to the spare-room, or guest-chamber. Miss Daintry was very hospitable, and constantly had friends of her own sex staying with her. They were very apt to be young women in their twenties; and one of them had remarked to Mrs. Daintry that her son's portrait—he must be wonderfully handsome—was the first thing she saw when she woke up in the morning. Certainly Florimond was handsome; but his mother had a lurking suspicion that, in spite of his beauty, his aunt was not fond of him. She doubtless thought he ought to come back and settle down in Boston; he was the first of the Daintrys who had had so much in common with Paris. Mrs. Daintry knew as a fact that, twenty-eight years before, Lucretia, whose opinions even at that period were already wonderfully formed, had not approved of the romantic name which, in a moment of pardonable weakness, she had conferred upon her rosy babe. The spinster (she had been as much of a spinster at twenty as she was to-day) had accused her of making a fool of the child. Every one was reading old ballads in Boston then, and Mrs. Daintry had found the name in a ballad. It doubled any anxiety she might feel with regard to her present business to think that, as certain foreign newspapers which her son sent her used to say about ambassadors, Florimond was perhaps not a *persona grata* to his aunt. She reflected, however, that if his fault were in his absenting himself, there was nothing that would remedy it so effectively as his coming home. She reflected, too, that if she and Lucretia no longer took liberties with each other, there was still something a little indiscreet in her purpose this morning. But it fortified and consoled her for everything to remember, as she sat looking at the empire clock, which was a very handsome one, that her husband at least had been disinterested.

Miss Daintry found her visitor in this attitude, and thought it was an expression of impatience; which led her to explain that she had been on the roof of her house with a man who had come to see about repairing it. She had walked all over it, and peeped over the cornice, and not been in the least dizzy; and had come to the conclusion that one ought to know a great deal more about one's roof than was usual.

"I am sure you have never been over yours," she said to her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Daintry confessed with some embarrassment that she had not, and felt, as she did so, that she was superficial and slothful. It annoyed her to reflect that while she supposed, in her new house, she had thought of everything, she had not thought of this im-

portant feature. There was no one like Lucretia for giving one such reminders.

"I will send Florimond up when he comes," she said; "he will tell me all about it."

"Do you suppose he knows about roofs, except tumble-down ones, in his little pictures? I am afraid it will make him giddy." This had been Miss Daintry's rejoinder, and the tone of it was not altogether reassuring. She was nearly fifty years old; she had a plain, fresh, delightful face, and, in whatever part of the world she might have been met, an attentive observer of American life would not have had the least difficulty in guessing what phase of it she represented. She represented the various and enlightened activities which cast their rapid shuttle — in the comings and goings of eager workers — from one side to the other of Boston Common. She had, in an eminent degree, the physiognomy, the accent, the costume, the conscience, and the little eye-glass of her native place. She had never sacrificed to the graces, but she inspired unlimited confidence. Moreover, if she was thoroughly in sympathy with the New England capital, she reserved her liberty; she had a great charity, but she was independent and witty; and if she was as earnest as other people, she was not quite so serious. Her voice was a little masculine; and it had been said of her that she didn't care in the least how she looked. This was far from true, for she would not for the world have looked better than she thought was right for so plain a woman.

Mrs. Daintry was fond of calculating consequences; but she was not a coward, and she arrived at her business as soon as possible.

"You know that Florimond sails on the twentieth of this month. He will get home by the first of December."

"Oh, yes, my dear, I know it; everybody is talking about it. I have heard it thirty times. That's where Boston is so small," Lucretia Daintry remarked.

"Well, it's big enough for me," said her sister-in-law. "And of course people notice his coming back; it shows that everything that has been said is false, and that he really does like us."

"He likes his mother, I hope; about the rest I don't know that it matters."

"Well, it certainly will be pleasant to have him," said Mrs. Daintry, who was not content with her companion's tone, and wished to extract from her some recognition of the importance of Florimond's advent. "It will prove how unjust so much of the talk has been."

"My dear woman, I don't know anything about the talk. We make too much fuss about

everything. Florimond was an infant when I last saw him."

This was open to the interpretation that too much fuss had been made about Florimond, — an idea that accorded ill with the project that had kept Mrs. Daintry waiting a quarter of an hour while her hostess walked about on the roof. But Miss Daintry continued, and in a moment gave her sister-in-law the best opportunity she could have hoped for. "I don't suppose he will bring with him either salvation or the other thing; and if he has decided to winter among the bears, it will matter much more to him than to any one else. But I shall be very glad to see him if he behaves himself; and I needn't tell you that if there is anything I can do for him —" and Miss Daintry, tightening her lips together a little, paused, suiting her action to the idea that professions were usually humbug.

"There, is indeed, something you can do for him," her sister-in-law hastened to respond; "or something you can do for me, at least," she added, more discreetly.

"Call it for both of you. What is it?" and Miss Daintry put on her eye-glass.

"I know you like to do kindnesses, when they are *real* ones; and you almost always have some one staying with you for the winter."

Miss Daintry stared. "Do you want to put him to live with me?"

"No, indeed! Do you think I could part with him? It's another person, — a lady!"

"A lady! Is he going to bring a woman with him?"

"My dear Lucretia, you won't wait. I want to make it as pleasant for him as possible. In that case he may stay longer. He has promised three months; but I should so like to keep him till the summer. It would make me very happy."

"Well, my dear, keep him, then, if you can."

"But I can't, unless I am helped."

"And you want me to help you? Tell me what I must do. Should you wish me to make love to him?"

Mrs. Daintry's hesitation at this point was almost as great as if she had found herself obliged to say yes. She was well aware that what she had come to suggest was very delicate; but it seemed to her at the present moment more delicate than ever. Still, her cause was good, because it was the cause of maternal devotion. "What I should like you to do would be to ask Rachel Torrance to spend the winter with you."

Miss Daintry had not sat so much on committees without getting used to queer pro-

posals, and she had long since ceased to waste time in expressing a vain surprise. Her method was Socratic; she usually entangled her interlocutor in a net of questions.

"Ah, do you want *her* to make love to him?"

"No, I don't want any love at all. In such a matter as that I want Florimond to be perfectly free. But Rachel is such an attractive girl; she is so artistic and so bright."

"I don't doubt it; but I can't invite all the attractive girls in the country. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"It would be too marked. And then Florimond might not like her in the same house; he would have too much of her. Besides, she is no relation of mine, you know; the cousinship—such as it is, it is not very close—is on your side. I have reason to believe she would like to come; she knows so little of Boston, and admires it so much. It is astonishing how little idea the New York people have. She would be different from any one here, and that would make a pleasant change for Florimond. She was in Europe so much when she was young. She speaks French perfectly, and Italian, I think, too; and she was brought up in a kind of artistic way. Her father never did anything; but, even when he hadn't bread to give his children, he always arranged to have a studio, and they gave musical parties. That's the way Rachel was brought up. But they tell me that it hasn't in the least spoiled her; it has only made her very familiar with life."

"Familiar with humbug!" Miss Daintry ejaculated.

"My dear Lucretia, I assure you she is a very good girl, or I never would have proposed such a plan as this. She paints very well herself, and tries to sell her pictures. They are dreadfully poor—I don't mean the pictures, but Mrs. Torrance and the rest,—and they live in Brooklyn, in some second-rate boarding-house. With that, Rachel has everything about her that would enable her to appreciate Boston. Of course it would be a real kindness, because there would be one less to pay for at the boarding-house. You haven't a son, so you can't understand how a mother feels. I want to prepare everything, to have everything pleasantly arranged. I want to deprive him of every pretext for going away before the summer; because in August—I don't know whether I have told you—I have a kind of idea of going back with him myself. I am so afraid he will miss the artistic side. I don't mind saying that to you, Lucretia, for I have heard you say yourself that you thought it had been left out here. Florimond might go and see Rachel Torrance

every day if he liked; of course, being his cousin, and calling her Rachel, it couldn't attract any particular attention. I shouldn't much care if it did," Mrs. Daintry went on, borrowing a certain bravado, that in calmer moments was eminently foreign to her nature, from the impunity with which she had hitherto proceeded. Her project, as she heard herself unfold it, seemed to hang together so well that she felt something of the intoxication of success. "I shouldn't care if it did," she repeated, "so long as Florimond had a little of the conversation that he is accustomed to, and I was not in perpetual fear of his starting off."

Miss Daintry had listened attentively while her sister-in-law spoke, with eager softness, passing from point to point with a *crescendo* of lucidity, like a woman who had thought it all out, and had the consciousness of many reasons on her side. There had been momentary pauses, of which Lucretia had not taken advantage, so that Mrs. Daintry rested at last in the enjoyment of a security that was almost complete, and that her companion's first question was not of a nature to dispel.

"It's so long since I have seen her. Is she pretty?" Miss Daintry inquired.

"She is decidedly striking; she has magnificent hair!" her visitor answered, almost with enthusiasm.

"Do you want Florimond to marry her?"

This, somehow, was less pertinent. "Ah, no, my dear," Mrs. Daintry rejoined, very judicially. "That is not the kind of education—the kind of *milieu*—one would wish for the wife of one's son." She knew, moreover, that her sister-in-law knew her opinion about the marriage of young people. It was a sacrament more high and holy than any words could express, the propriety and timeliness of which lay deep in the hearts of the contracting parties, below all interference from parents and friends; it was an inspiration from above, and she would no more have thought of laying a train to marry her son, than she would have thought of breaking open his letters. More relevant even than this, however, was the fact that she did not believe he would wish to make a wife of a girl from a slipshod family in Brooklyn, however little he might care to lose sight of the artistic side. It will be observed that she gave Florimond the credit of being a very discriminating young man; and she indeed discriminated for him in cases in which she would not have presumed to discriminate for herself.

"My dear Susan, you are simply the most immoral woman in Boston!" These were

the words of which, after a moment, her sister-in-law delivered herself.

Mrs. Daintry turned a little pale. "Don't you think it would be right?" she asked quickly.

"To sacrifice the poor girl to Florimond's amusement? What has she done that you should wish to play her such a trick?" Miss Daintry did not look shocked; she never looked shocked, for even when she was annoyed she was never frightened; but after a moment she broke into a loud, unpromising laugh, — a laugh which her sister-in-law knew of old, and regarded as a peculiarly dangerous form of criticism.

"I don't see why she should be sacrificed. She would have a lovely time if she were to come on. She would consider it the greatest kindness to be asked."

"To be asked to come and amuse Florimond?"

Mrs. Daintry hesitated a moment. "I don't see why she should object to that. Florimond is certainly not beneath a person's notice. Why, Lucretia, you speak as if there were something disagreeable about Florimond."

"My dear Susan," said Miss Daintry, "I am willing to believe that he is the first young man of his time; but, all the same, it isn't a thing to do."

"Well, I have thought of it in every possible way, and I haven't seen any harm in it. It isn't as if she were giving up anything to come."

"You have thought of it too much, perhaps. Stop thinking for a while. I should have imagined you were more scrupulous."

Mrs. Daintry was silent a moment; she took her sister-in-law's asperity very meekly, for she felt that if she had been wrong in what she proposed, she deserved a severe judgment. But why was she wrong? She clasped her hands in her lap and rested her eyes with extreme seriousness upon Lucretia's little *pince-nez*, inviting her to judge her, and too much interested in having the question of her culpability settled to care whether or no she were hurt. "It is very hard to know what is right," she said presently. "Of course it is only a plan; I wondered how it would strike you."

"You had better leave Florimond alone," Miss Daintry answered. "I don't see why you should spread so many carpets for him. Let him shift for himself. If he doesn't like Boston, Boston can spare him."

"You are not nice about him; no, you are not, Lucretia!" Mrs. Daintry cried, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Of course I am not as nice as you, — he

is not my son; but I am trying to be nice about Rachel Torrance."

"I am sure she would like him, — she would delight in him," Mrs. Daintry broke out.

"That's just what I'm afraid of; I couldn't stand that."

"Well, Lucretia, I am not convinced," Mrs. Daintry said, rising, with perceptible coldness. "It is very hard to be sure one is not unjust. Of course I shall not expect you to send for her; but I shall think of her with a good deal of compassion, all winter, in that dingy place in Brooklyn. And if you have some one else with you — and I am sure you will, because you always do, unless you remain alone on purpose, this year, to put me in the wrong, — if you have some one else I shall keep saying to myself: 'Well, after all, it might have been Rachel!'"

Miss Daintry gave another of her loud laughs at the idea that she might remain alone "on purpose." "I shall have a visitor, but it will be some one who will not amuse Florimond in the least. If he wants to go away, it won't be for anything in this house that he will stay."

"I really don't see why you should hate him," said poor Mrs. Daintry.

"Where do you find that? On the contrary, I appreciate him very highly. That's just why I think it very possible that a girl like Rachel Torrance — an odd, uninstructed girl, who hasn't had great advantages — may fall in love with him and break her heart."

Mrs. Daintry's clear eyes expanded. "Is that what you are afraid of?"

"Do you suppose my solicitude is for Florimond? An accident of that sort — if she were to show him her heels at the end — might perhaps do him good. But I am thinking of the girl, since you say you don't want him to marry her."

"It was not for that that I suggested what I did. I don't want him to marry any one — I have no plans for that," Mrs. Daintry said, as if she were resenting an imputation.

"Rachel Torrance least of all!" and Miss Daintry indulged still again in that hilarity, so personal to herself, which sometimes made the subject look so little jocular to others. "My dear Susan, I don't blame you," she said; "for I suppose mothers are necessarily unscrupulous. But that is why the rest of us should hold them in check."

"It's merely an assumption, that she would fall in love with him," Mrs. Daintry continued, with a certain majesty; "there is nothing to prove it, and I am not bound to take it for granted."

"In other words, you don't care if she

should! Precisely; that, I suppose, is your *role*. I am glad I haven't any children; it's very sophisticating. For so good a woman, you are very bad. Yes, you *are* good, Susan; and you *are* bad."

"I don't know that I pretend to be particularly good," Susan remarked, with the warmth of one who had known something of the burden of such a reputation, as she moved toward the door.

"You have a conscience, and it will wake up," her companion returned. "It will come over you in the watches of the night that your idea was — as I have said — immoral."

Mrs. Daintry paused in the hall, and stood there looking at Lucretia. It was just possible that she was being laughed at, for Lucretia's deepest mirth was sometimes silent, — that is, one heard the laughter several days later. Suddenly she colored to the roots of her hair, as if the conviction of her error had come over her. Was it possible she had been corrupted by an affection in itself so pure? "I only want to do right," she said, softly. "I would rather he should never come home, than that I should go too far."

She was turning away, but her sister-in-law held her a moment and kissed her. "You are a delightful woman, but I won't ask Rachel Torrance!" This was the understanding on which they separated.

III.

MISS DAINTRY, after her visitor had left her, recognized that she had been a little brutal; for Susan's proposition did not really strike her as so heinous. Her eagerness to protect the poor girl in Brooklyn was not a very positive quantity, inasmuch as she had an impression that this young lady was on the whole very well able to take care of herself. What her talk with Mrs. Daintry had really expressed was the lukewarmness of her sentiment with regard to Florimond. She had no wish to help his mother lay carpets for him, as she said. Rightly or wrongly, she had a conviction that he was selfish, that he was spoiled, that he was conceited; and she thought Lucretia Daintry meant for better things than the service of sugaring for the young man's lips the pill of a long-deferred visit to Boston. It was quite indifferent to her that he should be conscious, in that city, of unsatisfied needs. At bottom, she had never forgiven him for having sought another way of salvation. Moreover, she had a strong sense of humor, and it amused her more than a little that her sister-in-law — of all women in Boston — should have come to

her on that particular errand. It completed the irony of the situation that one should frighten Mrs. Daintry — just a little — about what she had undertaken; and more than once that day Lucretia had, with a smile, the vision of Susan's countenance as she remarked to her that she was immoral. In reality, and speaking seriously, she did not consider Mrs. Daintry's inspiration unpardonable; what was very positive was simply that she had no wish to invite Rachel Torrance for the benefit of her nephew. She was by no means sure that she should like the girl for her own sake, and it was still less apparent that she should like her for that of Florimond. With all this, however, Miss Daintry had a high love of justice; she revised her social accounts from time to time, to see that she had not cheated any one. She thought over her interview with Mrs. Daintry the next day, and it occurred to her that she had been a little unfair. But she scarcely knew what to do to repair her mistake, by which Rachel Torrance also had suffered, perhaps; for, after all, if it had not been wicked of her sister-in-law to ask such a favor, it had at least been cool; and the penance that presented itself to Lucretia Daintry did not take the form of dispatching a letter to Brooklyn. An accident came to her help, and four days after the conversation I have narrated she wrote her a note, which explains itself, and which I will presently transcribe. Meanwhile, Mrs. Daintry, on her side, had held an examination of her heart; and though she did not think she had been very civilly treated, the result of her reflections was to give her a fit of remorse. Lucretia was right: she had been anything but scrupulous; she had skirted the edge of an abyss. Questions of conduct had long been familiar to her; and the cardinal rule of life in her eyes was that before one did anything which involved in any degree the happiness or the interest of another, one should take one's motives out of the closet in which they are usually laid away and give them a thorough airing. This operation, undertaken before her visit to Lucretia, had been cursory and superficial; for now that she repeated it, she discovered among the recesses of her spirit a number of nut-like scruples which she was astonished to think she should have overlooked. She had really been very wicked, and there was no doubt about her proper penance. It consisted of a letter to her sister-in-law, in which she completely disavowed her little project, attributing it to a momentary intermission of her reason. She saw it would never do, and she was quite ashamed of herself. She did not exactly thank Miss Daintry for the manner in which she had admonished her,

but she spoke as one saved from a great danger, and assured her relative of Mount Vernon Place that she should not soon again expose herself. This letter crossed with Miss Daintry's missive, which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SUSAN: I have been thinking over our conversation of last Tuesday, and I am afraid I went rather too far in my condemnation of your idea with regard to Rachel Torrance. If I expressed myself in a manner to wound your feelings, I can assure you of my great regret. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the belief that you are wanting in delicacy. I know very well that you were prompted by the highest sense of duty. It is possible, however, I think, that your sense of duty to poor Florimond is a little too high. You think of him too much as that famous dragon of antiquity,—wasn't it in Crete, or somewhere?—to whom young virgins had to be sacrificed. It may relieve your mind, however, to hear that this particular virgin will probably, during the coming winter, be provided for. Yesterday, at Doll's, where I had gone in to look at the new pictures (there is a striking Appleton Brown) I met Pauline Mesh, whom I had not seen for ages, and had half an hour's talk with her. She seems to me to have come out very much this winter, and to have altogether a higher tone. In short, she is much enlarged, and seems to want to take an interest in something. Of course you will say: Has she not her children? But, somehow, they don't seem to fill her life. You must remember that they are very small as yet, to fill anything. Anyway, she mentioned to me her great disappointment in having had to give up her sister, who was to have come on from Baltimore to spend the greater part of the winter. Rosalie is very pretty, and Pauline expected to give a lot of Germans, and make things generally pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if she thought something might happen that would make Rosalie a fixture in our city. She would have liked this immensely; for, whatever Pauline's faults may be, she has plenty of family feeling. But her sister has suddenly got engaged in Baltimore (I believe it's much easier than here), so that the visit has fallen through. Pauline seemed to be quite in despair, for she had made all sorts of beautifications in one of her rooms, on purpose for Rosalie; and not only had she wasted her labor (you know how she goes into those things, whatever we may think, sometimes, of her taste), but she spoke as if it would make a great difference in her winter; said she should suffer a great deal from loneliness. She says Boston is no place for a married woman, standing on her own merits; she can't have any sort of time unless she hitches herself to some attractive girl who will help her to pull the social car. You know that isn't what every one says, and how much talk there has been the last two or three winters about the frisky young matrons. Well, however that may be, I don't pretend to know much about it, not being in the married set. Pauline spoke as if she were really quite high and dry, and I felt so sorry for her that it suddenly occurred to me to say something about Rachel Torrance. I remembered that she is related to Donald Mesh in about the same degree as she is to me,—a degree nearer, therefore, than to Florimond. Pauline didn't seem to think much of the relationship,—it's so remote; but when I told her that Rachel (strange as it might appear) would probably be thankful for a season in Boston, and might be a good substitute for Rosalie, why she quite jumped at the idea. She has never seen her, but she knows who she is,—fortunately, for I could never begin to explain. She seems to think such a girl will be quite a novelty in this

place. I don't suppose Pauline can do her any particular harm, from what you tell me of Miss Torrance, and, on the other hand, I don't know that she could injure Pauline. She is certainly very kind (Pauline, of course), and I have no doubt she will immediately write to Brooklyn, and that Rachel will come on. Florimond went, of course, see as much of her as if she were staying with me, and I don't know that he will particularly care about Pauline Mesh, who, you know, is intensely American; but they will go out a great deal, and he will meet them (if he takes the trouble), and I have no doubt that Rachel will take the edge off the east wind for him. At any rate, I have perhaps done her a good turn. I must confess to you—and it won't surprise you—that I was thinking of her, and not of him, when I spoke to Pauline. Therefore I don't feel that I have taken a risk, but I don't much care if I have. I have my views, but I never worry. I recommend you not to do so either,—for you go, I know, from one extreme to the other. I have told you my little story; it was on my mind. Aren't you glad to see the lovely snow?

Ever affectionately yours,

L. D.

"P. S.—The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that you *will* worry now about the danger for Rachel. Why did I drop the poison into your mind? Of course I didn't say a word about you or Florimond."

This epistle reached Mrs. Daintry, as I have intimated, about an hour after her letter to her sister-in-law had been posted; but it is characteristic of her that she did not for a moment regret having made a retraction rather humble in form, and which proved, after all, scarcely to have been needed. The delight of having done that duty carried her over the sense of having given herself away. Her sister-in-law spoke from knowledge when she wrote that phrase about Susan's now beginning to worry from the opposite point of view. Her conscience, like the good Homer, might sometimes nod; but when it woke, it woke with a start; and for many a day afterward its vigilance was feverish. For the moment, her emotions were mingled. She thought Lucretia very strange, and that *she* was scarcely in a position to talk about one's going from one extreme to the other. It was good news to her that Rachel Torrance would probably be on the ground after all, and she was delighted that on Lucretia the responsibility of such a fact should rest. This responsibility she now already, after her revulsion, as we know, regarded as grave; she exhaled an almost luxurious sigh when she thought of having herself escaped from it. What she did not quite understand was Lucretia's apology, and her having, even if Florimond's happiness were not her motive, taken almost the very step which, three days before, she had so severely criticised. This was puzzling, for Lucretia was usually so consistent. But, all the same, Mrs. Daintry did not repeat of her own penance; on the contrary, she took

more and more comfort in it. If, with that, Rachel Torrance should be really useful, it would be delightful.

IV.

FLORIMOND DAINTRY had stayed at home for three days after his arrival; he had sat close to the fire in his slippers, every now and then casting a glance over his shoulders at the hard, white world which seemed to glare at him from the other side of the window-panes. He was very much afraid of the cold, and he was not in a hurry to go out and meet it. He had met it, on disembarking in New York, in the shape of a wave of frozen air, which had traveled from some remote point in the West (he was told) on purpose, apparently, to smite him in the face. That portion of his organism tingled yet with it, though the gasping, bewildered look which sat upon his features during the first few hours had quite left it. I am afraid it will be thought he was a young man of small courage; and on a point so delicate I do not hold myself obliged to pronounce. It is only fair to add that it was delightful to him to be with his mother, and that they easily spent three days in talking. Moreover, he had the company of Joanna and her children, who, after a little delay, occasioned apparently by their waiting to see whether he would not first come to them, had arrived in a body and had spent several hours. As regards the majority of them, they had repeated this visit several times in the three days, Joanna being obliged to remain at home with the two younger ones. There were four older ones, and their grandmother's house was open to them as a second nursery. The first day their Uncle Florimond thought them charming; and as he had brought a French toy for each, it is probable that this impression was mutual. The second day their little ruddy bodies and woollen clothes seemed to him to have a positive odor of the cold; it was disagreeable to him, and he spoke to his mother about their "wintry smell." The third day they had become very familiar; they called him "Florry"; and he had made up his mind that to let them loose in that way on his mother, Joanna must be rather wanting in delicacy,—not mentioning this deficiency, however, as yet, for he saw that his mother was not prepared for it. She evidently thought it proper, or at least it seemed inevitable, either that she should be round at Joanna's, or the children should be round in Newbury street; for "Joanna's" evidently represented primarily the sound of small, loud voices, and the hard breathing that signalized the intervals of romps. Florimond was

rather disappointed in his sister, seeing her after a long separation; he remarked to his mother that she seemed completely submerged. As Mrs. Daintry spent most of her time under the waves with her daughter, she had grown to regard this element as sufficiently favorable to life, and was rather surprised when Florimond said to her that he was sorry to see she and his sister appeared to have been converted into a pair of *bonnes d'enfants*. Afterward, however, she perceived what he meant. She was not aware, until he called her attention to it, that the little Merrimans took up an enormous place in the intellectual economy of two households. "You ought to remember that they exist for you, and not you for them," Florimond said to her, in a tone of friendly admonition; and he remarked, on another occasion, that the perpetual presence of children was a great injury to conversation,—it kept it down so much; and that in Boston they seemed to be present even when they were absent, inasmuch as most of the talk was about them. Mrs. Daintry did not stop to ask herself what her son knew of Boston, leaving it years before as a boy, and not having so much as looked out of the window since his return; she was taken up mainly with noting certain little habits of speech which he evidently had formed, and in wondering how they would strike his fellow-citizens. He was very definite and trenchant; he evidently knew perfectly what he thought; and though his manner was not defiant—he had, perhaps, even too many of the forms of politeness, as if, sometimes, for mysterious reasons, he were playing upon you,—the tone in which he uttered his opinions did not appear exactly to give you the choice. And then, apparently, he had a great many; there was a moment when Mrs. Daintry vaguely foresaw that the little house in Newbury street would be more crowded with Florimond's views than it had ever been with Joanna's children. She hoped very much people would like him, and she hardly could see why they should fail to find him agreeable. To herself he was sweeter than any grandchild; he was as kind as if he had been a devoted parent. Florimond had but a small acquaintance with his brother-in-law; but after he had been at home forty-eight hours he found that he bore Arthur Merriman a grudge, and was ready to think rather ill of him,—having a theory that he ought to have held up Joanna and interposed to save her mother. Arthur Merriman was a young and brilliant commission-merchant, who had not married Joanna Daintry for the sake of Florimond, and, doing an active business all day in East Boston, had a

perfectly good conscience in leaving his children's mother and grandmother to establish their terms of intercourse.

Florimond, however, did not particularly wonder why his brother-in-law had not been round to bid him welcome. It was for Mrs. Daintry that this anxiety was reserved; and what made it worse was her uncertainty as to whether she should be justified in mentioning the subject to Joanna. It might wound Joanna to suggest to her that her husband was derelict,—especially if she did not think so, and she certainly gave her mother no opening; and, on the other hand, Florimond might have ground for complaint if Arthur should continue not to notice him. Mrs. Daintry earnestly desired that nothing of this sort should happen, and took refuge in the hope that Florimond would have adopted the foreign theory of visiting, in accordance with which the new-comer was to present himself first. Meanwhile, the young man, who had looked upon a meeting with his brother-in-law as a necessity rather than a privilege, was simply conscious of a reprieve; and up in Clarendon street, as Mrs. Daintry said, it never occurred to Arthur Merriman to take this social step, nor to his wife to propose it to him. Mrs. Merriman simply took for granted that her brother would be round early some morning to see the children. A day or two later the couple dined at her mother's, and that virtually settled the question. It is true that Mrs. Daintry, in later days, occasionally recalled the fact that, after all, Joanna's husband never had called upon Florimond; and she even wondered why Florimond, who sometimes said bitter things, had not made more of it. The matter came back at moments when, under the pressure of circumstances which, it must be confessed, were rare, she found herself giving assent to an axiom that sometimes reached her ears. This axiom, it must be added, did not justify her in the particular case I have mentioned, for the full purport of it was that the queerness of Bostonians was collective, not individual.

There was no doubt, however, that it was Florimond's place to call first upon his aunt, and this was a duty of which she could not hesitate to remind him. By the time he took his way across the long expanse of the new land and up the charming hill, which constitutes, as it were, the speaking face of Boston, the temperature either had relaxed, or he had got used, even in his mother's hot little house, to his native air. He breathed the bright, cold sunshine with pleasure; he raised his eyes to the arching blueness, and thought he had never seen a dome so magnificently painted. He turned his head this way and that, as he

walked (now that he had recovered his legs, he foresaw that he should walk a good deal), and freely indulged his most valued organ, the organ that had won him such reputation as he already enjoyed. In the little artistic circle in which he moved in Paris, Florimond Daintry was thought to have a great deal of eye. His power of rendering was questioned, his execution had been called pretentious and feeble; but a conviction had somehow been diffused that he saw things with extraordinary intensity. No one could tell better than he what to paint, and what not to paint, even though his interpretation was sometimes rather too sketchy. It will have been guessed that he was an impressionist; and it must be admitted that this was the character in which he proceeded on his visit to Miss Daintry. He was constantly shutting one eye, to see the better with the other, making a little telescope by curving one of his hands together, waving these members in the air with vague pictorial gestures, pointing at things which, when people turned to follow his direction, seemed to mock the vulgar vision by eluding it. I do not mean that he practiced these devices as he walked along Beacon street, into which he had crossed shortly after leaving his mother's house; but now that he had broken the ice, he acted quite in the spirit of the reply he had made to a friend in Paris, shortly before his departure, who asked him why he was going back to America,—“I am going to see how it looks.” He was, of course, very conscious of his eye; and his effort to cultivate it was both intuitive and deliberate. He spoke of it freely, as he might have done of a valuable watch or a horse. He was always trying to get the visual impression; asking himself, with regard to such and such an object or a place, of what its “character” would consist. There is no doubt he really saw with great intensity; and the reader will probably feel that he was welcome to this ambiguous privilege. It was not important for him that things should be beautiful; what he sought to discover was their identity,—the signs by which he should know them. He began this inquiry as soon as he stepped into Newbury street from his mother's door, and he was destined to continue it for the first few weeks of his stay in Boston. As time went on, his attention relaxed; for one couldn't do more than see, as he said to his mother and another person; and he had seen. Then the novelty wore off,—the novelty which is often so absurdly great in the eyes of the American who returns to his native land after a few years spent in the foreign element,—an effect to be accounted for only on the supposition that in the secret parts of his

mind he recognizes the aspect of life in Europe as, through long heredity, the more familiar; so that superficially, having no interest to oppose it, it quickly supplants the domestic type, which, upon his return, becomes supreme, but with its credit in many cases appreciably and permanently diminished. Florimond painted a few things while he was in America, though he had told his mother he had come home to rest; but when, several months later, in Paris, he showed his "notes," as he called them, to a friend, the young Frenchman asked him if Massachusetts were really so much like Andalusia.

There was certainly nothing Andalusian in the prospect as Florimond traversed the artificial bosom of the Back Bay. He had made his way promptly into Beacon street, and he greatly admired that vista. The long, straight avenue lay airing its newness in the frosty day, and all its individual façades, with their neat, sharp ornaments, seemed to have been scoured, with a kind of friction, by the hard, salutary light. Their brilliant browns and drabs, their rosy surfaces of brick, made a variety of fresh, violent tones, such as Florimond liked to memorize, and the large, clear windows of their curved fronts faced each other, across the street, like candid, inevitable eyes. There was something almost terrible in the windows; Florimond had forgotten how vast and clean they were, and how, in their sculptured frames, the New England air seemed, like a zealous housewife, to polish and preserve them. A great many ladies were looking out, and groups of children in the drawing-rooms were flattening their noses against the transparent plate. Here and there, behind it, the back of a statuette or the symmetry of a painted vase, erect on a pedestal, presented itself to the street, and enabled the passer to construct, more or less, the room within,—its frescoed ceilings, its new silk sofas, its untarnished fixtures. This continuity of glass constituted a kind of exposure within and without, and gave the street the appearance of an enormous corridor, in which the public and the private were familiar and intermingled. But it was all very cheerful and commodious, and seemed to speak of diffused wealth, of intimate family life, of comfort constantly renewed. All sorts of things, in the region of the temperature, had happened during the few days that Florimond had been in the country. The cold wave had spent itself, a snow-storm had come and gone, and the air, after this temporary relaxation, had renewed its keenness. The snow, which had fallen in but moderate abundance, was heaped along the side of the pavement; it formed a radiant cornice on the housetops, and crowned

the windows with a plain white cap. It deepened the color of everything else, made all surfaces look ruddy, and at a distance sent into the air a thin, delicate mist—a tinted exhalation,—which occasionally softened an edge. The upper part of Beacon street seemed to Florimond charming,—the long, wide, sunny slope, the uneven line of the older houses, the contrasted, differing, bulging fronts, the painted bricks, the tidy facings, the immaculate doors, the burnished silver plates, the denuded twigs of the far extent of the Common on the other side; and to crown the eminence and complete the picture, high in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston,—the gilded dome of the State House. It was in the shadow of this monument, as we know, that Miss Daintry lived; and Florimond, who was always lucky, had the good fortune to find her at home.

V.

It may seem that I have assumed on the part of the reader too great a curiosity about the impressions of this young man, who was not very remarkable, and who has not even the recommendation of being the hero of our perhaps too descriptive tale. The reader will already have discovered that a hero fails us here; but if I go on at all risks to say a few words about Florimond, he will perhaps understand the better why this part has not been filled. Miss Daintry's nephew was not very original; it was his own illusion that he had in a considerable degree the value of rareness. Even this youthful conceit was not rare, for it was not of heroic proportions, and was liable to lapses and discouragements. He was a fair, slim, civil young man, and you would never have guessed from his appearance that he was an impressionist. He was neat and sleek and quite anti-Bohemian, and, in spite of his looking about him as he walked, his figure was much more in harmony with the Boston landscape than he supposed. He was a little vain, a little affected, a little pretentious, a little good-looking, a little amusing, a little spoiled, and at times a little tiresome. If he was disagreeable, however, it was also only a little; he did not carry anything to a very high pitch; he was accomplished, industrious, successful,—all in the minor degree. He was fond of his mother and fond of himself; he also liked the people who liked him. Such people could belong only to the class of good listeners, for Florimond, with the least encouragement (he was very susceptible to that), would chatter by the hour. As he was very observant, and knew a great many stories,

his talk was often entertaining, especially to women, many of whom thought him wonderfully sympathetic. It may be added that he was still very young and fluid, and neither his defects nor his virtues had a great consistency. He was fond of the society of women, and had an idea that he knew a great deal about that element of humanity. He believed himself to know everything about art, and almost everything about life, and he expressed himself as much as possible in the phrases that are current in studios. He spoke French very well, and it had rubbed off on his English.

His aunt listened to him attentively, with her nippers on her nose. She had been a little restless at first, and, to relieve herself, had vaguely punched the sofa-cushion which lay beside her,—a gesture that her friends always recognized; they knew it to express a particular emotion. Florimond, whose egotism was candid and confiding, talked for an hour about himself,—about what he had done, and what he intended to do, what he had said, and what had been said to him; about his habits, tastes, achievements, peculiarities, which were apparently so numerous; about the decorations of his studio in Paris; about the character of the French, the works of Zola, the theory of art for art, the American type, the "stupidity" of his mother's new house,—though of course it had some things that were knowing,—the pronunciation of Joanna's children, the effect of the commission business on Arthur Merriman's conversation, the effect of everything on his mother, Mrs. Daintry, and the effect of Mrs. Daintry on her son Florimond. The young man had an epithet, which he constantly introduced, to express disapproval; when he spoke of the architecture of his mother's house, over which she had taken great pains (she remembered the gabled fronts of Nuremberg), he said that a certain effect had been dreadfully missed, that the character of the doorway was simply "crass." He expressed, however, a lively sense of the bright cleanness of American interiors. "Oh, as for that," he said, "the place is kept,—it's kept;" and, to give an image of this idea, he put his gathered fingers to his lips an instant, seemed to kiss them or blow upon them, and then open them into the air. Miss Daintry had never encountered this gesture before; she had heard it described by traveled persons; but to see her own nephew in the very act of it, led her to administer another thump to the sofa-cushion. She finally got this article under control, and sat more quiet, with her hands clasped upon it, while her visitor continued to discourse. In pursuance of his character

as an impressionist, he gave her a great many impressions; but it seemed to her that as he talked he simply exposed himself,—exposed his egotism, his little pretensions. Lucretia Daintry, as we know, had a love of justice, and though her opinions were apt to be very positive, her charity was great and her judgments were not harsh; moreover, there was in her composition not a drop of acrimony. Nevertheless, she was, as the phrase is, rather hard on poor little Florimond; and to explain her severity we are bound to assume that in the past he had in some way offended her. To-day, at any rate, it seemed to her that he patronized his maiden aunt. He scarcely asked about her health, but took for granted on her part an unlimited interest in his own sensations. It came over her afresh that his mother had been absurd in thinking that the usual resources of Boston would not have sufficed to maintain him; and she smiled a little grimly at the idea that a special provision should have been made. This idea presently melted into another, over which she was free to regale herself only after her nephew had departed. For the moment she contented herself with saying to him, when a pause in his young eloquence gave her a chance: "You will have a great many people to go and see. You pay the penalty of being a Bostonian; you have several hundred cousins. One pays for everything."

Florimond lifted his eyebrows. "I pay for that every day of my life. Have I got to go and see them all?"

"All—every one," said his aunt, who, in reality, did not hold this obligation in the least sacred.

"And to say something agreeable to them all?" the young man went on.

"Oh, no, that is not necessary," Miss Daintry rejoined, with more exactness. "There are one or two, however, who always appreciate a pretty speech." She added, in an instant: "Do you remember Mrs. Mesh?"

"Mrs. Mesh?" Florimond apparently did not remember.

"The wife of Donald Mesh; your grandfathers were first cousins. I don't mean her grandfather, but her husband's. If you don't remember her, I suppose he married her after you went away."

"I remember Donald; but I never knew he was a relation. He was single then, I think."

"Well, he's double now," said Miss Daintry; "he's triple, I may say, for there are two ladies in the house."

"If you mean he's a polygamist—are there Mormons even here?" Florimond, leaning back in his chair, with his elbow on the arm, and twisting with his gloved fingers the point

of a small, fair mustache, did not appear to have been arrested by this account of Mr. Mesh's household; for he almost immediately asked, in a large, detached way: "Are there any nice women here?"

"It depends on what you mean by nice women; there are some very sharp ones."

"Oh, I don't like sharp ones," Florimond remarked, in a tone which made his aunt long to throw her sofa-cushion at his head. "Are there any pretty ones?"

She looked at him a moment, hesitating. "Rachel Torrance is pretty, in a strange, unusual way,—black hair and blue eyes, a serpentine figure, old coins in her tresses; that sort of thing."

"I have seen a good deal of that sort of thing," said Florimond, a little confusedly.

"That I know nothing about. I mention Pauline Mesh's as one of the houses that you ought to go to, and where I know you are expected."

"I remember now that my mother has said something about that. But who is the woman with coins in her hair?—what has she to do with Pauline Mesh?"

"Rachel is staying with her; she came from New York a week ago, and I believe she means to spend the winter. She isn't a woman, she's a girl."

"My mother didn't speak of her," said Florimond; "but I don't think she would recommend me a girl with a serpentine figure."

"Very likely not," Miss Dainty answered, dryly. "Rachel Torrance is a far-away cousin of Donald Mesh, and consequently of mine and of yours. She's an artist, like yourself; she paints flowers on little panels and *plaques*."

"Like myself?—I never painted a *plaque* in my life!" exclaimed Florimond, staring.

"Well, she's a model, also; you can paint her if you like; she has often been painted, I believe."

Florimond had begun to caress the other tip of his mustache. "I don't care for women who have been painted before. I like to find them out. Besides, I want to rest this winter."

His aunt was disappointed; she wished to put him into relation with Rachel Torrance, and his indifference was an obstacle. The meeting was sure to take place sooner or later, but she would have been glad to precipitate it, and, above all, to quicken her nephew's susceptibilities. "Take care you are not found out yourself!" she exclaimed, tossing away her sofa-cushion and getting up.

Florimond did not see what she meant, and he accordingly bore her no rancor; but when, before he took his leave, he said to her, rather irrelevantly, that if he should find himself in the mood during his stay in Boston, he

should like to do her portrait,—she had such a delightful face,—she almost thought the speech a deliberate impertinence. "Do you mean that you have discovered me,—that no one has suspected it before?" she inquired with a laugh, and a little flush in the countenance that he was so good as to appreciate.

Florimond replied, with perfect coolness and good-nature, that he didn't know about this, but that he was sure no one had seen her in just the way he saw her; and he waved his hand in the air with strange circular motions, as if to evoke before him the image of a canvas, with a figure just rubbed in. He repeated this gesture, or something very like it, by way of farewell, when he quitted his aunt, and she thought him insufferably patronizing.

This is why she wished him, without loss of time, to make the acquaintance of Rachel Torrance, whose treatment of his pretensions she thought would be salutary. It may now be communicated to the reader—after a delay proportionate to the momentousness of the fact—that this had been the idea which suddenly flowered in her brain as she sat face to face with her irritating young visitor. It had vaguely shaped itself after her meeting with that strange girl from Brooklyn, whom Mrs. Mesh, all gratitude,—for she liked strangeness,—promptly brought to see her; and her present impression of her nephew rapidly completed it. She had not expected to take an interest in Rachel Torrance, and could not see why, through a freak of Susan's, she should have been called upon to think so much about her; but, to her surprise, she perceived that Mrs. Dainty's proposed victim was not the usual forward girl. She perceived at the same time that it had been ridiculous to think of Rachel as a victim,—to suppose that she was in danger of vainly fixing her affections upon Florimond. She was much more likely to triumph than to suffer; and if her visit to Boston were to produce bitter fruits, it would not be she who should taste them. She had a striking, oriental head, a beautiful smile, a manner of dressing which carried out her exotic type, and a great deal of experience and wit. She evidently knew the world, as one knows it when one has to live by its help. If she had an aim in life, she would draw her bow well above the tender breast of Florimond Dainty. With all this, she certainly was an honest, obliging girl, and had a sense of humor which was a fortunate obstacle to her falling into a *pose*. Her coins and amulets and seamless garments were, for her, a part of the general joke of one's looking like a Circassian or a Smyrniote,—an accident for which Nature was responsible; and it may be said of her that she took

herself much less seriously than other people took her. This was a defect for which Lucretia Daintry had a great kindness; especially as she quickly saw that Rachel was not of an insipid paste, as even triumphant coquettes sometimes are. In spite of her poverty and the opportunities her beauty must have brought her, she had not yet seen fit to marry, — which was a proof that she was clever as well as disinterested. It looks dreadfully cold-blooded as I write it here, but the notion that this capable creature might administer poetic justice to Florimond gave a measurable satisfaction to Miss Daintry. He was in distinct need of a snub, for down in Newbury street his mother was perpetually swinging the censor; and no young nature could stand that sort of thing, — least of all such a nature as Florimond's. She said to herself that such a "putting in his place" as he might receive from Rachel Torrance would probably be a permanent correction. She wished his good, as she wished the good of every one; and that desire was at the bottom of her vision. She knew perfectly what she should like: she should like him to fall in love with Rachel, as he probably would, and to have no doubt of her feeling immensely honored. She should

like Rachel to encourage him just enough — just so far as she might without being false. A little would do, for Florimond would always take his success for granted. To this point did the study of her nephew's moral regeneration bring the excellent woman, who a few days before had accused his mother of a lack of morality. His mother was thinking only of his pleasure; *she* was thinking of his immortal spirit. She should like Rachel to tell him at the end that he was a presumptuous little boy, and that since it was his business to render "impressions," he might see what he could do with that of having been jilted. This extraordinary flight of fancy on Miss Daintry's part was caused in some degree by the high spirits which sprang from her conviction, after she met the young lady, that Mrs. Mesh's companion was not in danger; for even when she wrote to her sister-in-law in the manner the reader knows, her conscience was not wholly at rest. There was still a risk, and she knew not why she should take risks for Florimond. Now, however, she was prepared to be perfectly happy when she should hear that the young man was constantly in Arlington street; and at the end of a little month she enjoyed this felicity.

(To be continued.)

THE REMARKABLE WRECK OF THE "THOMAS HYKE."

It was half-past one by the clock in the office of the Registrar of Woes. The room was empty, for it was Wednesday, and the Registrar always went home early on Wednesday afternoons. He had made that arrangement when he accepted the office. He was willing to serve his fellow-citizens in any suitable position to which he might be called, but he had private interests which could not be neglected. He belonged to his country, but there was a house in the country which belonged to him; and there were a great many things appertaining to that house which needed attention, especially in pleasant summer weather. It is true he was often absent on afternoons which did not fall on the Wednesday, but the fact of his having appointed a particular time for the furtherance of his outside interests so emphasized their importance that his associates in the office had no difficulty in understanding that affairs of such moment could not always be attended to in a single afternoon of the week.

But although the large room devoted to the especial use of the Registrar was unoccupied, there were other rooms connected

with it which were not in that condition. With the suite of offices to the left we have nothing to do, but will confine our attention to a moderate-sized room to the right of the Registrar's office, and connected by a door, now closed, with that large and handsomely furnished chamber. This was the office of the Clerk of Shipwrecks, and it was at present occupied by five persons. One of these was the clerk himself, a man of goodly appearance, somewhere between twenty-five and forty-five years of age, and of a demeanor such as might be supposed to belong to one who had occupied a high position in state affairs, but who, by the cabals of his enemies, had been forced to resign the great operations of statesmanship which he had been directing, and who now stood, with a quite resigned air, pointing out to the populace the futile and disastrous efforts of the incompetent one who was endeavoring to fill his place. The Clerk of Shipwrecks had never fallen from such a position, having never occupied one, but he had acquired the demeanor referred to without going through the preliminary exercises.

Another occupant was a very young man,

the personal clerk of the Registrar of Woes, who always closed all the doors of the office of that functionary on Wednesday afternoons, and at other times when outside interests demanded his principal's absence, after which he betook himself to the room of his friend the Shipwreck Clerk.

Then there was a middle-aged man named Matthers, also a friend of the clerk, and who was one of the eight who had made application for a sub-position in this department, which was now filled by a man who was expected to resign when a friend of his, a gentleman of influence in an interior county, should succeed in procuring the nomination as congressional representative of his district of an influential politician, whose election was considered assured in case certain expected action on the part of the administration should bring his party into power. The person now occupying the sub-position hoped to get something better, and Matthers, consequently, was very willing, while waiting for the place, to visit the offices of the department and acquaint himself with its duties.

A fourth person was J. George Watts, a jurymen by profession, who had brought with him his brother-in-law, a stranger in the city.

The Shipwreck Clerk had taken off his good coat, which he had worn to luncheon, and had replaced it by a lighter garment of linen, much bespattered with ink; and he now produced a cigar-box, containing six cigars.

"Gents," said he, "here is the fag end of a box of cigars. It's not like having the pick of the box, but they are all I have left."

Mr. Matthers, J. George Watts, and the brother-in-law each took a cigar with that careless yet deferential manner which always distinguishes the treatee from the treator; and then the box was protruded in an off-hand way toward Harry Covare, the personal clerk of the Registrar; but this young man declined, saying that he preferred cigarettes, a package of which he drew from his pocket. He had very often seen that cigar-box with a Havana brand, which he himself had brought from the other room after the Registrar had emptied it, passed around with six cigars, no more nor less, and he was wise enough to know that the Shipwreck Clerk did not expect to supply him with smoking material. If that gentleman had offered to the friends who generally dropped in on him on Wednesday afternoon the paper bag of cigars sold at five cents each when bought singly, but half a dozen for a quarter of a dollar, they would have been quite as thankfully received; but it better pleased his deprecativ soul to put them in an empty cigar-box, and thus throw around them the halo of the presumption that

ninety-four of their imported companions had been smoked.

The Shipwreck Clerk, having lighted a cigar for himself, sat down in his revolving chair, turned his back to his desk, and threw himself into an easy cross-legged attitude, which showed that he was perfectly at home in that office. Harry Covare mounted a high stool, while the visitors seated themselves in three wooden arm-chairs. But few words had been said, and each man had scarcely tossed his first tobacco ashes on the floor when some one wearing heavy boots was heard opening an outside door and entering the Registrar's room. Harry Covare jumped down from his stool, laid his half-smoked cigarette thereon, and bounced into the next room, closing the door after him. In about a minute he returned, and the Shipwreck Clerk looked at him inquiringly.

"An old cock in a pea-jacket," said Mr. Covare, taking up his cigarette, and mounting his stool. "I told him the Registrar would be here in the morning. He said he had something to report about a shipwreck; and I told him the Registrar would be here in the morning. Had to tell him that three times, and then he went."

"School don't keep Wednesday afternoons," said Mr. J. George Watts, with a knowing smile.

"No, sir," said the Shipwreck Clerk, emphatically, changing the crossing of his legs. "A man can't keep grinding on day in and out without breaking down. Outsiders may say what they please about it, but it can't be done. We've got to let up sometimes. People who do the work need the rest just as much as those who do the looking on."

"And more too, I should say," observed Mr. Matthers.

"Our little let-up on Wednesday afternoons," modestly observed Harry Covare, "is like death; it is sure to come, while the let-ups we get other days are more like the diseases which prevail in certain areas; you can't be sure whether you're going to get them or not."

The Shipwreck Clerk smiled benignantly at this remark, and the rest laughed. Mr. Matthers had heard it before, but he would not impair the pleasantness of his relations with a future colleague by hinting that he remembered it.

"He gets such ideas from his beastly statistics," said the Shipwreck Clerk.

"Which come pretty heavy on him sometimes, I expect," observed Mr. Matthers.

"They needn't," said the Shipwreck Clerk, "if things were managed here as they ought to be. If John J. Laylor," meaning thereby

the Registrar, "was the right kind of a man, you'd see things very different here from what they are now. There'd be a larger force."

"That's so," said Mr. Matthers.

"And not only that, but there'd be better buildings, and more accommodations. Were any of you ever up to Anster? Well, take a run up there some day, and see what sort of buildings the department has there. William Q. Green is a very different man from John J. Laylor. You don't see him sitting in his chair and picking his teeth the whole winter, while the representative from his district never says a word about his department from one end of a session of Congress to the other. Now if I had charge of things here, I'd make such changes that you wouldn't know the place. I'd throw two rooms off here, and a corridor and entrance door at that end of the building. I'd close up this door," pointing toward the Registrar's room, "and if John J. Laylor wanted to come in here he might go round to the end door like other people."

The thought struck Harry Covare that in that case there would be no John J. Laylor, but he would not interrupt.

"And what is more," continued the Shipwreck Clerk, "I'd close up this whole department at twelve o'clock on Saturdays. The way things are managed now, a man has no time to attend to his own private business. Suppose I think of buying a piece of land, and want to go out and look at it, or suppose any one of you gentlemen were here and thought of buying a piece of land and wanted to go out and look at it, what are you going to do about it? You don't want to go on Sunday, and when are you going to go?"

Not one of the other gentlemen had ever thought of buying a piece of land, nor had they any reason to suppose that they ever would purchase an inch of soil unless they bought it in a flower-pot; but they all agreed that the way things were managed now there was no time for a man to attend to his own business.

"But you can't expect John J. Laylor to do anything," said the Shipwreck Clerk.

However, there was one thing which that gentleman always expected John J. Laylor to do. When the clerk was surrounded by a number of persons in hours of business, and when he had succeeded in impressing them with the importance of his functions, and the necessity of paying deferential attention to himself if they wished their business attended to, John J. Laylor would be sure to walk into the office and address the Shipwreck Clerk in such a manner as to let the people present know that he was a clerk and nothing else, and that he, the Registrar, was the head of

that department. These humiliations the Shipwreck Clerk never forgot.

There was a little pause here, and then Mr. Matthers remarked:

"I should think you'd be awful bored with the long stories of shipwrecks that the people come and tell you."

He hoped to change the conversation, because, although he wished to remain on good terms with the subordinate officers, it was not desirable that he should be led to say much against John J. Laylor.

"No, sir," said the Shipwreck Clerk, "I am not bored. I did not come here to be bored, and as long as I have charge of this office I don't intend to be. The long-winded old salts who come here to report their wrecks never spin out their prosy yarns to me. The first thing I do is to let them know just what I want of them; and not an inch beyond that does a man of them go, at least while I am managing the business. There are times when John J. Laylor comes in, and puts in his oar, and wants to hear the whole story, which is pure stuff and nonsense, for John J. Laylor doesn't know anything more about a shipwreck than he does about —"

"The endemics in the Lake George area," suggested Harry Covare.

"Yes; or any other part of his business," said the Shipwreck Clerk; "and when he takes it into his head to interfere, all business stops till some second mate of a coal-schooner has told his whole story, from his sighting land on the morning of one day to his getting ashore on it on the afternoon of the next. — Now I don't put up with any such nonsense. There's no man living that can tell me anything about shipwrecks. I've never been to sea myself, but that's not necessary; and if I had gone, it's not likely I'd been wrecked. But I've read about every kind of shipwreck that ever happened. When I first came here I took care to post myself upon these matters, because I knew it would save trouble. I have read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*,' 'The Sinking of the *Royal George*,' and wrecks by water-spouts, tidal waves, and every other thing which would knock a ship into a cocked hat, and I've classified every sort of wreck under its proper head; and when I've found out to what class a wreck belongs, I know all about it. Now, when a man comes here to report a wreck, the first thing he has to do is just to shut down on his story, and to stand up square and answer a few questions that I put to him. In two minutes I know just what kind of shipwreck he's had; and then, when he gives me the name of his vessel, and one or two other points, he may go. I know all

about that wreck, and I make a much better report of the business than he could have done if he'd stood here talking three days and three nights. The amount of money that's been saved to our tax-payers by the way I've systematized the business of this office is not to be calculated in figures."

The brother-in-law of J. George Watts knocked the ashes from the remnant of his cigar, looked contemplatively at the coal for a moment, and then remarked:

"I think you said there's no kind of shipwreck you don't know about?"

"That's what I said," replied the Shipwreck Clerk.

"I think," said the other, "I could tell you of a shipwreck, in which I was concerned, that wouldn't go into any of your classes."

The Shipwreck Clerk threw away the end of his cigar, put both his hands into his trousers pockets, stretched out his legs, and looked steadfastly at the man who had made this unwarrantable remark. Then a pitying smile stole over his countenance, and he said: "Well, sir, I'd like to hear your account of it; and before you get a quarter through I can stop you just where you are, and go ahead and tell the rest of the story myself."

"That's so," said Harry Covare. "You'll see him do it just as sure pop as a spread rail bounces the engine."

"Well, then," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts, "I'll tell it." And he began:

"It was just two years ago, the first of this month, that I sailed for South America in the *Thomas Hyke*."

At this point the Shipwreck Clerk turned and opened a large book at the letter T.

"That wreck wasn't reported here," said the other, "and you won't find it in your book."

"At Anster, perhaps?" said the Shipwreck Clerk, closing the volume, and turning round again.

"Can't say about that," replied the other. "I've never been to Anster, and haven't looked over their books."

"Well, you needn't want to," said the clerk. "They've got good accommodations at Anster, and the Registrar has some ideas of the duties of his post, but they have no such system of wreck reports as we have here."

"Very like," said the brother-in-law. And he went on with his story. "The *Thomas Hyke* was a small iron steamer of six hundred tons, and she sailed from Ulford for Valparaiso with a cargo principally of pig iron."

"Pig iron for Valparaiso?" remarked the Shipwreck Clerk. And then he knitted his brows thoughtfully, and said, "Go on."

"She was a new vessel," continued the narrator, "and built with water-tight compartments; rather uncommon for a vessel of her class, but so she was. I am not a sailor, and don't know anything about ships. I went as passenger, and there was another one named William Anderson, and his son Sam, a boy about fifteen years old. We were all going to Valparaiso on business. I don't remember just how many days we were out, nor do I know just where we were, but it was somewhere off the coast of South America, when, one dark night, with a fog besides, for aught I know, for I was asleep, we ran into a steamer coming north. How we managed to do this, with room enough on both sides for all the ships in the world to pass, I don't know; but so it was. When I got on deck the other vessel had gone on, and we never saw anything more of her. Whether she sunk or got home is something I can't tell. But we pretty soon found that the *Thomas Hyke* had some of the plates in her bow badly smashed, and she took in water like a thirsty dog. The captain had the forward water-tight bulkhead shut tight, and the pumps set to work, but it was no use. That forward compartment just filled up with water, and the *Thomas Hyke* settled down with her bow clean under. Her deck was slanting forward like the side of a hill, and the propeller was lifted up so that it wouldn't have worked even if the engine had been kept going. The captain had the masts cut away, thinking this might bring her up some, but it didn't help much. There was a pretty heavy sea on, and the waves came rolling up the slant of the deck like the surf on the sea-shore. The captain gave orders to have all the hatches battened down so that water couldn't get in, and the only way by which anybody could go below was by the cabin door, which was far aft. This work of stopping up all openings in the deck was a dangerous business, for the decks sloped right down into the water, and if anybody had slipped, away he'd have gone into the ocean, with nothing to stop him; but the men made a line fast to themselves, and worked away with a good will, and soon got the deck and the house over the engine as tight as a bottle. The smoke-stack, which was well forward, had been broken down by a spar when the masts had been cut, and as the waves washed into the hole that it left, the captain had this plugged up with old sails, well fastened down. It was a dreadful thing to see the ship a-lying with her bows clean under water, and her stern sticking up. If it hadn't been for her

water-tight compartments that were left uninjured, she would have gone down to the bottom as slick as a whistle. On the afternoon of the day after the collision the wind fell, and the sea soon became pretty smooth. The captain was quite sure that there would be no trouble about keeping afloat until some ship came along and took us off. Our flag was flying, upside down, from a pole in the stern; and if anybody saw a ship making such a guy of herself as the *Thomas Hyke* was then doing, they'd be sure to come to see what was the matter with her, even if she had no flag of distress flying. We tried to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, but this wasn't easy with everything on such a dreadful slant. But that night we heard a rumbling and grinding noise down in the hold, and the slant seemed to get worse. Pretty soon the captain roused all hands, and told us that the cargo of pig iron was shifting and sliding down to the bow, and that it wouldn't be long before it would break through all the bulkheads, and then we'd fill and go to the bottom like a shot. He said we must all take to the boats, and get away as quick as we could. It was an easy matter launching the boats. They didn't lower them outside from the davits, but they just let 'em down on deck and slid 'em along forward into the water, and then held 'em there with a rope till everything was ready to start. They launched three boats, put plenty of provisions and water in 'em, and then everybody began to get aboard. But William Anderson, and me, and his son Sam, couldn't make up our minds to get into those boats and row out on the dark, wide ocean. They were the biggest boats we had, but still they were little things enough. The ship seemed to us to be a good deal safer, and more likely to be seen when day broke, than those three boats, which might be blown off if the wind rose, nobody knew where. It seemed to us that the cargo had done all the shifting it intended to, for the noise below had stopped; and, altogether, we agreed that we'd rather stick to the ship than go off in those boats. The captain, he tried to make us go, but we wouldn't do it; and he told us if we chose to stay behind and be drowned it was our affair, and he couldn't help it; and then he said there was a small boat aft, and we'd better launch her, and have her ready in case things should get worse, and we should make up our minds to leave the vessel. He and the rest then rowed off so as not to be caught in the vortex if the steamer went down, and we three staid aboard. We launched the small boat in the way we'd seen the others launched, being careful to have ropes tied to us while we were doing it; and we put

things aboard that we thought we should want. Then we went into the cabin, and waited for morning. It was a queer kind of a cabin, with a floor inclined like the roof of a house, but we sat down in the corners, and were glad to be there. The swinging lamp was burning, and it was a good deal more cheerful in there than it was outside. But, about daybreak, the grinding and rumbling down below began again, and the bow of the *Thomas Hyke* kept going down more and more; and it wasn't long before the forward bulkhead of the cabin, which was what you might call its front wall when everything was all right, was under our feet, as level as a floor, and the lamp was lying close against the ceiling that it was hanging from. You may be sure that we thought it was time to get out of that. There were benches with arms to them fastened to the floor, and by these we climbed up to the foot of the cabin stairs, which, being turned bottom upward, we went down in order to get out. When we reached the cabin door we saw part of the deck below us, standing up like the side of a house that is built in the water, as they say the houses in Venice are. We had made our boat fast to the cabin door by a long line, and now we saw her floating quietly on the water, which was very smooth, and about twenty feet below us. We drew her up as close under us as we could, and then we let the boy Sam down by a rope, and after some kicking and swinging he got into her; and then he took the oars, and kept her right under us while we scrambled down by the ropes which we had used in getting her ready. As soon as we were in the boat we cut her rope and pulled away as hard as we could; and when we got to what we thought was a safe distance we stopped to look at the *Thomas Hyke*. You never saw such a ship in all your born days. Two-thirds of the hull was sunk in the water, and she was standing straight up and down with the stern in the air, her rudder up as high as the topsail ought to be, and the screw propeller looking like the wheel on the top of one of these windmills that they have in the country for pumping up water. Her cargo had shifted so far forward that it had turned her right up on end, but she couldn't sink, owing to the air in the compartments that the water hadn't got into; and on the top of the whole thing was the distress flag flying from the pole which stuck out over the stern. It was broad daylight, but not a thing did we see of the other boats. We'd supposed that they wouldn't row very far, but would lay off at a safe distance until daylight; but they must have been scared and rowed farther than they intended. Well, sir, we staid in that boat all day, and

watched the *Thomas Hyke*; but she just kept as she was, and didn't seem to sink an inch. There was no use of rowing away, for we had no place to row to; and besides, we thought that passing ships would be much more likely to see that stern sticking high in the air than our little boat. We had enough to eat, and at night two of us slept while the other watched, dividing off the time, and taking turns to this. In the morning there was the *Thomas Hyke* standing stern up just as before. There was a long swell on the ocean now, and she'd rise and lean over a little on each wave, but she'd come up again just as straight as before. That night passed as the last one had, and in the morning we found we'd drifted a good deal farther from the *Thomas Hyke*, but she was floating just as she had been, like a big buoy that's moored over a sand-bar. We couldn't see a sign of the boats, and we about gave them up. We had our breakfast, which was a pretty poor meal, being nothing but hard-tack and what was left of a piece of boiled beef. After we'd sat for a while doing nothing, but feeling mighty uncomfortable, William Anderson said: 'Look here, do you know that I think we would be three fools to keep on shivering all night and living on hard-tack in the daytime, when there's plenty on that vessel for us to eat, and to keep us warm. If she's floated that way for two days and two nights, there's no knowing how much longer she'll float, and we might as well go on board and get the things we want as not.' 'All right,' said I, for I was tired doing nothing, and Sam was as willing as anybody. So we rowed up to the steamer, and stopped close to the deck, which, as I said before, was standing straight up out of the water like the wall of a house. The cabin door, which was the only opening into her, was about twenty feet above us, and the ropes which we had tied to the rails of the stairs inside were still hanging down. Sam was an active youngster, and he managed to climb up one of these ropes; but when he got to the door he drew it up and tied knots in it about a foot apart, and then he let it down to us, for neither William Anderson nor me could go up a rope hand over hand without knots or something to hold on to. As it was, we had a lot of bother getting up, but we did it at last, and then we walked up the stairs, treading on the front part of each step instead of the top of it, as we would have done if the stairs had been in their proper position. When we got to the floor of the cabin, which was now perpendicular like a wall, we had to clamber down by means of the furniture, which was screwed fast, until we reached the bulkhead, which

was now the floor of the cabin. Close to this bulkhead was a small room which was the steward's pantry, and here we found lots of things to eat, but all jumbled up in a way that made us laugh. The boxes of biscuits and the tin cans, and a lot of bottles in wicker covers, were piled up on one end of the room, and everything in the lockers and drawers was jumbled together. William Anderson and me set to work to get out what we thought we'd want, and we told Sam to climb up into some of the state-rooms, of which there were four on each side of the cabin, and get some blankets to keep us warm, as well as a few sheets, which we thought we could rig up for an awning to the boat; for the days were just as hot as the nights were cool. When we'd collected what we wanted, William Anderson and me climbed into our own rooms, thinking we'd each pack a valise with what we most wanted to save of our clothes and things; and while we were doing this, Sam called out to us that it was raining. He was sitting at the cabin door looking out. I first thought to tell him to shut the door so's to keep the rain from coming in; but when I thought how things really were, I laughed at the idea. There was a sort of little house built over the entrance to the cabin, and in one end of it was the door; and in the way the ship now was the open doorway was underneath the little house, and of course no rain could come in. Pretty soon we heard the rain pouring down, beating on the stern of the vessel like hail. We got to the stairs and looked out. The rain was falling in perfect sheets, in a way you never see except round about the tropics. 'It's a good thing we're inside,' said William Anderson, 'for if we'd been out in this rain we'd been drowned in the boat.' I agreed with him, and we made up our minds to stay where we were until the rain was over. Well, it rained about four hours; and when it stopped, and we looked out, we saw our little boat nearly full of water, and sunk so deep that if one of us had stepped on her she'd have gone down, sure. 'Here's a pretty kittle of fish,' said William Anderson; 'there's nothing for us to do now but to stay where we are.' I believe in his heart he was glad of that, for if ever a man was tired of a little boat, William Anderson was tired of that one we'd been in for two days and two nights. At any rate there was no use talking about it, and we set to work to make ourselves comfortable. We got some mattresses and pillows out of the state-rooms, and when it began to get dark we lighted the lamp, which we had filled with sweet-oil from a flask in the pantry, not finding any other kind, and we hung it from the railing of the stairs.

We had a good night's rest, and the only thing that disturbed me was William Anderson lifting up his head every time he turned over, and saying how much better this was than that blasted little boat. The next morning we had a good breakfast, even making some tea with a spirit lamp we found, using brandy instead of alcohol. William Anderson and I wanted to get into the captain's room, which was near the stern, and pretty high up, so as to see if there was anything there that we ought to get ready to save when a vessel should come along and pick us up; but we were not good at climbing, like Sam, and we didn't see how we could get up there. Sam said he was sure he had once seen a ladder in the compartment just forward of the bulkhead, and as William was very anxious to get up to the captain's room, we let the boy go and look for it. There was a sliding door in the bulkhead under our feet, and we opened this far enough to let Sam get through; and he scrambled down like a monkey into the next compartment, which was light enough, although the lower half of it, which was next to the engine-room, was under the water-line. Sam actually found a ladder with hooks at one end of it, and while he was handing it up to us, which was very hard to do, for he had to climb up on all sorts of things, he let it topple over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of one of the port-holes. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shattered it. As bad luck would have it, this window was below the water-line, and the water came rushing in in a big spout. We chucked blankets down to Sam for him to stop up the hole, but 'twas of no use; for it was hard for him to get at the window, and when he did the water came in with such force that he couldn't get a blanket into the hole. We were afraid he'd be drowned down there, and told him to come out as quick as he could. He put up the ladder again, and hooked it on to the door in the bulkhead, and we held it while he climbed up. Looking down through the doorway, we saw, by the way the water was pouring in at the opening, that it wouldn't be long before that compartment was filled up; so we shoved the door to and made it all tight, and then said William Anderson: 'The ship'll sink deeper and deeper as that fills up, and the water may get up to the cabin door, and we must go and make that as tight as we can.' Sam had pulled the ladder up after him, and this we found of great use in getting to the foot of the cabin stairs. We shut the cabin door, and locked and bolted it; and as it fitted pretty tight, we didn't think it would let in much water if the

ship sunk that far. But over the top of the cabin stairs were a couple of folding doors, which shut down horizontally when the ship was in its proper position, and which were only used in very bad, cold weather. These we pulled to and fastened tight, thus having a double protection against the water. Well, we didn't get this done any too soon, for the water did come up to the cabin door, and a little trickled in from the outside door, and through the cracks in the inner one. But we went to work and stopped these up with strips from the sheets, which we crammed well in with our pocket knives. Then we sat down on the steps, and waited to see what would happen next. The doors of all the state-rooms were open, and we could see through the thick plate-glass windows in them, which were all shut tight, that the ship was sinking more and more as the water came in. Sam climbed up into one of the after state-rooms, and said the outside water was nearly up to the stern; and pretty soon we looked up to the two port-holes in the stern, and saw that they were covered with water; and as more and more water could be seen there, and as the light came through less easily, we knew that we were sinking under the surface of the ocean. 'It's a mighty good thing,' said William Anderson, 'that no water can get in here.' William had a hopeful kind of mind, and always looked on the bright side of things; but I must say that I was dreadfully scared when I looked through those stern windows and saw water instead of sky. It began to get duskier and duskier as we sank lower and lower, but still we could see pretty well, for it's astonishing how much light comes down through water. After a little while we noticed that the light remained about the same; and then William Anderson he sings out: 'Hooray, we've stopped sinking!' 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'We must be thirty or forty feet under water, and more yet for aught I know.' 'Yes, that may be,' said he; 'but it is clear that all the water has got into that compartment that can get in, and we have sunk just as far down as we are going.' 'But that don't help matters,' said I; 'thirty or forty feet under water is just as bad as a thousand as to drowning a man.' 'Drowning!' said William; 'how are you going to be drowned? No water can get in here.' 'Nor no air, either,' said I; 'and people are drowned for want of air, as I take it.' 'It would be a queer sort of thing,' said William, 'to be drowned in the ocean and yet stay as dry as a chip. But it's no use being worried about air. We've got air enough here to last us for ever so long. This stern compartment is the biggest in the ship, and it's got lots of

air in it. Just think of that hold; it must be nearly full of air. The stern compartment of the hold has got nothing in it but sewing-machines. I saw 'em loading her. The pig-iron was mostly amidships, or at least forward of this compartment. Now, there's no kind of a cargo that'll accommodate as much air as sewing-machines. They're packed in wooden frames, not boxes, and don't fill up half the room they take. There's air all through and around 'em. It's a very comforting thing to think the hold isn't filled up solid with bales of cotton or wheat in bulk. It might be comforting, but I couldn't get much good out of it. And now Sam, who'd been scrambling all over the cabin to see how things were going on, sung out that the water was leaking in a little again at the cabin door, and around some of the iron frames of the windows. 'It's a lucky thing,' said William Anderson, 'that we didn't sink any deeper, or the pressure of the water would have burst in those heavy glasses. And what we've got to do now is to stop up all the cracks. The more we work, the livelier we'll feel.' We tore off more strips of sheets and went all round, stopping up cracks wherever we found them. 'It's fortunate,' said William Anderson, 'that Sam found that ladder, for we would have had hard work getting to the windows of the stern state-rooms without it; but by resting it on the bottom step of the stairs, which now happens to be the top one, we can get to any part of the cabin.' I couldn't help thinking that if Sam hadn't found the ladder it would have been a good deal better for us; but I didn't want to damp William's spirits, and I said nothing.

"And now I beg your pardon, sir," said the narrator, addressing the Shipwreck Clerk, "but I forgot that you said you'd finish this story yourself. Perhaps you'd like to take it up just here?"

The Shipwreck Clerk seemed surprised, and had, apparently, forgotten his previous offer. "Oh, no," said he, "tell your own story. This is not a matter of business."

"Very well, then," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts, "I'll go on. We made everything as tight as we could, and then we got our supper, having forgotten all about dinner, and being very hungry. We didn't make any tea, and we didn't light the lamp, for we knew that would use up air; but we made a better meal than three people sunk out of sight in the ocean had a right to expect. 'What troubles me most,' said William Anderson, as he turned in, 'is the fact that if we are forty feet under water, our flag-pole must be covered up. Now, if the flag was sticking out, upside down, a ship sailing by

would see it and would know there was something wrong.' 'If that's all that troubles you,' said I, 'I guess you'll sleep easy. And if a ship was to see the flag, I wonder how they'd know we were down here, and how they'd get us out if they did!' 'Oh, they'd manage it,' said William Anderson; 'trust those sea-captains for that.' And then he went to sleep. The next morning the air began to get mighty disagreeable in the part of the cabin where we were, and then William Anderson he says: 'What we've got to do is to climb up into the stern state-rooms, where the air is purer. We can come down here to get our meals, and then go up again to breathe comfortable.' 'And what are we going to do when the air up there gets foul?' says I to William, who seemed to be making arrangements for spending the summer in our present quarters. 'Oh, that'll be all right,' said he. 'It don't do to be extravagant with air any more than with anything else. When we've used up all there is in this cabin, we can bore holes through the floor into the hold and let in air from there. If we're economical, there'll be enough to last for dear knows how long.' We passed the night each in a state-room, sleeping on the end wall instead of the berth, and it wasn't till the afternoon of the next day that the air of the cabin got so bad we thought we'd have some fresh; so we went down on the bulk-head, and with an auger that we found in the pantry we bored three holes, about a yard apart, in the cabin floor, which was now one of the walls of the room, just as the bulkhead was the floor, and the stern end, where the two round windows were, was the ceiling or roof. We each took a hole, and I tell you it was pleasant to breathe the air which came in from the hold. 'Isn't this jolly?' said William Anderson. 'And we ought to be mighty glad that that hold wasn't loaded with codfish or soap. But there's nothing that smells better than new sewing-machines that haven't ever been used, and this air is pleasant enough for anybody.' By William's advice we made three plugs, by which we stopped up the holes when we thought we'd had air enough for the present. 'And now,' says he, 'we needn't climb up into those awkward state-rooms any more. We can just stay down here and be comfortable, and let in air when we want it.' 'And how long do you suppose that air in the hold is going to last?' said I. 'Oh, ever so long,' said he, 'using it so economically as we do; and when it stops coming out lively through these little holes, as I suppose it will after a while, we can saw a big hole in this flooring and go into the hold, and do our breathing, if we want to.' That even-

ing we did saw a hole about a foot square, so as to have plenty of air while we were asleep, but we didn't go into the hold, it being pretty well filled up with machines; though the next day Sam and I sometimes stuck our heads in for a good sniff of air, though William Anderson was opposed to this, being of the opinion that we ought to put ourselves on short rations of breathing so as to make the supply of air hold out as long as possible. 'But what's the good,' said I to William, 'of trying to make the air hold out if we've got to be suffocated in this place after all?' 'What's the good?' says he. 'Haven't you enough biscuits, and canned meats, and plenty of other things to eat, and a barrel of water in that room opposite the pantry, not to speak of wine and brandy if you want to cheer yourself up a bit, and haven't we good mattresses to sleep on, and why shouldn't we try to live and be comfortable as long as we can?' 'What I want,' said I, 'is to get out of this box. The idea of being shut up in here down under the water is more than I can stand. I'd rather take my chances going up to the surface and swimming about till I found a piece of the wreck, or something to float on.' 'You needn't think of anything of that sort,' said William, 'for if we were to open a door or a window to get out, the water'd rush in and drive us back and fill up this place in no time; and then the whole concern would go to the bottom. And what would you do if you did get to the top of the water? It's not likely you'd find anything there to get on, and if you did you wouldn't live very long floating about with nothing to eat. No, sir,' says he, 'what we've got to do is to be content with the comforts we have around us, and something will turn up to get us out of this; you see if it don't.' There was no use talking against William Anderson, and I didn't say any more about getting out. As for Sam, he spent his time at the windows of the state-rooms a-looking out. We could see a good way into the water, further than you would think, and we sometimes saw fishes, especially porpoises, swimming about, most likely trying to find out what a ship was doing hanging bows down under the water. What troubled Sam was that a sword-fish might come along and jab his sword through one of the windows. In that case it would be all up, or rather down, with us. Every now and then he'd sing out, 'Here comes one!' and then, just as I'd give a jump, he'd say, 'No, it isn't; it's a porpoise.' I thought from the first, and I think now, that it would have been a great deal better for us if that boy hadn't been along. That night there was a good deal of motion to the ship, and she

swung about and rose up and down more than she had done since we'd been left in her. 'There must be a big sea running on top,' said William Anderson, 'and if we were up there we'd be tossed about dreadful. Now the motion down here is just as easy as a cradle, and, what's more, we can't be sunk very deep; for if we were, there wouldn't be any motion at all.' About noon the next day we felt a sudden tremble and shake run through the whole ship, and far down under us we heard a rumbling and grinding that nearly scared me out of my wits. I first thought we'd struck bottom, but William he said that couldn't be, for it was just as light in the cabin as it had been, and if we'd gone down it would have grown much darker, of course. The rumbling stopped after a little while, and then it seemed to grow lighter instead of darker; and Sam, who was looking up at the stern windows over our heads, he sung out, 'Sky!' And, sure enough, we could see the blue sky, as clear as daylight, through those windows! And then the ship, she turned herself on the slant, pretty much as she had been when her forward compartment first took in water, and we found ourselves standing on the cabin floor instead of the bulkhead. I was near one of the open state-rooms, and as I looked in there was the sunlight coming through the wet glass in the window, and more cheerful than anything I ever saw before in this world. William Anderson he just made one jump, and, unscrewing one of the state-room windows, he jerked it open. We had thought the air inside was good enough to last some time longer; but when that window was open and the fresh air came rushing in, it was a different sort of thing, I can tell you. William put his head out and looked up and down and all around. 'She's nearly all out of water!' he shouted, 'and we can open the cabin door.' Then we all three rushed at those stairs, which were nearly right side up now, and we had the cabin doors open in no time. When we looked out we saw that the ship was truly floating pretty much as she had been when the captain and crew left her, though we all agreed that her deck didn't slant as much forward as it did then. 'Do you know what's happened?' sung out William Anderson, after he'd stood still for a minute to look around and think. 'That bobbing up and down that the vessel got last night shook up and settled down the pig-iron inside of her, and the iron plates in the bow, that were smashed and loosened by the collision, have given way under the weight, and the whole cargo of pig-iron has burst through and gone to the bottom. Then, of course, up we came. Didn't

I tell you something would happen to make us all right?"

"Well, I wont make this story any longer than I can help. The next day after that we were taken off by a sugar-ship bound north, and we were carried safe back to Ulford, where we found our captain and the crew, who had been picked up by a ship after they'd been three or four days in their boats. This ship had sailed our way to find us, which, of

course, she couldn't do as at that time we were under water and out of sight.

"And now, sir," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts to the Shipwreck Clerk, "to which of your classes does this wreck of mine belong?"

"Gents," said the Shipwreck Clerk, rising from his seat, "it's four o'clock, and at that hour this office closes."

Frank R. Stockton.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XLVIII.

A BUNDLE OF HOPES.

RICHLING insisted, in the face of much skepticism on the part of the baker's widow, that he felt better, was better, and would go on getting better, now that the weather was cool once more.

"Well, I hope you vill, Mr. Richlin', ddat's a fect. 'Specially ven yo' vife comin'. Dough I could a-tooken care ye choost tso koot as vot she couldt."

"But maybe you couldn't take care of her as well as I can," said the happy Richling.

"Oh, tdat's a ttdifferendt. A voman kin tek care herself."

Visiting the French market on one of these glad mornings, as his business often required him to do, he fell in with Narcisse just withdrawing from the celebrated coffee-stand of Rose Nicaud. Richling stopped in the moving crowd and exchanged salutations very willingly; for here was one more chance to hear himself tell the fact of Mary's expected coming.

"So'y, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, whipping away the pastry crumbs from his lap with a handkerchief and wiping his mouth, "not to encounteh you a lill biff'o, to join in pahtaking the cup what cheeahs at the same time whilce it invigo'ates; to-wit, the coffee cup—as the maxim say. I dunno by what fawmule she makes that coffee, but 'tis astonishin' how 'tis good, in fact. I dunno if you'll believe me, but I feel almost I could pahtake anotheh cup——? 'Tis the tooth." He gave Richling time to make any handsome offer that might spontaneously suggest itself, but

seeing that the response was only an over-gay expression of face, he added, "But I conclude, no. In fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', thass a thing I have discovud—that too much coffee millytates ag'inst the chi'og'aphy; and thus I abstain. Well, seh, ole Abe is elected."

"Yes," rejoined Richling, "and there's no telling what the result will be."

"You co'ect, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." Narcisse tried to look troubled.

"I've got a bit of private news that I don't think you've heard," said Richling. And the Creole rejoined promptly:

"Well, I *thought* I saw something on yo' thoughts—if you'll excuse my tautology. Thass a ve'y diffyult to p'event sometime. But, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I trus 'tis not you 'ave allowed somebody to swin'le you?—confiding them too indiscweetly, in fact?" He took a pretty attitude, his eyes reposing in Richling's.

Richling laughed outright.

"No, nothing of that kind. No, I——"

"Well, I'm ve'y glad," interrupted Narcisse.

"Oh, no, 'tisin't trouble at all. I've sent for Mrs. Richling. We're going to resume housekeeping."

Narcisse gave a glad start, took his hat off, passed it to his left hand, extended his right, bowed from the middle with princely grace, and, with joy breaking all over his face, said:

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact,—shake!"

They shook.

"Yessch—an' many 'appy 'eturn! I dunno if you kin billieve that, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; but I was juz about to 'ead that in yo' physio-nomie! Yessch. But, Mistoo 'Itchlin', when shall the happy o'casion take effect?"

"Pretty soon. Not as soon as I thought,

for I got a dispatch yesterday saying her mother is very ill, and of course I telegraphed her to stay till her mother is at least convalescent. But I think that will be soon. Her mother has had these attacks before. I have good hopes that before long Mrs. Richling will actually be here."

Richling began to move away down the crowded market-house, but Narcisse said:

"Thass yo' di'ection? 'Tis the same, mine. We may accompany togetheh—if you'll allow yo' 'umble suvvant?"

"Come along! You do me honor!" Richling laid his hand on Narcisse's shoulder, and they went at a gait quickened by the happy husband's elation. Narcisse was very proud of the touch, and, as they began to traverse the vegetable market, took the most populous arcade.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," he began again, "I muz congwatulate you! You know I always admiah yo' lady to excess. But appopo of that news, I might infawm you some intelligens consunning myself."

"Good!" exclaimed Richling. "For it's good news, isn't it?"

"Yessch,—as you may say,—yes. Faw in fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I 'ave ass Dr. Seveah to haugment me."

"Hurrah!" cried Richling. He coughed and laughed and moved aside to a pillar and coughed, until people looked at him, and lifted his eyes, tired but smiling, and, paying his compliments to the paroxysm in one or two ill-wishes, wiped his eyes at last, and said:

"And the Doctor augmented you?"

"Well, no, I can't say that—not p'ecisely."

"Why, what did he do?"

"Well, he 'efuse' me, in fact."

"Why—but that isn't good news, then."

Narcisse gave his head a bright, argumentative twitch:

"Yessch. 'Tis t'ue he 'efuse'; but ad the same time—I dunno—I thing he wasn't so mad about it as he make out. An' you know thass one thing, Mistoo 'Itchlin', whilce they got life they got hope; and hence I ente'tain the same."

They had reached that flagged area without covering or inclosure, before the third of the three old market-houses, where those dealers in the entire miscellanies of a housewife's equipment, excepting only stoves and furniture, spread their wares and fabrics in the open weather before the Bazar market rose to give them refuge. He grew suddenly fierce.

"But any'ow I don't care! I had the spunk to ass 'im, an' he din 'ave the spunk to dischawge me! All he can do, 'tis to shake

the fis' of impatience." He was looking into his companion's face, as they walked, with an eye distended with defiance.

"Look out!" exclaimed Richling, reaching a hurried hand to draw him aside. Narcisse swerved just in time to avoid stepping into a pile of crockery, but in so doing went full into the arms of a stately female figure dressed in the crispest French calico and embarrassed with numerous small packages of dry goods. The bundles flew hither and yon. Narcisse tried to catch the largest as he saw it going, but only sent it farther than it would have gone, and as it struck the ground it burst like a pomegranate. But the contents were white: little thin, square-folded fractions of barred jaconet and white flannel; rolls of slender, white lute-string ribbon; very narrow papers of tiny white pearl buttons, minute white worsted socks, spools of white floss, cards of safety-pins, pieces of white castile soap, etc.

"*Mille pardons, madame!*" exclaimed Narcisse; "I make you a thousan' poddons, madam!"

A thousand were too few to dispel the majestic wrath that flashed from the eyes and radiated from the whole dilating, and subsiding, and reëxpanding, and rising, and stiffening form of Kate Ristofalo!

"Officerr," she panted,—for instantly there was a crowd, and a man with the silver-crescent badge was switching the assemblage on the legs with his cane to make room,—"*Officerr,*" she gasped, leveling her tremulous finger at Narcisse, "*arrist that man!*"

"Mrs. Ristofalo!" exclaimed Richling, "don't do that! It was all an accident! Why, don't you see it's Narcisse, my friend?"

"Yer frind rised his hand to sthrike me, sur, he did! Yer frind rised his hand to sthrike me, he did!" And up she went and down she went, shortening and lengthening, swelling and decreasing. "Yes, yes, I know yer frind; indeed I do! I paid two dollars and a half fur his acquaintans nigh upon three yeers agone, sur. Yer frind!" And still she went up and down, enlarging, diminishing, heaving her breath and waving her chin around, and saying in broken utterances, while a hackman on her right held his whip in her auditor's face, crying, "*Carriage, sir? carriage, sir?*"

"Why didn't—he rin agin—a man, sur? I—I—oh! I wish Mr. Ristofalah war heer! —to teach um how—to walk!—Yer frind, sur,—ixposing me!" She pointed to Narcisse and the policeman gathering up the scattered lot of tiny things. Her eyes filled with tears, but still shot lightning. "If he's

hurtted me, he's got 'o suffer fur ud, Mr. Richlin'!" And she expanded again.

"Carriage, sir, carriage?" continued the man with the whip.

"Yes!" said Richling and Mrs. Ristofalo in a breath. She took his arm, the hackman seized the bundles from the policeman, threw open his hack door, laid the bundles on the front seat, and let down the folding steps. The crowd dwindled away to a few urchins.

"Officer," said Mrs. Ristofalo, her foot on the step and composure once more in her voice, "ye needn' arrest um. I could of done ud, sur," she added to Narcisse himself, "but I'm too much of a laydy, sur!" And she sank together and stretched herself up once more, entered the vehicle, and sat with a perpendicular back, her arms folded on her still heaving bosom, and her head high.

As to her ability to have that arrest made, Kate Ristofalo was in error. Narcisse smiled to himself; for he was conscious of one advantage that overtopped all the sacredness of female helplessness, public right, or any other thing whatsoever. It lay in the simple fact that he was acquainted with the policeman. He bowed blandly to the officer, stepped backward, touching his hat, and walked away, the policeman imitating each movement with the promptness and faithfulness of a mirror.

"Aren't ye goin' to get in, Mr. Richlin'?" asked Mrs. Ristofalo. She smiled first and then looked alarmed.

"I—I can't very well—if you'll excuse me, ma'am."

"Ah, Mr. Richlin'!"—she pouted girlishly. "Gettin' proud!" She gave her head a series of movements, as to say she might be angry if she would, but she wouldn't. "Ye wont know uz when Mrs. Richlin' comes."

Richling laughed, but she gave a smiling toss to indicate that it was a serious matter.

"Come," she insisted, patting the seat beside her with honeyed persuasiveness, "come and tell me all about ud. Mr. Ristofalah niver goes into petticklers, an' so I har'ly know anny more than jist she's a-comin'. Come, git in an' tell me about Mrs. Richlin'—that is, if ye like the subject—and I don't believe ye do." She lifted her finger, shook it roguishly close to her own face, and looked at him sidewise. "Ah, niver mind, sur! that's right! Furgit yer old frinds—maybe ye wudden't do ud if ye knewn everythin'. But that's rright; that's the way with min." She suddenly changed to subdued earnestness, turned the catch of the door, and, as the door swung open, said: "Come, if ud's only fur a bit o' the way—if ud's only fur a ming-ute. I've got something to tell ye."

"I must get out at Washington Market,"

said Richling, as he got in. The hack hurried down Old Levee street.

"And now," said she, merriment dancing in her eyes, her folded arms tightening upon her bosom, and her lips struggling against their own smile, "I'm just a good mind not to tell ye at ahil!"

Her humor was contagious and Richling was ready to catch it. His own eye twinkled.

"Well, Mrs. Ristofalo, of course, if you feel any embarrassment——"

"Ye villain!" she cried, with delighted indignation, "I didn' mean nawthing about *that*, an' ye knew ud! Here, git out o' this carriage!" But she made no effort to eject him.

"Mary and I are interested in all your hopes," said Richling, smiling softly upon the damaged bundle which he was making into a tight package again on his knee. "You'll tell me your good news if it's only that I may tell her, will you not?"

"I will. And it's joost this, Mr. Richlin': that if there be's a war, Mr. Ristofalah's to be lit out o' prison."

"I'm very glad!" cried Richling, but stopped short, for Mrs. Ristofalo's growing dignity indicated that there was more to be told.

"I'm sure ye air, Mr. Richlin'; and I'm sure ye'll be glad—a heap gladder nor I am—that in that case he's to be Captain Ristofalah."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sur." The wife laid her palm against her floating ribs and breathed a sigh. "I don't like ud, Mr. Richlin'. No, sur. I don't like tytles." She got her fan from under her handkerchief and set it a-going. "I niver liked the idee of bein' a tytled man's wife. No, sur." She shook her head, elevating it as she shook it. "It creates too much invy, Mr. Richlin'. Well, good-bye." The carriage was stopping at the Washington Market. "Now, don't ye mintion it to a livin' soul, Mr. Richlin'!"

Richling said, "No."

"No, sur; fur there be's manny a slip 'tuxt the cup an' the lip, ye know; an' there may be no war after all, and we may all be disapp'inted. But he's bound to be tleared if he's tried, and don't ye see—I—I don't want um to be a captain, annyhow, don't ye see?"

Richling saw, and they parted.

THUS everybody hoped. Dr. Sevier, wifeless, childless, had his hopes too, nevertheless. Hopes for the hospital and his many patients in it and out of it; hopes for his town and his State; hopes for Richling and

Mary; and hopes with fears, and fears with hopes, for the great sisterhood of States. Richling had one hope more. After some weeks had passed Dr. Sevier ventured once more to say:

"Richling, go home. Go to your wife. I must tell you you're no ordinary sick man. Your life is in danger."

"Will I be out of danger if I go home?" asked Richling.

Dr. Sevier made no answer.

"Do you still think we may have war?" asked Richling again.

"I know we shall."

"And will the soldiers come back," asked the young man, smilingly, "when they find their lives in danger?"

"Now, Richling, that's another thing entirely; that's the battle-field."

"Isn't it all the same thing, Doctor? Isn't it all a battle-field?"

The Doctor turned impatiently, disdaining to reply. But in a moment he retorted:

"We take wounded men off the field!"

"They don't take themselves off," said Richling, smiling.

"Well," rejoined the Doctor, rising and striding toward a window, "a good general may order a retreat."

"Yes, but — maybe I oughtn't to say what I was thinking —"

"Oh, say it!"

"Well, then, he don't let his surgeon order it. Doctor," continued Richling, smiling apologetically as his friend confronted him, "you know, as you say, better than any one else, all that Mary and I have gone through — nearly all — and how we've gone through it. Now, if my life should end here shortly, what would the whole thing mean? It would mean nothing, Doctor; it would be meaningless. No, sir; this isn't the end. Mary and I" — his voice trembled an instant and then was firm again — "are designed for a long life. I argue from the simple fitness of things — this is not the end."

Dr. Sevier turned his face quickly toward the window, and so remained.

XLIX.

FALL IN!

THERE came a sound of drums. Twice on such a day, once the day before, thrice the next day, till by and by it was the common thing. High-stepping childhood with laths and broom-handles at shoulder was not fated, as in the insipid days of peace, to find, on running to the corner, its high hopes mocked by a wagon of empty barrels rumbling over

the cobble-stones. No; it was the Washington Artillery, or the Crescent Rifles, or the Orleans Battalion, or, best of all, the blue-jacketed, white-legged, red-breeched, and red-fezzed Zouaves; or, better than the best, it was all of them together, their captains stepping backward, sword in both hands, calling "*Gauche! gauche!*" ("Left! left!") "Guide right!" — "*Portez armes!*" and facing around again, throwing their shining blades stiffly to belt and epaulette, and glancing askance from under their abundant plumes to the crowded balconies above. Yea, and the drum-majors before, and the brilliant-petted vivandières behind!

What pomp! what giddy rounds! Pennons, cock-feathers, clattering steeds, pealing salvos, banners, columns, ladies' favors, balls, concerts, toasts, the Free Gift Lottery — don't you recollect? — and this uniform and that uniform, brother a captain, father a colonel, uncle a major, the little rector a chaplain, Captain Ristofalo of the Tiger Rifles; the Levee covered with munitions of war, steamboats unloading troops, troops, troops, from Opelousas, Attakapas, Texas; and a supper to this company, a flag to that battalion, farewell sermon to the Washington Artillery, tears and a kiss to a spurred and sashed lover, hurried weddings, — no end of them, — a sword to such a one, addresses by such and such, serenades to Miss and to Mademoiselle.

Soon it will have been a quarter of a century ago!

And yet — do you not hear them now, coming down the broad, granite-paved, moonlit street, the light that was made for lovers glancing on bayonet and sword soon to be red with brothers' blood, their brave young hearts already lifted up with the triumph of battles to come, and the trumpets waking the midnight stillness with the gay notes of the Cracovienne?

"Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn, they come, they come,
And lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with their notes of victory."

Ah! the laughter; the music; the bravado; the dancing; the songs! "*Voilà l'Zou-zou!*" "*Dixie!*" "*Aux armes, vos citoyens!*" "*The Bonnie Blue Flag!*" — it wasn't bonnie very long. Later the maidens at home learned to sing a little song — it is among the missing now — a part of it ran:

"Sleeping on grassy couches;
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fame how little we know
Till brothers are in the camp."

By and by they began to depart. How many they were! How many, many! We

had too lightly let them go. And when all were gone, and they of Carondelet street and its tributaries, massed in that old gray, brittle-shanked regiment the Confederate Guards, were having their daily dress parade in Coliseum Place, and only they and the Foreign Legion remained, when sister Jane made lint, and flour was high, and the sounds of commerce were quite hushed, and in the custom-house gun-carriages were a-making, and in the foundries big guns were being cast, and the cotton gun-boats and the rams were building, and at the rotting wharves the masts of a few empty ships stood like dead trees in a blasted wilderness, and poor soldiers' wives crowded around the "Free Market," and grass began to spring up in the streets,—they were many still, while far away; but some marched no more, and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags; and it was very, very hard for some of us to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song,—

"Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call.
And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

Oh! Shiloh, Shiloh!

But before the gloom had settled down upon us it was a gay dream.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact, 'ow you ligue my uniefawm? You thing it suit my style? They got about two poun' of gole lace on that uniefawm. Yessh. Me, the h-only thing,—I don't ligue those epaulette'. So soon ev'y-body see that on me, 'tis 'Lieut'nant!' in thiz place, an' 'Lieut'nant!' in that place. My de'seh, you'd thing I'm a majo'-gen'l, in fact. Well, of co'se, I don't ligue that."

"And so you're a lieutenant?"

"Third! Of the Chasseurs-à-Pied! Coon he'p it, in fact; the fellehs elected me. Goin' at Pensacola to-maw. Dr. Seveah continue my sala'y whilce I'm gone, no matteh the len'th. Me, I don't care, so long the sala'y continue, if that waugh las' ten yeah! You ah pe'haps goin' ad the ball to-nighd, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? I dunno 'ow 'tis—I suppose you'll be aztonizh' w'en I infawm you—that ball wemine me of that battle of Wattaloo! Did you evva yeh those line' of Lawd By'on,—

'Theh was a soun' of wibalwy by night,
W'en—'Ush-ark!—A deep soun' stwike!—?"

Thaz by Lawd By'on. Yessh. Well"—

The Creole lifted his right hand energetically, laid its inner edge against the brass button of his *képi*, and then waved it gracefully abroad,—

"Au 'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I leave you to defen' the city."

"To-morrow," in those days of unreadiness and disconnection, glided just beyond reach continually. When at times its realization was at length grasped, it was away over on the far side of a fortnight or farther. However, the to-morrow for Narcisse came at last.

A quiet order for attention runs down the column. Attention it is. Another order follows, higher-keyed, longer drawn out, and with one sharp "clack!" the sword-bayoneted rifles go to the shoulders of as fine a battalion as any in the land of Dixie.

"En avant!"—Narcisse's heart stands still for joy—"March!"

The bugle rings, the drums beat; "tramp, tramp," in quick succession, go the short-stepping, nimble Creole feet, and the old walls of the Rue Chartres ring again with the pealing huzza, as they rang in the days of Villeré and Lafrenière, and in the days of the young Galvez, and in the days of Jackson.

The old Pontchartrain cars move off, packed. Down at the "Old Lake End" the steamer for Mobile receives the burden. The gong clangs in her engine-room, the walking-beam silently stirs, there is a hiss of water underneath, the gang-plank is in, the wet hawser-ends whip through the hawse-holes,—she moves; clang goes the gong again—she glides—or is it the crowded wharf that is gliding?—No.—Snatch the kisses! snatch them! Adieu, adieu! She's off, huzza—she's off!

Now she stands away. See the mass of gay colors—red, gold, blue, yellow, with glitter of steel and flutter of flags, a black veil of smoke sweeping over. Wave, mothers and daughters, wives, sisters, sweethearts—wave, wave; you little know the future!

And now she is a little thing, her white wake following her afar across the green waters, the call of the bugle floating softly back. And now she is a speck. And now a little smoky stain against the eastern blue is all,—and now she is gone. Gone. Gone.

Farewell, soldier boys! Light-hearted, little-forecasting, brave, merry boys! God accept you, our offering of first fruits! See that mother—that wife—take them away; it is too much. Comfort them, father, brother; tell them their tears may be for naught.

"And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

Never so glad a day had risen upon the head of Narcisse. For the first time in his life he moved beyond the corporate limits of his native town.

"Ezcape fum the aunt, thou sluggud!" "Au 'evoi" to his aunt and the uncle of his aunt. "Au 'evoi! Au 'evoi!"—desk, pen,

book — work, care, thought, restraint — all sinking, sinking beneath the receding horizon of Lake Pontchartrain, and the wide world and a soldier's life before him.

Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and on the banks of the Potomac. You shall grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsome tatters, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your saucy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in heaven would not know her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not; and shall learn the American songs, and by the camp fire of Shenandoah Valley sing "The years creep slowly by, Lorena" to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living in the Rue Casa Calvo — your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood — twice — thrice — on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank; and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.

L.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

ONE morning, about the 1st of June, 1861, in the city of New York, two men of the mercantile class came from a cross street into Broadway, near what was then the upper region of its wholesale stores. They paused on the corner, near the edge of the sidewalk.

"Even when the States were seceding," said one of them, "I couldn't make up my mind that they really meant to break up the Union."

He had rosy cheeks, a retreating chin, and amiable, inquiring eyes. The other had a narrower face, alert eyes, thin nostrils, and a generally aggressive look. He did not reply at once, but after a quick glance down the great thoroughfare and another one up it, said, while his eyes still ran here and there:

"Wonderful street, this Broadway."

He straightened up to his fullest height and looked again, now down the way, now up, his eye kindling with the electric contagion of

the scene. His senses were all awake. They took in, with a spirit of welcome, all the vast movement: the uproar, the feeling of unbounded multitude, the commercial splendor, the miles of towering buildings; the long, writhing, grinding mass of coming and going vehicles, the rush of innumerable feet, and the countless forms and faces hurrying, dancing, gliding by, as though all the world's mankind, and womankind, and childhood must pass that way before night.

"How many people, do you suppose, go by this corner in a single hour?" asked the man with the retreating chin. But again he got no answer. He might as well not have yielded the topic of conversation, as he had done; so he resumed it. "No, I didn't believe it," he said. "Why, look at the Southern vote of last November — look at New Orleans. The way it went there, I shouldn't have supposed twenty-five per cent. of the people would be in favor of secession. Would you?"

But his companion, instead of looking at New Orleans, took note of two women who had come to a halt within a yard of them and seemed to be waiting, as he and his companion were, for an opportunity to cross the street. The two new-comers were very different in appearance, the one from the other. The older and larger was much beyond middle life, red, fat, and dressed in black stuff good as to fabric, but uncommonly bad as to fit. The other was young and pretty, refined, tastefully dressed, and only the more interesting for the look of permanent anxiety that asserted itself with distinctness about the corners of her eyes and mouth. She held by the hand a rosy, chubby little child that seemed about three years old, and might be a girl or might be a boy, so far as could be discerned by masculine eyes. The man did not see this fifth member of their group until the elder woman caught it under the arms in her large hands, and lifting it above her shoulder, said, looking far up the street:

"Oh, paypy, paypy, choost look de fla-ags! One, two, dtree, — a tuzzent, a hundut, a dtowsant fla-ags!"

Evidently the child did not know her well. The little face remained without a smile, the lips sealed, the shoulders drawn up, and the legs pointing straight to the spot whence they had been lifted. She set it down again.

"We're not going to get by here," said the less talkative man. "They must be expecting some troops to pass here. Don't you see the windows full of women and children?"

"Let's wait and look at them," responded the other, and his companion did not dissent.

"Well, sir," said the more communicative

one, after a moment's contemplation, "I never expected to see this!" He indicated by a gesture the stupendous life of Broadway beginning slowly to roll back upon itself like an obstructed river. It was obviously gathering in a general pause to concentrate its attention upon something of leading interest about to appear to view. "We're in earnest at last, and we can see, now, that the South was in the deadeast kind of earnest from the word go."

"They can't be any more in earnest than we are now," said the more decided speaker.

"I had great hopes of the peace convention," said the rosier man.

"I never had a bit," responded the other.

"The suspense was awful — waiting to know what Lincoln would do when he came in," said he of the poor chin. "My wife was in the South, visiting her relatives; and we kept putting off her return, hoping for a quieter state of affairs — hoping and putting off — till first thing you know the lines closed down and she had the hardest kind of a job to get through."

"I never had a doubt as to what Lincoln would do," said the man with sharp eyes; but while he spoke he covertly rubbed his companion's elbow with his own, and by his glance toward the younger of the two women gave him to understand that though her face was partly turned away the very pretty ear was listening. And the readier speaker rejoined in a suppressed voice:

"That's the little lady I traveled in the same car with all the way from Chicago."

"No times for ladies to be traveling alone," muttered the other.

"She hoped to take a steam-ship for New Orleans, to join her husband there."

"Some rebel fellow, I suppose."

"No, a Union man, she says."

"Oh, of course," said the sharp-eyed one, skeptically. "Well, she's missed it. The last steamer's gone and may get back or may not." He looked at her again, narrowly, from behind his companion's shoulder. She was stooping slightly toward the child, rearranging some tie under its lifted chin and answering its questions in what seemed a chastened voice. He murmured to his fellow, "How do you know she isn't a spy?"

The other one turned upon him a look of pure amusement, but seeing the set lips and earnest eye of his companion, said softly, with a faint, scouting hiss and smile:

"She's a perfect lady — a perfect one."

"Her friend isn't," said the aggressive man.

"Here they come," observed the other

aloud, looking up the street. There was a general turning of attention and concentration of the street's population toward the edge of either sidewalk. A force of police was clearing back into the by-streets a dense tangle of drays, wagons, carriages, and white-topped omnibuses, and far up the way could be seen the fluttering and tossing of handkerchiefs, and in the midst a solid mass of blue with a sheen of bayonets above and every now and then a brazen reflection from in front, where the martial band marched before. It was not playing. The ear caught distantly, instead of its notes, the warlike thunder of the drum corps.

The sharper man nudged his companion mysteriously.

"Listen," he whispered. Neither they nor the other pair had materially changed their relative positions. The older woman was speaking.

"'Twas to fun'est dting! You pe lookin' for te Noo 'Leants shteamer, undt me lookin' for te Hambourg shteamer, undt coompt right so togedter und never wouldn't 'a' knowed undt yet, ovver te mayn exdt me, 'Misses Reisen, votiss your name?' undt you headt undt. Undt te minudt you shpeak, undt choost come to me like a flash o' lightenin' — 'Udt iss Misses Richlin!'" The speaker's companion gave her such attention as one may give in a crowd to words that have been heard two or three times already within the hour.

"Yes, Alice," she said once or twice to the little one, who pulled softly at her skirt asking confidential questions. But the baker's widow went on with her story, enjoying it for its own sake.

"You know, Mr. Richlin' he told me finfty dtimes, 'Misses Reisen, doant kif up te pissness!' Ovver I see te mutcheenery proke undt te foundtries all makin' guns undt kennons, undt I choost says, 'I kot plenteh moneh — I dtink I kif undt go home.' Ovver I sayss to de Doctor, 'Dte oneh dting — vot Mr. Richlin' ko-in to too?' Undt Dr. Tseweer he sayss, 'How menneh pa's flour you kot shtowed away?' Undt I sayss, 'Tsoo hundut finfty.' Undt he sayss, 'Misses Reisen, Mr. Richlin' done made you rich; you choost kif um dtat flour; undt be wort' twenny-five tollahs te pa'l, yet.' Undt sayss I, 'Doctor, you' right, undt I dtank you for te goodt idea; I kif Mr. Richlin' innahow one pa'!' Undt I done-d it. Ovver I sayss, 'Doctor, dtat's not like a rigler sellery, yet.' Undt dten he sayss, 'You know, *mine* pookkeeper he gone to te vorr, undt I need —'"

A crash of brazen music burst upon the ear and drowned the voice. The throng of the sidewalk pushed hard upon its edge.

"Let me hold the little girl up," ventured the milder man, and set her gently upon his shoulder, as amidst a confusion of outcries and flutter of hats and handkerchiefs the broad, dense column came on with measured tread, its stars and stripes waving in the breeze and its backward-slanting thicket of bayoneted arms glittering in the morning sun. All at once there arose from the great column, in harmony with the pealing music, the hoarse roar of the soldiers' own voices singing in time to the rhythm of their tread. And a thrill runs through the people, and they answer with mad huzzas and frantic wavings and smiles half of wild ardor and half of wild pain; and the keen-eyed man here by Mary lets the tears roll down his cheeks unhindered as he swings his hat and cries "Hurrah! hurrah!" while on tramps the mighty column singing from its thousand thirsty throats the song of John Brown's Body.

Yea, so, soldiers of the Union,—though that little mother there weeps but does not wave, as the sharp-eyed man notes well through his tears,—yet even so, yea, all the more, go—"go marching on," saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it!

"And yet—and yet, we cannot forget"—
and we would not.

LI.

A PASS THROUGH THE LINES.

ABOUT the middle of September following the date of the foregoing incident, there occurred in a farm-house head-quarters on the Indiana shore of the Ohio river the following conversation:

"You say you wish me to give you a pass through the lines, ma'am. Why do you wish to go through?"

"I want to join my husband in New Orleans."

"Why, ma'am, you'd much better let New Orleans come through the lines. We shall have possession of it, most likely, within a month." The speaker smiled very pleasantly, for very pleasant and sweet was the young face before him, despite its lines of mental distress, and very soft and melodious the voice that proceeded from it.

"Do you think so?" replied the applicant, with an hopeless smile. "My friends have been keeping me at home for months on that idea, but the fact seems as far off now as ever. I should go straight through without stopping, if I had a pass."

"Ho!" exclaimed the man, softly, with pitying amusement. "Certainly, I understand you would try to do so. But, my dear madam, you would find yourself very much mistaken. Suppose, now, we should let you through our lines. You'd be between two fires. You'd still have to get into the rebel lines. You don't know what you're undertaking."

She smiled wistfully.

"I'm undertaking to get to my husband."

"Yes, yes," said the officer, pulling his handkerchief from between two brass buttons of his double-breasted coat and wiping his brow. She did not notice that he made this motion purely as a cover for the searching glance which he suddenly gave her from head to foot. "Yes," he continued, "but you don't know what it is, ma'am. After you get through the other lines, what are you going to do then? There's a perfect reign of terror over there. I wouldn't let a lady relative of mine take such risks for thousands of dollars. I don't think your husband ought to thank me for giving you a pass. You say he's a Union man; why don't he come to you?"

Tears leaped into the applicant's eyes.

"He's become too sick to travel," she said.

"Lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought you said you hadn't heard from him for months." The officer looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"I said I hadn't had a letter from him." The speaker blushed to find her veracity on trial. She bit her lip, and added, with perceptible tremor: "I got one lately from his physician."

"How did you get it?"

"What, sir?"

"Now, madam, you know what I asked you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes. Well, I'd like you to answer."

"I found it three mornings ago, under the front door of the house where I live with my mother and my little girl."

"Who put it there?"

"I do not know."

The officer looked her steadily in the eyes. They were blue. His own dropped.

"You ought to have brought that letter with you, ma'am," he said, looking up again; "don't you see how valuable it would be to you?"

"I did bring it," she replied, with alacrity, rummaged a moment in a skirt pocket, and brought it out. The officer received it and read the superscription audibly.

"'Mrs. John H——' Are you Mrs. John H——?"

"That is not the envelope it was in," she

replied. "It was not directed at all. I put it into that envelope merely to preserve it. That's the envelope of a different letter—a letter from my mother."

"Are you Mrs. John H——?" asked her questioner again. She had turned partly aside and was looking across the apartment and out through a window. He spoke once more. "Is this your name?"

"What, sir?"

He smiled cynically.

"Please don't do that again, madam."

She blushed down into the collar of her dress.

"That is my name, sir."

The man put the missive to his nose, snuffed it softly, and looked amused, yet displeased.

"Mrs. H——, did you notice just a faint smell of—garlic—about this——?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have no less than three or four others with the very same odor." He smiled on. "And so, no doubt, we are both of the same private opinion that the bearer of this letter was—who, Mrs. H——?"

Mrs. H—— frequently by turns raised her eyes honestly to her questioner's and dropped them to where, in her lap, the fingers of one hand fumbled with a lone wedding-ring on the other, while she said:

"Do you think, sir, if you were in my place you would like to give the name of the person you thought had risked his life to bring you word that your husband—your wife—was very ill, and needed your presence? Would you like to do it?"

The officer looked severe.

"Don't you know perfectly well that wasn't his principal errand inside our lines?"

"No."

"No!" echoed the man; "and you don't know perfectly well, I suppose, that he's been shot at along this line times enough to have turned his hair white? Or that he crossed the river for the third time last night, loaded down with musket caps for the rebels?"

"No."

"But you must admit you know a certain person, wherever he may be, or whatever he may be doing, named Raphael Ristofalo?"

"I do not."

The officer smiled again.

"Yes, I see. That is to say, you don't admit it. And you don't deny it."

The reply came more slowly:

"I do not."

"Well, now, Mrs. H——, I've given you a pretty long audience. I'll tell you what I'll do. But do you please tell me, first, you affirm on your word of honor that your name is really Mrs. H——; that you are no spy,

and have had no voluntary communication with any, and that you are a true and sincere Union woman."

"I affirm it all."

"Well, then, come in to-morrow at this hour, and if I am going to give you a pass at all I'll give it to you then. Here, here's your letter."

As she received the missive she lifted her eyes, suffused, but full of hope, to his, and said:

"God grant you the heart to do it, sir, and bless you."

The man laughed. Her eyes fell, she blushed, and, saying not a word, turned toward the door and had reached the threshold when the officer called, with a certain ringing energy:

"Mrs. Richling!"

She wheeled as if he had struck her, and answered:

"What, sir!" Then turning as red as a rose, she said, "Oh, sir, that was cruel!" covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. It was only as she was in the midst of these last words that she recognized in the officer before her the sharper-visaged of those two men who had stood by her in Broadway.

"Step back here, Mrs. Richling."

She came.

"Well, madam! I should like to know what we are coming to, when a lady like you—a palpable, undoubted lady—can stoop to such deceptions!"

"Sir," said Mary, looking at him steadfastly and then shaking her head in solemn asseveration, "all that I have said to you is the truth."

"Then will you explain how it is that you go by one name in one part of the country, and by another in another part?"

"No," she said. It was very hard to speak. The twitching of her mouth would hardly let her form a word. "No—no—I can't—tell you."

"Very well, ma'am. If you don't start back to Milwaukee by the next train, and stay there, I shall——"

"Oh, don't say that, sir! I must go to my husband! Indeed, sir, it's nothing but a foolish mistake made years ago that's never harmed any one but us. I'll take all the blame of it if you'll only give me a pass!"

The officer motioned her to be silent.

"You'll have to do as I tell you, ma'am. If not, I shall know it; you will be arrested, and I shall give you a sort of pass that you'd be a long time asking for." He looked at the face mutely confronting him and felt himself relenting. "I dare say this does sound very cruel to you, ma'am; but remember, this is a cruel war. I don't judge you. If I did, and

could harden my heart as I ought to, I'd have you arrested now. But, I say, you'd better take my advice. Good morning. *No, ma'am, I can't hear you!* So, now, that's enough! Good morning, madam."

LII.

TRY AGAIN.

ONE afternoon in the month of February, 1862, a locomotive engine and a single weather-beaten passenger coach, moving southward at a very moderate speed through the middle of Kentucky, stopped in response to a handkerchief signal at the southern end of a deep, rocky valley, and, in a patch of gray, snow-flecked woods, took on board Mary Richling, dressed in deep mourning, and her little Alice. The three or four passengers already in the coach saw no sign of human life through the closed panes save the roof of one small cabin that sent up its slender thread of blue smoke at one corner of a little badly cleared field a quarter of a mile away on a huge hill-side. As the scant train crawled off again into a deep, ice-hung defile, it passed the silent figure of a man in butternut homespun, spattered with dry mud, standing close beside the track on a heap of cross-tie cinders and fire-bent railroad iron, a gray goat-beard under his chin, and a quilted homespun hat on his head. From beneath the limp brim of this covering, as the train moved by him, a tender, silly smile beamed upward toward one hastily raised window whence the smile of Mary and the grave, unemotional gaze of the child met it for a moment before the train swung round a curve in the narrow way, and quickened speed on down grade.

The conductor came and collected her fare. He smelt of tobacco above the smell of the coach in general.

"Do you charge anything for the little girl?"

The purse in which the inquirer's finger and thumb tarried was limber and flat.

"No, ma'am."

It was not the customary official negative; a tawdry benevolence of face went with it, as if to say he did not charge because he would not; and when Mary returned a faint beam of appreciation, he went out upon the rear platform and wiped the plenteous dust from his shoulders and cap. Then he returned to his seat at the stove and renewed his conversation with a lieutenant in hard-used blue, who said "the rebel lines ought never to have been allowed to fall back to Nashville," and who knew "how Grant could have taken

Fort Donelson a week ago if he had had any sense."

There were but few persons, as we have said, in the car. A rough man in one corner had a little captive, a tiny, dappled fawn, tied by a short rough bit of rope to the foot of the car seat. When the conductor by and by lifted the little Alice up from the cushion, where she sat with her booties straight in front of her at its edge, and carried her, speechless and drawn together like a kitten, and stood her beside the captive orphan, she simply turned about and pattered back to her mother's side.

"I don't believe she even saw it," said the conductor, standing again by Mary.

"Yes, she did," replied Mary, smiling upon the child's head as she smoothed its golden curls; "she'll talk about it to-morrow."

The conductor lingered a moment, wanting to put his own hand there, but did not venture, perhaps because of the person sitting on the next seat behind, who looked at him rather steadily until he began to move away.

This was a man of slender, commanding figure and advanced years. Beside him, next the window, sat a decidedly aristocratic woman, evidently his wife. She, too, was of fine stature, and so, without leaning forward from the back of her seat, or unfolding her arms, she could make kind eyes to Alice, as the child with growing frequency stole glances, at first over her own little shoulder, and later over her mother's, facing backward and kneeling on the cushion. At length a "cook" passed between them in dead silence, and the child turned and gazed mutely in her mother's face with the cook just in sight.

"It can't hurt her," said the lady, in a sweet voice, to Mary, leaning forward with her hands in her lap. By the time the sun began to set in a cool, golden haze across some wide stretches of rolling fallow, a conversation had sprung up, and the child was in the lady's lap, her little hand against the silken bosom, playing with a costly watch.

The talk began about the care of Alice, passed to the diet, and then to the government of children, all in a light way, a similarity of convictions pleasing the two ladies more and more as they found it run further and further. Both talked, but the strange lady sustained the conversation, although it was plainly both a pastime and a comfort to Mary. Whenever it threatened to flag, the handsome stranger persisted in reviving it.

Her husband only listened and smiled, and with one finger made every now and then a soft, slow pass at Alice, who each time shrank as slowly and softly back into his wife's fine

arm. Presently, however, Mary raised her eyebrows a little and smiled, to see her sitting quietly in the gentleman's lap; and as she turned away and rested her elbow on the window-sill and her cheek on her hand in a manner that betrayed weariness, and looked out upon the ever-turning landscape, he murmured to his wife, "I haven't a doubt in my mind," and nodded significantly at the preoccupied little shape in his arms. His manner with the child was imperceptibly adroit, and very soon her prattle began to be heard. Mary was just turning to offer a gentle check to this rising volubility, when up jumped the little one to a standing posture on the gentleman's knee and, all unsolicited and with silent clapping of hands, plumped out her full name:

"Alice Sevier Witchlin'!"

The husband threw a quick glance toward his wife; but she avoided it and called Mary's attention to the sunset as seen through the opposite windows. Mary looked and responded with expressions of admiration, but was visibly disquieted, and the next moment called her child to her.

"My little girl mustn't talk so loud and fast in the cars," she said, with tender pleasantness, standing her upon the seat and brushing back the stray golden waves from the baby's temples and the brown ones, so like them from her own. She turned a look of amused apology to the gentleman and added, "She gets almost boisterous sometimes," then gave her regard once more to her offspring, seating the little one beside her as in the beginning and answering her musical small questions with composing yeas and nays.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause and a look out through the window,—"I suppose we ought soon to be reaching M— station, now, should we not?"

"What, in Tennessee? Oh! no," replied the gentleman. "In ordinary times we should; but at this slow rate we cannot nearly do it. We're on a road, you see, that was destroyed by the retreating army and made over by the Union forces. Besides, there are three trains of troops ahead of us, that must stop and unload between here and there and keep you waiting, there's no telling how long."

"Then I'll get there in the night!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, probably after midnight."

"Oh, I shouldn't have *thought* of coming before to-morrow if I had known that!" In the extremity of her dismay she rose half from her seat and looked around with alarm.

"Have you no friends expecting to receive you there?" asked the lady.

"Not a soul! And the conductor says there's no lodging-place nearer than three miles —"

"And that's gone, now," said the gentleman.

"You'll have to get out at the same station with us," said the lady, her manner kindness itself and at the same time absolute.

"I think you have claims on us, anyhow, that we'd like to pay."

"Oh! impossible," said Mary. "You're certainly mistaking me."

"I think you have," insisted the lady; "that is, if your name is Richling."

Mary blushed.

"I don't think you know my husband," she said; "he lives a long way from here."

"In New Orleans?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Mary, boldly. She couldn't fear such good faces.

"His first name is John, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Do you really know John, sir?" The lines of pleasure and distress mingled strangely in Mary's face. The gentleman smiled. He tapped little Alice's head with the tips of his fingers.

"I used to hold him on my knee when he was no bigger than this little image of him here."

The tears leaped into Mary's eyes.

"Mr. Thornton," she whispered, huskily, and could say no more.

"You must come home with us," said the lady, touching her tenderly on the shoulder. "It's a wonder of good fortune that we've met. Mr. Thornton has something to say to you—a matter of business. He's the family's lawyer, you know."

"I must get to my husband without delay," said Mary.

"Get to your husband?" asked the lawyer, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"Through the lines?"

"Yes, sir."

"I told him so," said the lady.

"I don't know how to credit it," said he. "Why, my child, I don't think you can possibly know what you are attempting. Your friends ought never to have allowed you to conceive such a thing. You must let us dissuade you. It will not be taking too much liberty, will it? Has your husband never told you what good friends we were?"

Mary nodded and tried to speak.

"Often," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband, interpreting the half-articulated reply.

They sat and talked in low tones, under the dismal lamp of the railroad coach, for two or three hours. Mr. Thornton came around and took the seat in front of Mary, and sat with one leg under him facing back toward her.

Mrs. Thornton sat beside her, and Alice slumbered on the seat behind vacated by the lawyer and his wife.

"You needn't tell me John's story," said the gentleman; "I know it. What I didn't know before, I got from a man with whom I corresponded in New Orleans."

"Dr. Sevier?"

"No, a man who got it from the Doctor."

So they had Mary tell her own story.

"I thought I should start just as soon as my mother's health would permit. John wouldn't have me start before that, and after all I don't see how I could have done it—rightly. But by the time she was well—or partly well—every one was in the greatest anxiety and doubt everywhere. You know how it was."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thornton.

"And everybody thinking everything would soon be settled," continued Mary.

"Yes," said the sympathetic lady, and her husband touched her quietly, meaning for her not to interrupt.

"We didn't think the Union *could* be broken so easily," pursued Mary. "And then all at once it was unsafe and improper to travel alone. Still I went to New York, to take steamer around by sea. But the last steamer had sailed, and I had to go back home; for—the fact is,"—she smiled,—*"my money was all gone. It was September before I could raise enough to start again; but one morning I got a letter from New Orleans telling me that John was very ill, and inclosing money for me to travel with."*

She went on to tell the story of her efforts to get a pass on the bank of the Ohio river, and how she had gone home once more, knowing she was watched, not daring for a long time to stir abroad, and feeding on the frequent hope that New Orleans was soon to be taken by one or another of the many naval expeditions that from time to time were, or were said to be, sailing.

"And then suddenly—my mother died."

Mrs. Thornton gave a deep sigh.

"And then," said Mary, with a sudden brightening, but in a low voice, "I determined to make one last effort. I sold everything in the world I had and took Alice and started. I've come very slowly, a little way at a time, feeling along, for I was resolved not to be turned back. I've been weeks getting this far, and the lines keep moving south ahead of me. But I haven't been turned back," she went on to say, with a smile, "and everybody, white and black, everywhere, has been just as kind as kind can be." Tears stopped her again.

"Well, never mind, Mrs. Richling," said

Mrs. Thornton; then turned to her husband and asked, "May I tell her?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Richling,—but do you wish to be called Mrs. Richling?"

"Yes," said Mary, and "Certainly," said Mr. Thornton.

"Well, Mrs. Richling, Mr. Thornton has some money for your husband. Not a great deal, but still—some. The younger of the two sisters died a few weeks ago. She was married, but she was rich in her own right. She left almost everything to her sister, but Mr. Thornton persuaded her to leave some money—well, two thousand dollars—'tisn't much, but it's something, you know—to—ah—to Mr. Richling. Husband has it now at home and will give it to you—at the breakfast-table to-morrow morning; can't you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Yes, and we'll not try to persuade you to give up your idea of going to New Orleans. I know we couldn't do it. We'll watch our chance,—eh, husband?—and put you through the lines; and not only that, but give you letters to—why, dear," said the lady, turning to her partner in good works, "you can give Mrs. Richling a letter to Governor Blank! and another to General Um-hm, can't you; and—yes, and one to Judge Youknow. Oh, they will take you anywhere! But first you'll stop with us till you get well rested—a week or two, or as much longer as you will."

Mary pressed the speaker's hand.

"I can't stay."

"Oh, you know you needn't have the least fear of seeing any of John's relatives. They don't live in this part of the State at all; and even if they did, husband has no business with them just now, and being a Union man, you know—"

"I want to see my husband," said Mary, not waiting to hear what Union sympathies had to do with the matter.

"Yes," said the lady, in a suddenly subdued tone. "Well, we'll get you through just as quickly as we can." And soon they all began to put on wraps and gather their luggage. Mary went with them to their home, laid her tired head beside her child's in sleep, and late next morning rose to hear that Fort Donelson was taken, and the Southern forces falling back. A day or two later came word that Columbus, on the Mississippi, had been evacuated. It was idle for a woman to try just then to perform the task she had set for herself. The Federal lines?

"Why, my dear child, they're trying to find the Confederate lines and strike them. You can't lose anything—you may gain much—"

by remaining quiet here awhile. The Mississippi, I don't doubt, will soon be open from end to end."

A fortnight seemed scarcely more than a day when it was past, and presently two of them had gone. One day comes Mr. Thornton, saying:

"My dear child, I cannot tell you how I have the news, but you may depend upon its correctness. New Orleans is to be attacked by the most powerful naval expedition that ever sailed under the United States flag. If the place is not in our hands by the first of

April, I will put you through both lines, if I have to go with you myself." When Mary made no answer, he added: "Your delays have all been unavoidable, my child."

"Oh! I don't know; I don't know," exclaimed Mary, with sudden distraction; "it seems to me I *must* be to blame, or I'd have been through long ago. I ought to have *run through* the lines. I ought to have 'run the blockade.'"

"My child," said the lawyer, "you're mad."

"You'll see," replied Mary, almost in soliloquy.

(To be continued.)

A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

I.

MADAME VALÉRIE DE SALINCOURT, fresh from Parisian salons, found herself, for some reason or other, forced to cross the Atlantic. The English blood which she had received from her mother had apparently had small effect upon her character, which remained Gallic to the core. It gave her, however, the mastery of two languages, which she used with equal skill. After drifting about the United States for three or four months in a shockingly unprotected fashion, she finally, by some freak of fate, found herself a professor of French, as the circulars asserted, in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Catoville. Catoville is, from the Bostonian point of view, west of the border line of civilization, but yet not sufficiently far west to be an entire stranger to the amenities of social intercourse. It prided itself on the public spirit of its citizens, on its church fairs and attendant strawberry festivals, and on the good looks of its young ladies. In fact, if Catoville could have contemplated its own reflection in the river on a fine day, it would have been eminently well satisfied with its likeness. Madame de Salincourt, however, who knew nothing of the glorious history of the town, positively shuddered when she caught the first glimpse of Catoville. If she had been an emotional young lady, she would probably have cried; but Madame, though she might by a stretch of the term be called emotional, was not, according to the American standard, young;

that is, not so young that tears could be supposed to add to her attractiveness. In France she had still passed for a young lady, and wherever she had walked there had been a halo of conquests about her head. At thirty she was the acknowledged leader of a brilliant social clique, which derived much importance from its supposed connection with Chiselhurst; at thirty-one she was—a professor at the Young Ladies' Seminary in Catoville. Fortune plays odd tricks on those who surrender themselves too recklessly into her hands; Madame, it must be surmised, had played for high stakes, and to all appearances she had lost.

During her first week in Catoville Madame de Salincourt was possessed with a kind of tigerlike restlessness, which it required all her philosophy to conquer. She was sometimes seen to walk distractedly up and down the long, empty halls, wringing her hands, and if surprised by any one, she would sweetly aver that she had a bad pain in the head. No wonder, then, that to the good people of Catoville Madame seemed a very complex phenomenon; but as all agreed that she was "a most ladylike person," and that she had a very sweet way of talking, the opinion gradually gained ground that her reported eccentricities were to be set down to her foreign education. The Rev. Mr. Hennesey, the venerable minister at whose recommendation Madame had received her appointment, stood up for her bravely whenever any of the ladies of his congregation seemed inclined to take a

* The author is well aware that this title in the plural ("Problematische Naturen") has already been used by Friedrich Spielhagen, who borrowed it from Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

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critical view of her, and he propounded with much pertinence the question whether in all likelihood they would not appear quite as queer if they went to sojourn in the land of France. Mr. Hennesey had crossed the ocean with Madame, he said, and if there was another lady on board who was more womanly and more entirely proper in her conduct than Madame, he had certainly failed to make her acquaintance. With such a powerful champion she could not long remain an object of suspicion; and she did not fail to observe that the community was more than half inclined to take her into its favor, if she would only permit it. She tried to persuade herself that, as her exile would probably be of short duration, it would hardly be worth the trouble to conquer the hearts of a rural community; but, as on second thought, it occurred to her that the favor even of a dog is preferable to its enmity, she lapsed with a kind of languid hauteur toward the resolution to make herself agreeable.

In her school-room she was from the first moment a success. Her pupils adored her, and made feeble attempts to imitate her toilets. She troubled herself very little with the French grammar (of which she had indeed only the vaguest notions), but she talked most brilliantly and entertainingly, and translated what she said into very picturesque English. She told stories, recited poems, and once acted long scenes from Racine and Corneille with a dramatic fervor and impressiveness which to her pupils were simply miraculous; and there was moreover a certain radiant intelligence in her glance which seemed to interpret her crisp French sentences even when she neglected to translate them. If there had been a psychologist among the twenty-two young ladies who paid eighteen dollars a term extra for the privilege of French conversation, she would undoubtedly have perceived that Madame's class-room declamations were anything but didactic; that they had, in fact, little or no reference to her pupils, but were rather a kind of safety-valve through which the fair declaimer worked off her latent energy which otherwise might have found vent in less harmless activities. But, fortunately, the twenty-two *ingénues* were not gifted with philosophical insight; and, as far as I know, not one of them made the above observation. And they were really quite excusable; for Madame was altogether too absorbing to allow any one to make observations in her presence. And whether it was herself or the young ladies who primarily enlisted her interest, it could not be disputed that the latter acquired in an astonishingly short time a considerable *répertoire* of French phrases, serviceable for the most varied occasions.

II.

AMONG the twenty-two there was one who especially distinguished herself by the ardor of her devotion to Madame. Her name was Alice Beach, and her home was somewhere in New England, where her father had made a large fortune as a paper manufacturer, and where she also had a paternal uncle who had gained immortality as the producer of a popular soap. She was hardly the one whom Madame would have selected out of the twenty-two as her special friend and companion; for there was nothing insinuating in her manner, no conscious effort to please, and there was in her bearing no trace of those superficial graces to which society applies the epithet charming. Her gait was unelastic, and there was something curiously angular in her mode of dressing. One of Madame's first reflections when she saw her was that she lacked style. Her high-necked dresses had a kind of pathetic primness which reminded you of the "Puritan maiden Priscilla," or perhaps of some cherished miniature of your great-grandmother as she was in her maiden days, before your great-grandfather fell in love with her. The pure brow, the blonde hair, and the placid blue eyes were apparently also Puritanic bequests, as were the uncompromising frankness and honesty which seemed to radiate from every line and feature.

It was quite accidentally that Madame de Salincourt discovered this unobtrusive little maiden; but, having once discovered her, she did not fail to do justice to her charms. Alice interested her very much as a new plant or animal might interest a scientific observer, and she did not rest until she had accounted for her, to her own satisfaction, with scientific exhaustiveness. She had had an *a priori* notion of what the typical maiden of this huge virgin continent must be, and it pleased her to imagine that Alice strictly conformed to this preconceived ideal. It was very grateful, too, in her terrible solitude, to find, if not a kindred, at all events a sympathetic, soul,—ears that could listen, eyes that could weep, and two pure maidenly lips that could utter the sweetest and most consoling words. It mattered little that Madame's griefs were more than half imagined; she suffered as much as if they had been the sternest reality. The mere accumulated energy of her vehement Gallic nature, and the dark memories which she was constantly nursing, sometimes drove her to the verge of madness and made her a not unfitting object of compassion.

"Ah, my precious one!" she would exclaim, with a tragic gesture, as the two sat alone at night in her snugly furnished bou-

doir. "You know not what serpent you may be nursing in your sweet virginal bosom. You know not but that I may have murdered my great-grandfather, and brought my grandmother's gray hair with sorrow to the grave. You are not afraid of me? No? Well, then, I tell you, you ought to be. I assure you I can be terrible. I warn you for your own sweet sake. Cast me off before I shall have injured you. I am a horrid, miserable thing who brings sorrow and misfortune upon all those whom I love. You are good and pure! I know it by your blessed eyes, like those of Saint Cecilia, that you are good and pure. Flee from me, before my touch has defiled you!"

Alice was too well accustomed to this style of declamation to be in the least alarmed. She took it to be an amplification *ad libitum* of one of those terrific monologues which Madame delighted in reciting; she would no more have thought of drawing personal inferences from Madame's self-accusations than she would have suspected Booth of the murder of Polonius. Nevertheless, though she yielded an ungrudging admiration to Madame both for her stately physique and her wonderful accomplishments, there were moments when a sort of chill would creep over her soul, and the founts of sympathy would refuse to flow. The unrelieved intensity of Madame's discourse would pall upon her and a deadly weariness would possess her. But, after all, these moods were rare, and she invariably did penance for them by an increased devotion. She began to understand vaguely that she was indispensable to Madame, whose loneliness, far from friends and kindred, touched her, and whose manifold experience of men and things afforded her both entertainment and instruction. For Alice was a stanch little utilitarian, and often measured, in the most unsuspected manner, the educational value of her acquaintances. Indeed, Madame, who imagined that she read her like an open book, would have been surprised if she could have divined the sly little plots which hid themselves behind her demurely innocent face. Thus she was far from suspecting, when Alice extended to her an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays with her in her home, that she had computed the reflected glory which would fall upon herself from the brilliancy of her friend, and that she was anticipating, with a keen satisfaction, the sensation which Madame's dazzling personality would make among the plain and unsophisticated folk who frequented her father's house. For all that, I am not sure but that Madame was right in believing her principal motive a benevolent one; and it is more than likely that the less disinterested reflections were afterthoughts.

It was on a damp and murky morning about a week before Christmas that they took their seats in the private compartment of a Pullman car, and composed themselves with smiling resignation for a day of discomfort. The train had hardly begun to rattle away over the rails when Madame gave a long, undisguised yawn, and stared with moody irritation upon the dismal landscape. The transitions in her humor were always sudden, and her companion had got beyond the point when she was readily surprised. And today Alice was, contrary to her habit, herself preoccupied. Now a vague smile would flit across her countenance; then she would relapse into a troubled meditation, through which broke, at times, the light of a happy memory.

"Alice, Alice! you naughty puss," cried Madame, "you have been deceiving your best and truest friend. You have been hiding a secret from me."

"Yes, I have, Madame," replied the girl, leaning forward eagerly, as if grasping at the opportunity to make a revelation. "I have been wanting several times to speak to you. But I have found it so difficult. But now, I suppose, I must, as you would probably find out for yourself, if I did not tell you."

"Oh, you cruel, deceitful puss," said Madame in a terrible contralto, fixing her dark eyes tragically on her friend and raising her finger menacingly. "This base and ungrateful child, whom I have loved ten times more than if she were my own daughter, has a lover."

"Is that so terrible, Madame?" asked the girl with a sort of shamefaced exultation which was wondrously becoming to her.

"Heavenly powers," ejaculated Madame, raising her eyes to the ceiling; "she asks if it is terrible! How can you ask if it is terrible for a babe, hardly out of pinafores, to have a lover; to carry on a clandestine correspondence and all the time to be walking about as demure and innocent as if she had not even a suspicion of the existence of the tree of knowledge which bears forbidden fruit. Can you ask, heartless and abandoned creature, if that is terrible?"

Alice raised her frank blue eyes to her interlocutor's face, with an anxious expression, as if she was not quite sure whether Madame's mock heroics were not this time to be taken seriously; but as she detected the shadow of a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth, she gave a sigh of relief, and again leaning forward clasped her friend's hands in her own.

"My father and my mother know all about it," she said in a hushed, modest voice, "and they approve of it. Hannibal is an artist and he is awfully smart."

"And this awfully smart Monsieur Hannibal," said Madame, with an air of irrepressible amusement, "is he also rich? is he handsome? and has he the *bel air*?"

"He is very, *very* handsome," replied the girl earnestly, and blushing with an air of sweet confusion. "I don't think he is rich (although, to be sure, I never thought of asking him), but my uncle Joel, the soap man, has taken a great fancy to him, and he has promised father to put him down in his will for several hundred thousands."

"Your uncle Joel, the soap man!" repeated Madame, burying her head in her lap and shaking with suppressed laughter. "Oh, my sweet one, your adorable innocence makes me want to weep at my own worldly depravity. But as weeping is bad for my complexion, I have no choice but to laugh instead."

Alice, who was unable to comprehend why her uncle Joel was so amusing, fixed again her puzzled glance upon Madame's face and was half inclined to resent her merriment.

"I am sure, my uncle is a very worthy and prominent man," she said with an injured mien. "He is a deacon, and he has built the orphan asylum for the children of factory hands. He is a bachelor, and a very kind-hearted and charitable man."

"My precious child," exclaimed Madame, clasping the girl in her embrace, and showering kisses upon her forehead and cheeks, "I do not question but that your uncle Joel is a most admirable and accomplished soap man. But, you know, I am nothing but a flippant and frivolous Frenchwoman, who am quite unworthy of so sweet and pure a friend as yourself. It is to my discredit, and not to yours, that your innocence sometimes amuses me, my darling. Your ignorance of the world's standards and your prim little upright ways of stating things, without the faintest concession to the conventional follies which dominate men's minds, fills me with — what shall I call it? — a respectful tenderness for what would be heroism, if you were at all conscious of it. Well, I see you don't understand me, my sweet one; so much the better; I would advise you never to attempt to understand me."

The day passed without further disagreements, as Madame took care to make no further allusion either to Uncle Joel or Monsieur Hannibal. She felt that both were unsafe topics, and feared that with all her tact she should be unable to steer her conversational bark among the shoals and quicksands of Alice's enigmatical sensibilities. She therefore drew a sigh of relief when, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the conductor called out "Kingsbridge." She was hurriedly collecting her wraps when, to her horror, a tall young

man came bouncing into the compartment, and in the most unceremonious manner clasped Alice in his arms and kissed her.

"Your father told me to fetch you up," he said in a buoyant but crudely modulated voice; "he is having his snooze over the paper just now, and I thought it would be a pity to wake him. And it is *so* jolly to see you again. I have got —"

Mr. Tarleton, either from awkwardness or on account of the imperfect light, had so far failed to take any notice of Madame, whom he now began to eye in an uneasy manner over his *fiancée's* shoulder. The latter therefore seized the first available pause in his speech to present him to her companion.

"Yes, to be sure," continued Hannibal with a not ungraceful bow, and heartily inclining Madame's slim fingers in his broad palm; "the old gentleman said something about your coming along with Alice. I am very glad to make your acquaintance, I am sure. This is a very fine country you are coming to. First time, I suppose, you are visiting Kingsbridge? Well, it is sure not to be the last. Strangers who come here once never fail to return. We should regard it as an insult if they didn't."

During this amiable soliloquy Mr. Tarleton had relieved the ladies of their bags and shawls, and had conducted them to a closed carriage which was waiting for them on the other side of the station. Having helped Madame to a seat, and taken the checks to procure the trunks, he found himself alone with Alice on the platform. He paused for a moment, and saw Madame leaning out of the carriage so that the light of the lantern fell full upon her countenance.

"Heavens," he exclaimed to himself, in a voice of deep conviction, "what a stunning woman!"

III.

WHEN Alice and her guest descended into the sitting-room the next morning, they found Mr. Beach seated in an arm-chair before an open wood fire, reading the morning paper, from which the rural New Englander is wont to gather his political wisdom. He greeted his daughter a trifle stiffly, and expressed the hope that Madame de Salincourt had rested comfortably.

"Gloriously, thank you, most gloriously," exclaimed the vivacious lady. "I assure you, Mr. Beach, that if I were to spend the remainder of my days in sleeping, I would select this place as the most favorable spot upon the globe for such a purpose."

"You mean to say that it is a sleepy place," said Mr. Beach dryly.

"No, far from it. I merely mean that the comforts of your sleeping apartments are such as to make one look upon the daylight as an enemy, and count wakefulness as a robbery from the delights of slumber."

Mr. Beach, to whom such hyperbolic statements had a highly suspicious sound, sent his daughter a questioning look, as if to say: "Who the deuce is that you have brought home with you?" And Alice, who felt a little uneasy, determined to seize the first opportunity to have a private interview with him, and to explain to him her friend's idiosyncracies. In the meanwhile the object of her solicitude was taking a rapid survey of the appointments of the room, and was wondering how in heaven's name a rich man could support existence with grimly papered walls, and horsehair-covered furniture. She bestowed a passing glance upon the portrait in oil of a young man in a soldier's uniform, which hung over the mantel-piece, and she paid a tribute of sentiment to the unsheathed swords which were suspended crosswise from the lower edge of the broad gilt frame. She knew that this was her host's only son, who had been killed in the battle of Chancellorsville; and, glancing again back at the bereaved father, she wondered that so great a sorrow could have left him so stiff and angular, and without in some way softening the harsh contour of his countenance. She felt positively irritated at the style of his beard, and wished she knew him well enough to suggest that he would be a much handsomer man if he would let his mustache grow and shave his chin. She made a mental sketch of him when thus metamorphosed, and concluded that with certain modifications of costume he could be made a very impressive old gentleman. She seemed thus suddenly to have found the clue to Mr. Beach's character, which straightway crystallized in her mind as that of a Puritanic Virginian; and she immediately began to respect him in this new capacity. Her attention was just being diverted to the Three Christian Graces upon the wall and the large-flowered Brussels carpet, when a little bell tinkled, and Alice took her hand and led her out to breakfast. In the breakfast-room they found Mr. Tarleton standing with his back to the fire, lifting now one foot, and now another, as if to warm his soles.

"Ah, good morning," said Madame graciously, extending a soft jeweled hand. "I did not know you lived here."

"No, I don't live here," responded the young man with a good-natured laugh; "but" (with a shy glance at Alice)—"but I mean to some day."

Madame seated herself at the table; and Hannibal, who had only taken in her gen-

eral contour the night before, had now an opportunity to bestow upon her a more discriminating admiration. He speculated for an instant upon her age, and concluded rashly that she must be yet on the sunny side of thirty; for, indeed, Madame had passed that fatal dividing line so stealthily that not one of her friends had perceived it. Her charms, though they were beyond the stage of the bud, had paused at the exact moment of perfection, shrinking from the ripeness of a too exuberant bloom. The details of Madame's face were all in keeping with her impressive and stately personality. Only her dark brown eyes, perhaps, with their soft, caressing glance, seemed to contradict the *noli me tangere* which her dignified bearing expressed. Her delicately modeled nose and chin, too, with a just perceptible curve where the latter joined the lines of the throat, gave evidence of the most refined intentions on nature's part when it designed her, and the beautiful curve of the lips added the finishing touch to a physique which was already amply equipped for accomplishing no end of mischief. This reflection, to be sure, was very remote from Hannibal, as he sat gazing with an undisguised interest at Madame de Salincourt's handsome features; on the contrary, he was thinking that she might be of great use to him in his artistic pursuits, in the double capacity of a subject and a critic. He began to have an uneasy sense that his pictorial performances, in all likelihood, would not satisfy her, and the longer he gazed the meaner an opinion he entertained of himself and his poor ambitions. Madame seemed almost to have divined the drift of his thoughts, for she presently looked up from her plate and said:

"You are an artist, I hear, monsieur. You will be famous some day, and I shall be very proud of your acquaintance."

"I hope you may have the opportunity, at all events," he answered, blushing. "I think Alice would never forgive me if I did not realize her expectations. And the fact is, she treats my greatness as a matter so entirely beyond dispute that I myself, too, fall into the same way of thinking, and carry my head with quite a comical dignity."

"I think you do me injustice, Hannibal," murmured Alice, scarcely audibly. "I should forgive you if you never succeeded in convincing a single person but myself of your greatness."

"And my own self," ejaculated the lover, laughing.

"That goes without saying," replied the girl; "I don't think you need much persuasion on that point."

"No, I don't suppose I do," he assented good-humoredly. "I have not been named

Hannibal for nothing. Hannibals are never distinguished for modesty. The fact is, I have no patience with those fellows who shake their heads lugubriously and say that we have no artistic atmosphere and that sort of twaddle. If we haven't got it, it is for them to make it. It makes me mad to hear people of common sense lament our youth, and say we can't do anything in the way of art because we are too young. It would be more sensible to my mind to cry if we were old and decrepit, not because we are young and strong. We have a grand future before us, and we mean to produce things here which will take away the breath of the old monarchies on the other side. You just wait; our turn is coming, and it is coming soon."

Madame listened to this Declaration of Independence with a look of bright intelligence and an occasional approving nod, which were highly encouraging to the orator. He felt at once that Madame was a kindred soul who would understand all the subtleties of his complex and enigmatical nature. Alice, too, was blushing with pleasure and quietly exulting in the soundness and brilliancy of his sentiments; and Mr. Beach, whose neutral countenance was rarely illuminated by a ray of emotion, now suddenly displayed a gratified expression struggling fiercely in his beard, and fixing his gray eyes upon the young man, remarked:

"I think you are right, Hannibal. We have taken the lead of the world in manufacture, in machinery, and in all useful inventions, and I can't for the life of me see why we shouldn't beat them in the arts as well. You just go ahead, Hannibal, and show the chaps over there that we know a thing or two on this side of the water, too. The American character, madam," he went on, addressing himself to his guest, "is not at all understood in Europe. We are not oppressed here by standing armies and by distinctions of caste, and our young men are therefore free to aspire to whatever they may choose. This young fellow, madam, who sits opposite to you there, may, for aught I know, some day be President of the United States."

Madame was not in the least startled by this august possibility, but observed, between two sips of coffee, and with her usual engaging smile:

"He would be a decided improvement on the present incumbent. And yet I hope fate has a better lot in store for him."

"So do I, Mrs. Salincourt," cried Tarleton, who, when anybody but himself was talking, seemed to be wrestling to keep down importunate ideas. "I have not a particle of political ambition. It is a pleasant thing to think, of course, that if I exerted myself in

that direction, I might reach the highest honor in the gift of the nation; but really I would far rather develop the artistic possibilities of this glorious continent than distribute its offices."

The conversation was continued in this vein for a full hour, and Madame was hugely entertained. Every person whom she met was to her a puzzle which tormented her until she guessed it, and she never failed to find some striking formula even for the most commonplace character. Everything impressed her vividly, and she often deceived herself by supposing that the supplementary touches which her imagination was always on the alert to furnish were really part of the observed personality. As for Hannibal Tarleton, he adapted himself so readily to the dramatic rôle which she assigned to him that she was positively grateful to him for possessing the characteristics for which, in her capacity as a *Parisienne* and a flower of an old and ripe civilization, she felt a superior pity. It was so perfectly comprehensible that the typical youth of this huge continent who stood facing westward, with the vast, fertile prairies and the slumbering wealth of the mountains spread out before him, should exult in his strength, and only feel eager to plunge headlong into the stress of action. He could never feel the sickening sense of limitation and impotence which is the uppermost emotion of him who, at the threshold of his career, finds himself part of a fixed and inflexible machinery, and doomed to revolve all his life long in one narrow little circle of social and official routine. Mr. Tarleton's crudity and frank egotism were thus invested with a kind of sociological interest, and although she laughed at him, she still could not help respecting him. In the first place, his face had some very good points which could not escape a person of Madame's æsthetic susceptibilities. It was a thoroughly manly face, freely and largely modeled, without any finical refinement. His eyes were blue and a trifle defiant, and his brow exhibited two perpendicular wrinkles which might be interpreted either as a challenging scowl (but without the faintest suggestion of ill-humor) or as an indication that their possessor was intent upon some mental problem. A rather innocent blonde mustache adorned his upper lip, and a pair of fine, densely-curved side-whiskers covered his cheeks. His manners were lounging and careless, and his costume of indifferent fit. He moved about a good deal in the chair into which he had flung himself when the breakfast was at an end, tipped it back, clasped his hands behind his neck, and betrayed restlessness which was apparently the result of suppressed energy. Madame made the very

obvious reflection that he lacked repose, but enjoyed on the whole his aggressive manner of talking and the eager way in which he half started forward when a tempting idea took possession of him. And she enjoyed still more the admiring deference with which his little *fiancée* listened to him while he delivered himself with much vigor and emphasis on subjects concerning which she evidently did not venture to entertain an opinion. Madame knew perfectly well, too, that it was the supposed effect of his brilliancy on her guest which made Alice's eyes beam so delightedly, and she was too kind-hearted to dispel the happy illusion. It was not until her hostess had excused herself to attend to some household duty, and the old gentleman had betaken himself to his office, that she thought fit to measure her wits with those of the rural artist.

"Where do you exhibit your pictures?" Madame was asking as they moved, side by side, into the drawing-room, and took their seats in arm-chairs before the fire.

"Oh, it has got to be rather a monotonous business, by this time, to take three and five dollar prizes at the county fairs," he replied. "But the fact is, in New York they don't understand me, and in Boston they are so confoundedly Bostonian. They have swallowed the whole wisdom of the universe, and it has disagreed with them. They are intellectually dyspeptic. They comprehend no other view of American history than the Bostonian. I sent my 'Columbia' there, last year, but they wouldn't admit her, and when I got her back, I had my doubts whether the case had been opened. I sold her afterward to Colonel Hopper for a hundred and twenty dollars."

"But are you so perfectly sure that you might not have something to learn from the Bostonians?" inquired Madame sweetly. "It is a dangerous thing for an artist to be too well satisfied with himself, and to fortify himself against criticism."

Madame could also be didactic when it suited her purpose.

Mild as the criticism was, her listener was so unaccustomed even to implied censure, that he hardly knew how to interpret it. He stared at the fair speaker with a vague bewilderment, and then got up and walked two or three times the length of the floor.

"I think you are rather hard on me," he said bluntly, stopping squarely, with his hands in his pockets, in front of Madame.

"Not at all; I am on the contrary very soft on you," she replied, being wholly ignorant of the meaning of the slang which she had unconsciously employed.

"You had better not," he observed jocosely; "Alice might not like it."

"I am sure I don't understand."

"It is well you don't. Good morning."

And without further warning he sauntered out of the room and was gone.

"I have offended him," thought Madame; "but he must learn to know his master. Within an hour he will be back."

IV.

MADAME DE SALINCOURT discovered within many days that Kingsbridge afforded no great variety of amusements, and as dullness, as she declared, always endangered her reason, she was forced to ply her inventiveness in order to preserve her sanity. A number of quiet Beaches and Brownlows and Tarletons called upon her, and entertained her languidly by their appearance rather than by their conversation; and Hannibal, who could not be permanently deterred from a handsome woman by any amount of criticism, danced attendance upon her at all hours. Nevertheless Madame continued to yawn in corners, and to feel apprehensive about her reason. The lugubrious respectability of the house oppressed her, and the routine of sleeping, waking, and eating nearly drove her to distraction. Hannibal was therefore a god-send when he arrived one morning, and proposed to take her to his studio.

"Oh, Monsieur Hannibal," she cried, rising with a half-suppressed yawn, "you are an angel—in sheep's clothing," she added laughingly.

"Now, Mrs. Salincourt, look here," said the young man bluntly. "What is it you object to in my clothing?"

"My dear friend," ejaculated Madame, "it is not the sheep's clothing I object to in you. It is the angel."

"You puzzle me awfully," he said, with a boyish look of comic bewilderment.

"I know it perfectly," she answered; "and as soon as I have put on my hat and cloak, I will explain myself."

And with a brilliant, half-mischievous glance, she rustled out into the hall, while he sat listening for her footsteps on the carpeted stairs.

"Confound her," he muttered to himself; "she is stunning. But she is one too many for me."

"A deliciously ingenuous youth," was Madame's mental comment as she adorned herself with a striking Parisian hat, and flung her fur cloak about her. "Who knows but there may be possibilities of entertainment in him!"

"You were saying," observed Hannibal, as he joined her in the hall, and after having presented excuses for Alice's absence, "that you objected to my angelic disposition."

"I beg your pardon," she rejoined promptly, "that was not what I said."

"What did you say, then?"

"I object to being cross-examined in that style as if I were on the witness-stand. But with all respect for your dear and excellent New England, it seems to me that it is kept from being interesting by a too literal interpretation of the Ten Commandments. Take, for instance, our dear Alice. She suffers, in my opinion, from the unrelieved goodness of her character. It is a case of moral apoplexy—a too abundant flow of goodness to the heart. I shouldn't be surprised any morning to see her translated in a chariot of fire, or fed by ravens, or something of the sort."

"You mean to say that she is stupidly good."

"Not at all. Don't leap at conclusions, please! I merely mean to say that a greater complexity of character would increase her charm."

They were walking rapidly down the street, which had a raw, ragged, and inhospitable look. The sky was overcast, but glimpses of clear sky opened here and there a pathway for a few straggling rays of sunshine. Hannibal was wondering, in an impersonal sort of fashion, how he could acquiesce so readily in Madame's criticism of Alice (the real meaning of which he divined rather than comprehended) and not feel even a spark of indignation. His self-respect had somehow received a rude shock since Madame's arrival; he was tormented all day long by an uneasy consciousness that she was laughing in her sleeve at him, and in the light of her larger experience found him lamentably wanting. He had been so accustomed to appear admirable in every one's eyes, that the mere suspicion of superior criticism made him miserable. Nor was there any consolation now in the thought that, whatever the rest of the world might think of him, there was at least one faithful soul who loved him, without stricture or reservation. Madame's opinion seemed for the moment to be of vastly greater importance than that of Alice or of anybody else. His defiance was slowly ebbing away; for he had lost all confidence in his former standards of judgment. In inviting Madame to his studio, he was therefore performing an act of severe self-discipline; he had pondered for a week seriously before being able to face the resolution. So far from expecting praise, he had rather made up his mind, with a kind of dogged recklessness, that he might just as well know the worst. He had purposely arranged the visit at an hour when it would be impossible for Alice to accompany them; first, because he feared that Madame would perhaps be merciful in the presence of one

whom she would naturally shrink from wounding; and secondly, because in the opposite case he would like to keep Alice's admiration as a sort of refuge when his self-esteem should have been destroyed. He had squarely faced the ordeal and staked a good deal on the consequences; and as, with a fluttering heart, he pushed open the door of the little studio, he had a sense as if he were admitting the fierce light of the world's enlightened judgment, before which he expected his paltry performances to pale and shrivel into nothing. The studio had evidently been elaborately prepared for the reception of the distinguished visitor. Four or five large canvases, all carefully draped, were arranged on easels where the light would strike them to best advantage, and odds and ends of furniture had apparently been imported for the occasion from the other portions of the house. The draperies which regulated the light from the skylights and the large north window were of some cheap crimson material, and a piece of faded carpet covered a square piece of floor in the middle of the room. The place looked more like a rural photographer's shop than an artist's studio.

Hannibal scrutinized his visitor's features anxiously as she took her seat in front of the easels.

"I don't want to apologize, Mrs. Salin-court," he said, nervously, flinging back the drapery from the middle canvas; "but I want you to be perfectly frank with me and tell me I am an idiot, if you think so. This is my 'Columbia,' which I have borrowed from Colonel Hopper, in order to show her to you. The cap of liberty and the stars and stripes are mere conventional work, of course, and as for the discrowned kings of Europe—all portraits, as you observe—at her feet, and the slaves with broken shackles, that too is a cheap invention, and I don't pride myself on it. She has got to be colossal, of course; everything is colossal on this side of the ocean. But I won't explain. If she needs a commentary, she can't be good for much. I want you to look at her face, and if you see anything in it, tell me what it is."

Madame made no immediate reply, but sat gazing at the picture with a flushed and anxious countenance, like a saint before a crucifix. Then, with a sudden impulse, she arose and made the artist a profound reverence.

"Monsieur Hannibal!" she said, with intense gravity, "I have been unjust to you. With all my heart I beg your pardon. You are a man of genius!"

"You are cruel," he cried, in dismay; "you are making fun of me."

"Ciel! no, I am not making fun of you,"

she exclaimed, in a voice that thrilled through him like celestial music. "I have made fun of you for the last time. Henceforth we are friends, we are comrades. We understand each other."

And with an air of frank *cameraderie* she reached out her hand to him, and after a moment's hesitation he grasped it firmly and held it long, gazing earnestly into her eyes. When at length she withdrew it, he woke up with a start, and after a few aimless steps on the floor threw himself, face downward, upon a lounge. He was so intoxicated with happiness that he did not trust himself to speak or even to look at her, for fear of committing some irreparable folly.

"Now, in order to prove to you my sincerity," she began, with a slight effort, "let me tell you what I see in your picture."

He raised himself on his elbow, as if prepared to listen, but said nothing.

"The face expresses to me a bright, indomitable intelligence," said Madame, directing her eyes once more to the canvas; "it expresses a defiant disregard of all musty traditions, a supreme self-dependence, an inexhaustible energy, and a kind of humane, democratic self-respect which is yet not *hauteur*."

"Bravo! That was well said," he cried, springing up from the lounge and again pacing the floor joyously. "It was something of the sort I meant to put into it, although I never could have said it so well."

"The eyes are the eyes of genius," Madame continued with increasing fervor. "The mouth and nostrils have something of the divine, I will not say scorn, but dignity of the Apollo Belvedere. There is nothing tame and conventional in the modeling. Every line means something, every intention is vigorous, though sometimes bunglingly expressed. I can well understand why a hanging committee should exclude such a picture. Even genius requires a term of apprenticeship; it cannot leap into perfection at one grand bound. Undoubtedly the meanest canvas that found its way into the exhibition, showed more technical cleverness than your 'Columbia'; and it is the ruin of greatness to accept its promise in lieu of achievement."

"Ah, that was what you were driving at, was it?" cried Hannibal, with feverish hilarity. "Well, I don't mind it in the least; I am convinced that you speak the truth, and I am bound to follow your advice, whatever it be. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"My dear friend, I almost shrink from the responsibility of advising you. But I will be loyal to your interests and not consult my own cowardly feeling. What is a man of your powers to do in this respectable little hole?

God has equipped you splendidly, but He made a mistake in permitting you to be born in New England. You were made for a larger rôle than can be comfortably played in a community where no free soul has elbow-room. It is pathetic to see you with your irrepressible intelligence aspiring downward, longing from genius toward mediocrity. Ah! there blows a different breeze, a breeze laden with the perfumes of all the centuries, through the old lands of Europe, and one whiff of it will transform you into a different being. Your chief drawback now is that your culture is deficient, and you are ignorant of the thoughts which agitate the world. It is only when your mind shall have expanded in a congenial atmosphere, and your hand shall have acquired the skill which dances over technical difficulties as if they were mere child's play,—it is then, and not until then, that your genius will find its adequate expression. Other ties, though never so dear, are of minor consequence and must not be allowed to interfere with this supreme destiny."

Madame, hurried along on the current of her eloquence, finished with a little pant, then arose and swept with much rustle of drapery first up toward the door, and, turning about, paused again before the easels. She looked incomparably lovely in her generous ardor, and Hannibal, who seemed to be breathing the air of blissful heights, felt an irresistible impulse to fling himself at her feet and declare that he loved her to distraction. He had never associated the idea of a woman with such security of bearing, coupled with such brilliant changeableness, and conversational surprises; he had thought of girls as little fragile slips of things who needed a great deal of petting, and who would in return be unconscionably grateful. A woman who could be imperious, tempestuous, and even calmly didactic, whose mere presence reduced one to the attitude of an adorer (and not a bestower of condescending caresses)—such a woman was as much a revelation to him as if she had belonged to an undiscovered species. At the same time, while Madame was thus complicating his notions of her sex, he was conscious of a kind of glorious kinship with her as a creature co-equal with himself in mind and stature. He thought of himself as a solitary eagle soaring into space and finding there, in the blue empyrean, a companion of his own species. It was merely his unfamiliarity with aquiline etiquette which prevented him from proclaiming his discovery, taking her assent for granted. As for his former ties, they had receded into an immeasurable distance, they had ceased to exist, or, perhaps, had never existed.

Madame criticised the other pictures—a "Pocahontas," "Ponce de Leon Seeking the Fountain of Youth," and "Evangeline Sleeping in the Wilderness"—in the same appreciative spirit, judiciously mingling censure and praise.

"You speak out of my own soul!" he cried ecstatically as she finished some neatly turned phrase. "I always knew I was born for something great, only I never knew until now how to set about carrying out nature's intentions with me. First, I entered college, thinking that that was the proper way; but I got into mischief there the first week, and before I had finished my sophomore year I was expelled for caricaturing the faculty. I don't think, on the whole, I learned much. I didn't learn even to talk well. If I could talk as well as you, Mrs. Salincourt, I think Alice's family and mine would have entered into a conspiracy to make a preacher of me; so I thank my stars I am a bungler in that respect."

He uttered the concluding sentences with a boyish petulance which Madame found very amusing. He looked at times so much like a great lumbering boy, that she could not banish a feeling of maternal superiority, which at once gave color to her words.

"I warn you," she responded, "that you must not take all my brilliancy for originality. I have associated all my life long with the cleverest men in the world; men who scattered epigrams and precious thoughts about them with a royal heedlessness, never caring where they fell. A great many of them fell by the wayside, and I was one of the little birds who picked them up. In Paris ideas are as common as cobble-stones, and epigrams crackle about your ears until they give you the headache. No man can have a just estimate of himself until he has spent a year in Paris; there only can he acquire the proper degree of humility."

"Oh, I assure you, you gave me an uncomfortable dose of that article the very day of your arrival here," retorted Hannibal laughing.

"You needed it," responded Madame. "You were growing wild, with a rank and hideous growth. I came here to prune and to civilize you. You will do me honor yet, Monsieur Hannibal. *Au revoir.*"

She uttered the last words, holding her hand on the door-knob, and as she opened the door she gave him an enchanting nod over her shoulder. He seized his hat and was in a moment at her side.

v.

DURING the week that followed, Hannibal Tarleton walked about in a perpetual intoxication of bliss. That he abused Madame de Salincourt's patience, and sometimes bored

her, did not occur to him. He was not accustomed to look upon himself as an undesirable companion, and he accordingly interpreted her moods without reference to himself. That she sometimes yawned in his face, and sweetly rebuffed him, did not discourage him; it rather added to the zest of pursuit, and being rarely troubled with diffidence regarding his own powers, he did not doubt that in the end she would be brought to bay and forced to surrender. I do not mean to imply that he was at all times conscious that such was his purpose. On the contrary, there were moments when something sinister in her nature would suddenly stare out upon him, and he would involuntarily shrink from her as from something artificial and alien, which his honest Northern heart could never hope to fathom. He was occasionally troubled by doubts regarding her past, of which he knew nothing and concerning which he dared not question her. He was also at rare intervals sane enough to consider that as Alice's friend and confidante Madame had played an equivocal part toward himself. He remembered that her remarks about his *fiancée*, though never directly slighting, had been colored by a pitying superiority, which was well calculated to undermine the admiration of an ambitious lover. But these were mere vague, cobwebby fancies which sometimes flitted through his mind, and could hardly be dignified with the name of thoughts. A touch of Madame's hand, a witty remark, or the sound of her gay and careless laughter reduced him instantly to his former unreasoning bondage. There was no use in disguising the fact that he was in love with her, and that, compared with her, Alice was too insignificant to be considered.

As for Madame de Salincourt, I would rather not analyze her feelings. For no analysis, however ingenious, would do justice to the complexity of her motives. Madame was by no means the incarnate demon which the good people of Kingsbridge would have judged her to be, if they had been familiar with a certain chapter of her past history. She was, on the contrary, full of kindly impulses, and liked doing a friend a favor, if it could be done without inconvenience to herself. She honestly believed that Hannibal was a man of genius, but he was not of the supreme importance to her that he fancied himself to be. He lacked the social adroitness and finish without which no man could be admirable in her sight. She had no real desire to take him away from his harmless little Alice, and still less had she a thought of appropriating him to herself. She only liked playing with edge tools, to dance upon the brinks of precipices, to finger gently the Damoclesian sword, which

might and might not in the end fall down and hurt somebody. That was her idea of excitement, and it was what gave zest to her existence. She had been brought up in a society where this was held to be a perfectly legitimate occupation for women, and although she had had a very severe lesson, she had not profited by it.

The Christmas vacation was quickly drawing to an end, and both Alice and Madame were conscious of a sense of relief at the thought of escaping once more to the companionship of the "twenty-two," between whom and themselves no entangling relationships could possibly arise. Alice, though she was as blind as a girl of her stern uprightness is apt to be, had begun to reflect uneasily upon her own inferiority to Madame, and as she was not quite generous enough to enjoy this consciousness in her lover's presence, she had no objection to depriving him of the opportunity for further comparison. She was far from questioning his loyalty, nor had her enthusiasm for her guest suffered any serious abatement; but her humility had begun to tire her, and she was anxious to have her thoughts more profitably and less onerously employed. It was with an indefinable heaviness of heart that she retired to the bedroom where she and Madame slept, the night before their departure, and she went over the multiplication-table four times before her eyelids showed any disposition to droop.

Madame, to whom sleep was not a refuge from toil, but a stupid necessity, favored late hours, both morning and night. She was now sitting alone in the drawing-room playing snatches of frivolous music, and now and then wheeling about on the piano-stool, gazing in vague despair at the venerable likenesses of George and Martha Washington. She was sitting thus with her head thrown backward and her hands folded in her lap, when the door was flung open and Mr. Tarleton entered. She gave a start as she caught sight of his face. Some mysterious change had come over him. He had an air of daring; there was a luminous gaze in his eyes which made him almost beautiful. Without any preliminary he walked quickly up to her, seized her hand, and seated himself on a cricket at her feet.

"I am in a festive mood to-night, Mrs. Salincourt," he said, with a joyous buoyancy in his voice which aroused dim echoes within her. "I want to offer up a hecatomb to Apollo for your artistic wisdom, a pair of young doves to Venus for your personal loveliness, and my heart to yourself if you think it worth taking."

She looked down smiling upon his upturned face and shook her head; but she did not withdraw the hand which he still held in

his, and there was something soft and caressing in her glance which he could not but interpret in his favor. She had always had a weakness for youth, and the beautiful manly florescence that shone from his face and form appealed strongly to her. Her cheeks flushed and her pulses quickened.

"My poor boy, you cannot offer me what no longer belongs to you," she said, gently.

"I am my own master," cried the young man, seizing her hand and pressing it passionately to his lips, "and I will belong to no one but you."

"Ah, but suppose I did not want you, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, archly.

He did not hear what she said. He was gazing into her face with an audacious look, which gradually softened and grew languishing and ecstatic. He had risen to his feet, and she was making a feeble effort to release herself; but as long as her eyes were quiescent, he was safe in disregarding the remonstrance of her hands.

"Monsieur Hannibal! Monsieur Hannibal!" she said, in a laughing whisper. "You must leave me now. I had no idea you were such a terrible man."

"I will follow you wherever you go!" he cried vehemently, pressing a hasty kiss upon her cheek.

"That I call obtaining favors under false pretenses," she responded, with the same hushed but irrepressible gayety. "I supposed that it was our eternal separation which furnished the excuse for such an affectionate leave-taking; and now you mean to impose upon me."

"Indeed I do; you cannot escape me now."

"That we shall see," she answered, disengaging her hand with a dexterous movement from his grasp. "I have a genius for obliterating my track when I have anything at stake. Good-bye, Monsieur Hannibal! Good-bye forever!"

He sprang forward, but she had slipped out through the door before he could prevent her. He stood for a moment staring disconsolately at her retreating figure, then seized his hat and left the house.

Madame, with all her assumed coolness, was yet in a flutter of excitement when she entered her bedroom. Her head was throbbing, and there was an intoxicating rush of sound in her ears. She undressed rapidly, casting all the while uneasy glances at the sleeping Alice, whose pure profile traced itself in light relief against her white pillow. She raised the candle to the level of her head and stepped close up to the bedside; her long, loose hair fell down over her shoulders and her white robe. As the light fell upon the sleeping girl's face, she opened her eyes wonderingly.

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!" cried Madame, in a tragic whisper. "'One, two! Why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?'"

"Please, Madame, don't be Lady Macbeth so late in the night," begged the girl, raising herself on her elbow. "It frightens me. Your acting is so horribly real."

Madame placed the candle on a small toilet-stand, and with the uncertain step and the blind stare of a sleep-walker leaned over the bed: "'The Thane of Fife had a wife,'" she went on, in the same hoarse, terrible whisper. "'Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.'"

"Please, Madame, please, have pity on me and stop!" pleaded Alice, shuddering. "I shall go mad if you go on."

"Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The three hushed groans stole through the still house, and Alice started back in terror.

"Wash your hands, put on your nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on 's grave.'"

She stood for a while rubbing her hands as with a desperate will, and her voice was an agonized pleading as she continued:

"To bed! to bed! There's knocking at the gate! Come, come, come! Give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed! to bed! to bed!"

Wild with fright and utterly unable to control herself, the girl jumped up, when Madame, abandoning her stage manner, suddenly flung herself over her and smothered her in her caresses.

"Oh, you adorable little goose!" she said, with an immoderate, hysterical laugh, "how could you think I was in earnest? What harm did I ever do you, you sweet, ungrateful child? Here, come close to me! Closer still! I love you wildly, hungrily. I could devour you. You are so horribly, so irresistibly lovely. So, nestle close to me. I am such a dreadful lonely woman, and I have nobody in the world to love me except you, puss. Promise me, puss, that you will never, never leave me."

"Pray, Madame, let me get up!" begged the girl, still but half reassured. "You strange me. I cannot breathe."

"No, you cannot leave me! You shall not

leave me!" she commanded, with a fresh fit of laughter, clasping her friend's slim form more tightly in her embrace. "I shall die if you leave me. Now, do not be afraid of me, sweet Alice," she implored, in a changed tone, and abruptly checking her laughter. "I have had a hard, horrible life, my darling! I have done wicked things and I have had wicked things done to me. But since I have known you I have been peaceful and good. Don't you believe me, Alice?"

"I don't believe you have ever done wicked things, Madame," said Alice, in her calm, pure voice. "But to-night you are not yourself; some one else seemed to be speaking through you, and therefore I was afraid. I did not know you, Madame, you were so dreadful."

"Yes, it was my own suppressed self you saw to-night, Alice. I am quite as dreadful as you thought. I am treacherous and cruel. I believe I could even murder."

"Dear, dear Madame, don't speak such sinful words, or I shall certainly leave you. It is wicked to slander one's self so grievously. Do you know, Madame, that you must some day render an account for every idle word you have spoken? You are tempting God, and you are loading sin upon your conscience."

"Ah, my dear child, the recording angel has given up long ago keeping diary of my peccadilloes."

"Oh, Madame, Madame," moaned the girl in dismay. "I cannot be your friend any more, if you indulge in such sacrilege."

With a forcible wrench she tore herself from the elder woman's embrace and sprang out upon the floor. Madame buried her face in the pillow and lay silent while Alice hesitatingly took a wrapper from a chair and threw it about herself. She was slowly approaching the door, when the sound of a smothered sob arrested her. She was more shocked and bewildered than angry, and she seized eagerly the first sign of her friend's repentance.

"I knew that it was not your real self that spoke so flippantly," she said in a tone of grave pity.

"Yes, it was," insisted Madame with the petulant perversity of a naughty child, but sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I know you better than you do yourself," said Alice soothingly, throwing off the wrapper and creeping into bed. "I know that you are good and true."

She took the candle from the table to blow it out, and, as the light fell full upon her delicate face, she looked like one of those sweet virginal saints of Fra Angelico, who seem to have no share in earth's imperfections. She stole close up to Madame and patted her and soothed her until she was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

THREE DANGERS.

THERE are strong impulses in human nature that make war against society and that tend to subvert the social order. Self-love and benevolence are the central forces of human life; both are essential to progress and happiness, but they are always in conflict; individual and social welfare is secured only when they are brought into harmony. They are like the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the solar system. These forces are, so far as our measurements can ascertain, perfectly balanced; therefore, we have the rhythm and harmony of the heavenly bodies. When self-love and benevolence are perfectly balanced in human conduct, we shall have on earth the beginning of the thousand years of peace. All the mischiefs that students of social science seek to prevent or to cure arise from the excess of one or the other of these forces.

No doubt misdirected kindness is a source of much physical and moral evil. Many children are ruined by the exaggerated unselfishness of their parents—the parents undergoing all the hardships and making all the sacrifices; the children growing up in greedy indolence, always ministered unto and never ministering; so going out into life helpless and selfish, with their powers undeveloped and their characters spoiled. Another excessive development of the same principle is seen in the sentimental philanthropy and the indiscriminate almsgiving by which paupers and criminals have been propagated on a grand scale.

But the evils arising from an excess of goodness have been small when compared with those arising from selfishness. These last are, by eminence, the unsocial evils. Pure egoism is the antithesis of society. Its impulse is to get everything and give nothing in exchange for it; while, as Herbert Spencer says, "the universal basis of coöperation (and therefore of social life) is the proportioning of benefits received to services rendered." The selfishness which sets this law at naught is the source of all crimes against the person and property, and of all those evils which directly tend to the disintegration of society. Of these there are a multitude; but the three of which I wish to speak are—the vice of intemperance, the causes that directly assail the family, and the practice of gambling. I shall not undertake to show how they may be counteracted; I wish simply to point out the manner in which they tend to undermine and subvert the social order.

I.

THE evils of intemperance furnish a topic sufficiently hackneyed; but I wish to deal with an aspect of the question that is somewhat less familiar. I am not discussing the rule of abstinence; nor denying that there may be a legitimate use, dietetic or even convivial, for alcoholic beverages; nor considering the question as a moralist, nor as a physiologist: I would simply call attention to the unsocial effect of the drinking habits now existing among us. Let it be admitted that many persons use alcoholic beverages without being injured by them; with that form of use we have nothing to do; we are dealing now with *intemperance* in the strict sense of the word—with that use of ardent spirits which is on all sides admitted to be excessive and injurious. When a man uses alcoholic liquors in such a way that his property, be it large or small, is rapidly diminished, and he goes every month a little nearer to want and dependence; when he uses them in such a way that his physical and mental energies are impaired, and his power of caring for himself and those dependent on him is sensibly lessened, all will allow that his use of them is pernicious. The harmful effect upon the individual does not need to be dwelt upon; it is the effect upon the common weal that we are now considering. It is plain that one who has a surplus, large or small, and who consumes it in indulgences which yield no benefit to himself nor to any other person, violates the fundamental law of society. The surplus thus consumed would have served him, and those dependent on him, in future sickness or infirmity sure to come; the destruction of this surplus brings him to the verge of pauperism, and makes it probable that the time will come when he, and perhaps others whom he ought to support, will be a charge upon public or private charity. In short, such a waste of savings reduces the waster to that condition in which, as soon as he is overtaken by sickness or misfortune, he will be able to make no proportionate return for the services that he will require. But society depends, as Mr. Spencer tells us, on the ability and disposition of the individuals composing it to make such a proportionate return. If all men were in the condition to which this man has reduced himself, society would be impossible.

What is true of one who wastes a surplus that he has earned or inherited, is equally true of one who consumes upon this unnatural appetite all that he earns beyond what is necessary to sustain life, so that he never gains a surplus, and always lives on the edge of pauperism.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who spends on this indulgence more than his net income, incurring bad debts for the necessities of life to his landlord, his grocer, his tailor, and thus devouring the savings of his thrifty neighbors.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who ruins his health by his drinking habits—thus not only disabling himself for self-supporting industry, but entailing upon his offspring enfeebled and morbid physical constitutions, predisposing them to insanity or vice or pauperism or crime. If, at the same time, the home in which these children are being reared is so squalid or so disorderly that there is small opportunity for them to learn those lessons of self-respect and self-restraint by which men and women are fitted for citizenship,—so that by environment as well as by organization they are crippled and degraded,—the unsocial effects of this vice will be set in a still stronger light. And when, as the result of such drinking practices, the man is often led to direct encroachments upon the persons or the property of his neighbors, the fact that he has become an enemy of society scarcely requires further demonstration.

Now, consider how many thousands of our fellow-citizens there are of whom most, if not all, these things are true. As a direct consequence of the use of alcoholic liquors, they are wasting their surplus, or failing to gain a surplus; by their failure to fulfill their contracts, they are devouring the gains of their neighbors; they are ruining their health and bequeathing physical and moral disorders to their children, and entailing upon society that curse of curses, hereditary pauperism; they are appealing to their neighbors for charity, and crowding the hospitals and the almshouses; they are committing assaults, robberies, murders,—all manner of offenses against the public peace and welfare.

Look at the subject from another point of view. The official reports of the United States Government show that at least six hundred millions of dollars are expended in this country every year for alcoholic liquors. That a considerable portion of this is used productively, in the arts, and innocently, or without any social injury, for drinking purposes, may be admitted.

Let us concede that one-half of it is used in this way. Half of all this amount must

then be expended in such a manner as to produce those very effects of which we have been speaking. That is to say, we are paying out every year three hundred millions of dollars in the purchase of want, and pauperism, and vice, and disease, and insanity, and crime. So much money ought to procure a large quantity of these staples, and it does. Nobody can deny that we get our money's worth.

Look at it from another point of view. A low estimate puts the number of persons engaged in the sale of liquor at five hundred thousand. We have admitted that these persons render some service to the community; let us admit that half of the number would be required to dispense the amount of liquor that could be consumed without social injury. We have left an army of a quarter of a million liquor-sellers, to whom we are paying three hundred million dollars every year. Society is rendering to them a pretty valuable service. What service are they rendering to society? They are devoting their energies to the destruction of society. They live wholly upon the ruin of their fellow-men. The whole tendency of the employment for which society pays them so large a sum is to reduce their fellow-citizens to those conditions of want and disease and moral degradation in which society becomes impossible. We are safe in characterizing this as a highly unsocial proceeding.

I have not intended any exaggeration in these statements; I believe that I have kept far within the truth. Neither have I any nostrum for the cure of this disease, nor any faith in those most commonly advertised. My own belief is that the roots of this evil run very deep, and that it will take many generations to eradicate them.

Nevertheless, it is well for all students of human welfare to keep distinctly before their minds the unsocial effects of intemperance—the large number of persons who, through this vice, become violators of the organic law of society, either as its burdens or as its foes.

II.

LET US now consider those unsocial forces that make war upon society by assailing the family. The monogamous family, formed by the union of one woman with one man, and by the increase of children born to them, is the structural unit of modern society. Whatever may be the political unit, the family is the social unit. Society is an organism. Now, as a physical organism is formed not of atoms nor of molecules, but of organized cells, in like manner the modern social organism is composed not of individuals, but of households.

What the earlier forms of society may have been I do not undertake to say; but it is almost certain that monogamy is a late product of the social evolution. Late or early, it is by most philosophers admitted to characterize that society whose type is the highest and whose foundations are the firmest.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Data of Ethics," tells us that "tribes in which promiscuity prevails, or in which the marital relations are transitory, and tribes in which polyandry entails in another way indefinite relationships, are incapable of much organization. Nor do peoples who are habitually polygamous show themselves able to take on those high forms of social coöperation which demand due subordination of self to others. Only when monogamic marriage has become general and eventually universal, only when there have consequently been established the closest ties of blood, only when family altruism has been most fostered, has social altruism become most conspicuous."

Mr. Bagehot, in his "Physics and Politics," shows how the training of the family fits nations for survival and conquest. "A cohesive family," he says, "is the best germ for a campaigning nation. In a Roman family the boys, from the time of their birth, were bred to a domestic despotism which well prepared them for subjection in after life to a military discipline, a military drill, and a military despotism. They were ready to obey their generals because they were compelled to obey their fathers; they conquered the world in manhood because as children they were bred in homes where the tradition of passionate valor was steadied by the habit of implacable order. And nothing of this is possible in loosely bound family groups (if they can be called families at all), where the father is more or less uncertain, where descent is not traced through him. . . . An ill-knit nation, which does not recognize paternity as a legal relation, would be conquered like a mob by any other nation which had a vestige or a beginning of the *patria potestas*."

In another place he says: "The nations with a thoroughly compacted family system have 'possessed the earth,'—that is, they have taken all the finest districts in the most competed-for parts; and the nations with loose systems have been merely left to mountain-ranges and lonely islands. The family system, and that in its highest form (the monogamous form), has been so exclusively the system of civilization that literature hardly recognizes any other."

These witnesses testify from a point of view strictly scientific; they are not the slaves of tradition; they only repeat the verdict of

history. The fact that the monogamous family furnishes the highest type of the social organization—the one most favorable to stability and strength and peace—is beyond the denial of intelligent men.

The dependence of the physical welfare of society upon the maintenance of the family is easily explained. Even the physical vigor of the people is likely to decline under any other system. Population would decrease by the substitution for monogamy of either polyandry or polygamy; and the physical nurture of young children can be provided for in no other way so well as in the monogamous family. As a matter of history, polyandry has commonly been based on the practice of destroying female infants, or of selling them after they are grown into foreign parts; while polygamy is ordinarily the consequence of fierce and constant wars in which the males of the population are largely destroyed. Both these forms of domestic life seem, therefore, to grow out of conditions in the highest degree unsocial.

But it is not chiefly for its physical existence and welfare that society depends on the family. It is for the cultivation of the moral qualities that fit men for association with one another that the family is indispensable. "Monogamy is doubtless the Creator's law," says Professor Roscher, "since only in monogamous countries can we expect to find the intimate union of family life, the beauties of social intercourse and free citizenship." The passages which I have quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Walter Bagehot emphasize the importance of the family as a training-school in which discipline and the habit of subordination and the unselfish sentiments and habitudes are acquired. Without these virtues society is impossible, and there is no school for the cultivation of these virtues that compares with the monogamous family. We are beginning to discover, in our charitable work, that it is better to place the children who are the wards of the State in families than to rear them in asylums and refuges; since a home which comes considerably short of the ideal is a better place for a child to grow up in than the best public institutions.

Since, therefore, the family in its present form bears to society a relation so vital; since, in Mr. Spencer's words, "those high forms of social coöperation which demand due subordination of self to others" are only taken on by those who have been trained in the family, it is evident that any force assailing the sacredness or the security of the family must be, in the highest sense of the word, an unsocial force. By so much as the permanence of the family is disturbed, by so much

is the bond of society weakened. An increase of the proportion of the people who do not live in families means an increase of public peril, a decay of social virtue, a diminution of the common weal.

Unfortunately, it is quite impossible to deny that this institution, on whose health the social order depends, is now suffering a considerable loss of respect and power. There are yet in the land hundreds of thousands of safe and happy homes; but the proportion of our population who do not live in families is steadily increasing. That this must be true is made evident by two startling facts: first, that the proportion of marriages to the population is rapidly decreasing; second, that the proportion of divorces to the number of marriages is rapidly increasing. Fewer families are formed; more families are broken up.

The statistics of Massachusetts relating to this subject are more complete than those of any other State; but, so far as the facts have been gathered in other States, substantially the same tendencies appear. We may take Massachusetts, therefore, as a fair sample; and we find that in that commonwealth the population increased between 1860 and 1880 forty-five per cent., while the marriages increased only twenty-five per cent. In 1860 there was one marriage to every 99 persons; in 1880 one marriage to every 114 persons.

The number of divorces, meanwhile, increased from 243 in 1860 to 600 in 1878 (I have not the figures for 1880), one hundred and forty-five per cent. In 1860 there was one divorce for every 51 marriages; in 1878 there was one divorce for every 21 marriages. Massachusetts is the best of the New England States in this respect; in all the others the proportion of divorces to marriages is much larger than in Massachusetts.

It is not possible to add to the significance of these figures. They are the numerical expression of a force that is assailing the foundations of society. Fewer families, smaller families, an increasing number of families disbanded by divorce—this is the ominous record. A much smaller proportion of our people are now living in families than was the case twenty-five or fifty years ago. This means less discipline of the young; less self-restraint among young and old; less training in the virtues of industry and sympathy and helpfulness and self-sacrifice. It means, also, a greater exposure of the young and the weak to temptation, and greater opportunities of vice. Part of what it signifies is seen in the fact that while twenty years ago the number of illegitimate children annually born in Massachusetts was less than three hundred, the number now born every year exceeds

eight hundred. The population has increased, meanwhile, only about forty-five per cent.

It is not necessary to infer from these figures that the era of national dissolution has set in. On the whole, the world is growing better; but in this current of moral progress there are eddies, and we are just now in one of them. Therefore it becomes us to take our bearings.

Some reasons for this state of things readily suggest themselves. The effect of the popular social philosophy, which during the last quarter of a century has greatly exaggerated individualism, has been alluded to in a former article. The sacredness of personality has been exalted, and the relations and mutual obligations of persons have been overlooked. Most of our talk has been of rights, not much of duties or of services; and the consequence is a disinclination to assume the responsibilities and to make the sacrifices involved in the family relation. With this intellectual cause must be reckoned an economical cause, the effects of which are visible on every side. The large system of industry which masses the population in the cities and the great manufacturing centers affords, if I mistake not, an explanation of many of the facts which we have been considering. Economically, this modern system, by which capital is aggregated in vast amounts and laborers are congregated in great multitudes, is, no doubt, an improvement over the old system; it enormously increases production, and multiplies the wealth of the nation. But socially and morally the system has not yet justified itself; it requires considerable modification to make it serve the social interests of the community.

What are the facts? In the cities and in the large manufacturing villages great numbers of laborers of both sexes—more than half of them young women—are gathered together. Many of them come from the country; the growth of the cities at the expense of the country consists largely in the removal of the young men and women from the farms to the cities and the factory towns, where they find employment in the mills and the shops. Here they are thrown together rather rudely in their work; the boarding-houses where most of them spend their nights and their Sundays afford them none of the restraints of a home; their evenings are wont to find them on the streets and in cheap places of amusement. The wages of these operatives, especially of the females, are, as a general rule, very small. In a table showing the wages paid in forty-four different mills in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, I find that the average wages paid to women was \$6.10 per week, and to female children \$3.41. I

am sure that the average weekly earnings of females over fifteen years of age, in our factories, box shops, button shops, brass-works, and so forth, would be less than five dollars. Out of this those who do not live at home must pay for board and room, washing and clothing. What a pinching life this must be can be easily imagined.

In the same communities where these girls are employed are numbers of young men of their own social grade, and of grades a little higher, to whom marriage and the possession of a home seem, in the present state of society, a distant and not always a desirable prospect.

Such are the conditions—the herding together of operatives, male and female, in places remote from their homes, with low wages and strong temptations. The moral fruits of such an exposure are not likely to promote the founding of permanent families; the character and habits developed in such an environment are not the best outfit for happy wedlock.

Another feature of the life we are considering is its lack of permanence. Owing to strikes, failures, changes of business, operatives are continually flitting from one place to another. Such instability of life discourages the forming of families, and often results in scattering those that are formed.

I am convinced that it is to the industrial conditions which I have now in an inadequate way outlined, that much of the neglect and deterioration of family life is due. There are manufacturing communities in which these evils have been largely overcome, through the intelligence and good-will of the employers of labor. They may be overcome everywhere. But the unsocial forces that are undermining the family, and thus assailing the life of society in its most vital part, are generated to a considerable degree by the selfishness which too often characterizes the administration of capital. They will not be counteracted until employers cease to think of labor simply as a commodity, and begin to understand their responsibility for the moral and social welfare of the people by whose labor their fortunes are gained.

III.

BUT by far the most dangerous of the unsocial forces now threatening the destruction of society is the gambling mania. It is probably true that there is less of what may be called social gambling now than there was one hundred years ago. In the days of Queen Anne and the Georges in England, and in our own revolutionary times, gambling was a common

diversion in what was considered the best society; men like Fox, Pitt, and Wilberforce, at one time or another in their lives, plunged deeply into its excitements; it was scarcely disreputable at that time, on either side of the water, to play heavily for money. Of late years this has not been true, though the signs are that the practice is just now becoming more prevalent in fashionable society. The fascinations of poker are, if I am rightly informed, beginning to be confessed in many polite circles.

Lottery gambling, also, in spite of all the measures taken to suppress it, still holds its own pretty firmly, and especially among the poorest classes. The amount of money squandered by poor laborers, by negroes more than by any other class, in the policy-shops of our chief cities, is said to be very large. Gambling-houses of all sorts, recognized as such, are commonly suppressed in well-ordered communities; here and there in a city moral sentiment is too weak to cope with the abomination, but weakness of this sort is universally regarded as a reproach. Such places exist, of course, in all our large cities; but they generally hide themselves. The social injury resulting from those forms of gambling to which I have now alluded is, no doubt, very great. Tens of thousands of our young men, for whom great sacrifices have been made, on whom the future welfare of households depends, are ruined by them every year; most observing persons are ready to repeat from personal knowledge sad stories of the wreck of fortune and character. But the injury done to society by those forms of gambling that are recognized and undisguised is trifling when compared with the damage done by that form of gambling which wears the mask of business. Those are the pimples on the skin; this is the corruption in the blood.

This kind of gambling is sometimes called speculation; but speculation it is not, in any proper sense of that word. To buy property of any sort and hold it for a rise in its value is a legitimate business transaction. Speculation, when it hoards the necessities of life, may often be a heartless and injurious business; it may, on the other hand, have beneficent results, putting money in the hands of producers in the dulllest times, carrying over an unsalable surplus, and thus equalizing the pressure of supply and demand. "To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market" may sound like an extremely selfish maxim, and the man who has no higher principle of action will not attain to any heroic virtue; nevertheless, society can have no quarrel with him. Buying and selling may be selfish business; but buying and selling is a wholly dif-

ferent operation from gambling; and a very large share of the so-called commercial operations of this land to-day is not buying and selling at all, but simply and only gambling.

All legitimate commerce consists in an exchange of values. If I buy goods of a merchant, there is an exchange of money for merchandise; the merchant desires the money more than the merchandise; I desire the merchandise more than the money. It is simply a transfer of property, by which each one satisfies his wants. If I employ a physician to attend me in sickness, or a music-teacher to instruct my children, or a laborer to clean my carpets, there is still an exchange of values. I give my money for the services of the physician or the music-teacher or the laborer because they are valuable to me; they give me their services because they want my money. But when one man bets another that a certain card has such a face, or that one horse will trot a mile in fewer seconds than another, or that wheat will sell for so many cents a bushel thirty days from date, and the loser pays the bet, what exchange takes place? The winner gets the loser's money; the loser gets nothing at all in exchange for it. This is gambling. The gambler's business is simply this: to get money or other property away from his neighbors, and to give them nothing whatever in exchange for it. Whatever money or other property any man wins in gambling some one else loses; by as much as he is enriched some one else is impoverished; for all that he has got in gambling he has given no equivalent. Other people have parted with the money that he has gained, and he has given them for it no merchandise, no service, no pleasure, no accommodation — nothing whatever. This is the nature of all gambling; and it is easy to see that it is egoism in its most virulent form — the precise kind of egoism that renders society impossible. If "society is produced," as Carey says, "by an exchange of services," gambling is the antithesis of society.

There is a striking passage from "The Study of Sociology," in which Mr. Herbert Spencer discusses the nature of gambling. He is pointing out the shallowness of the treatment generally given to this subject by moralists. "Listen," he says, "to a conversation about gambling, and when reprobation is expressed, note the grounds of the reprobation: that it tends to the ruin of the gambler; that it risks the welfare of family and friends; that it alienates from business and leads into bad company — these and such as these are the reasons given for condemning the practice. Rarely is gambling condemned because it is a kind of gratification by which pleasure

is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money which purchases gratification, implies, first, that there has been put forth effort of a kind which, in some way, furthers the general good; and implies, secondly, that those from whom the money is received get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfactions. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth; and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is, therefore, essentially anti-social."

And this is precisely the kind of action followed by all those persons who practice what is called speculating in margins, — that is, betting on the future value of stocks or produce. It is useless to try to disguise the real nature of these transactions; they are simply gambling, nothing more nor less. What is the difference between the gambling practiced at a faro bank and the gambling practiced by those persons who buy and sell margins? One man bets another that ten thousand bushels of wheat will be worth so much at a certain future time; if it is selling in the market at that time for less than the price named, he agrees to pay the difference; if it is selling for more than the amount named, the other shall pay him the difference. Neither party owns a bushel of wheat; there is no transfer of merchandise; there is simply a transfer from the one man's pocket to the other man's pocket of the money won in the bet. Oil and corn and pork, and all the great staples of agriculture, are employed in the same way by the gamblers; so are all the stocks of great railroads and steamship companies and manufacturing companies and mines. Men who never own any of these kinds of property spend their lives in gambling in them, or, rather, about them, — betting on their future prices, and doing their best by such reports, true or false, as they can circulate, and such influences, good or bad, as they can bring to bear, to raise or lower these future prices, so as to make them correspond to their bets.

To say that gambling in margins is as bad as faro or roulette is a very weak statement; it is immeasurably worse. It is far more dishonest. The gambler in margins does his best to load the dice on which he bets his money. It is, moreover, far more injurious. By this practice values are unsettled; business is often paralyzed; the price of the necessities of life is forced upward. The poor man's loaf grows small as the gambler's gains increase. Every cent made by this class of men is taken from the industrial classes with no compensation. This must be so, because

they live and grow rich, although they perform for society no service whatever. The men who play in the gambling-houses only rob one another and such innocents as they can lure into their dens; the men who bet on margins on Broad street and State street, and in the Boards of Trade, rob the whole country; every man who buys bread, who burns oil, who rides a mile in a railway car, pays tribute of his earnings to the treasuries of these gamblers. How many are there of them now operating in this country? How large is their aggregate income from this source? I have seen a recent estimate which puts the amount of which the "lamb" are shorn in the New York stock market alone at eight hundred million dollars a year. I do not vouch for this; it seems to me an extravagant figure. But everybody knows that the men who gamble in margins are a great multitude, and that there are not a few among them who count their gains by millions and by tens of millions. All this is plunder. The gambler's gains are all plunder. He may be a pillar in the church; he may hobnob with college presidents, and sit on commencement platforms, and be pointed out to the young men with notes of admiration as one of our merchant princes, but he is a plunderer; all his goods have been gained by the spoiling of his neighbors; it is not by coöperating with his fellow-men, but by preying upon them, that he has obtained the wealth that renders him an object of worship.

From whom is this plunder extorted? Most of it comes from the pockets of venturesome people in city and country, who have heard that money is made by speculating in margins, and who risk and lose their savings, great or small—the fruits of legitimate industry. The fleecing of these "lamb" affords the gamblers a great revenue. Another part of their spoil is won as the result of cunning combinations, in which the courts have sometimes been induced to join, and by which the prices of valuable stocks (sometimes ironically called securities) are forced up or down to suit their purposes, the conspirators buying when the innocent and helpless owners are frightened into selling at a sacrifice, and selling when unwary investors are tempted into buying an inflated stock. This is something worse than gambling; it is sheer robbery. And people who hold up their hands with horror at the rantings of a few crazy communists, sit by and suck their thumbs while operations of this sort are going on.

It is not often, however, that the gamblers are able to make use of the courts in spoiling their victims. A Canadian judge lately threw out of court a suit brought to recover a debt

owed by one who had lost in betting on margins, because it was nothing but a gambling debt. Similar decisions have been given in several of our own courts. The fact that such transactions are contrary to law and to public morality would be affirmed by any respectable jurist.

It is amazing to witness the dullness of the public conscience upon this matter. The evil has called forth but faint reprobation. I am ready to believe that multitudes of men who follow this nefarious business are but dimly sensible of its real nature. A practice so widespread, and against which the reputable classes raise so little objection, may well have seemed to ambitious young men innocent and legitimate. What Mr. Spencer says about the inadequacy of the treatment which the whole subject has received from the teachers of morality is profoundly true. A young man who had been graduated recently from one of our best colleges told me the other day that the only ground on which his teacher in ethics taught him to condemn gambling was that it substituted an appeal to chance for the exercise of reason and judgment. One might as well make the wrong of stealing to consist in the habits of indolence which it encourages in the thief. Gambling is, indeed, ethically of the same nature as stealing, and is to be condemned for the same reasons. Socially and economically, the gamblers of a community sustain to its industrial system precisely the same relation as do its thieves. It is a hard word to say, but it is the exact scientific truth; and it is high time that somebody said it.

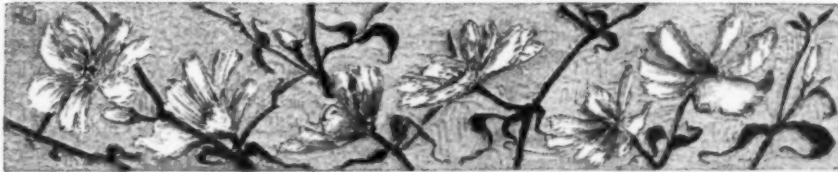
One would like to know how often and how distinctly this truth is enforced in the leading pulpits of New York and Chicago and Boston, and the other great cities where business gambling is most prevalent. We hear occasionally of clergymen who bet on margins; nobody believes that this is a common practice among ministers; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether this class of our public teachers have borne witness, as they ought to have done, against the iniquity. One or two of the secular papers have treated it intelligently and vigorously; but the press in general has dealt with it but gingerly. In a newspaper controversy concerning a governor's private stock operations, the belief that he was addicted to such practices did not discredit him much in the opinion of most of the journalists; the only question was whether he had slaughtered his friends in the fray, or whether he had used other people's money in the transaction. I do not undertake to condemn or to justify this governor; I am simply referring to the general tone of the public

press in discussing the charges against him, which seemed to admit that it is all right for a governor to gamble, provided he gambles fairly. Clearly there is need of a great deal of elementary teaching on this subject, in order that a public sentiment may be created which will deal with the evil in an effective way. Those men who follow the business must be made to see that gambling, in its many phases, is the parasite of commerce, the corrupter of youth, the evil genius of our civilization, and that every man who follows the trade is as truly an enemy of society as if he went about picking his neighbors' pockets or setting their harvest fields on fire.

THAT these three maladies which assail the national life are necessarily fatal need not be asserted, but it is not well to conceal from ourselves the truth that they are dangerous. Over against these anti-social forces are the pow-

ers that make for unity: the intelligence and conscience and benevolence of a people among whom the Christian ethics is yet, we may hope, something more than an obsolete sentiment; the love of equity, not easily extinguished in the breasts of Anglo-Saxons; the steadily growing feeling of a common interest; the vast combinations of industry and commerce that are wholly inoperative without confidence and good-will. All these are mighty, and they will prevail in the end against the evil. Of their triumph on this soil, in the life of this nation, we must not, however, be so sanguine as to neglect the supply of the conditions on which alone these remedial and constructive forces will do their work. For we must remember what Professor Roscher says, that in this case the patient is also the physician; and that the cure depends on the clearness of his intelligence and the firmness of his will.

Washington Gladden.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Republican Institutions and the Spoils System.

THERE is no time in the progress of a reform when it is more necessary to insist upon its correct principles than during the period in which it is becoming fashionable. The ardor of those who have supported it from conviction naturally cools a little at the public success with which apparently it is meeting; while those who espouse the cause for selfish reasons are likely, from the same motives, to wish to assume its active advocacy and direction before the public, with more or less consequent risk to the integrity of its success. Such is now the case with the cause of Civil Service Reform. Within a few years it has advanced from a following which, with equal safety, could be flattered within national platforms and snubbed without, to a firm support among thoughtful and unpartisan men who know that they hold the balance of power in the nation, and who are not afraid to exercise it. At the same time the shrewder politicians see that in the fight between the spoils system and the merit system the former must eventually go under, and they are looking out for their own interests with amazing zeal. It is especially important at this stage of the reform that the exposition and defense of the new system shall not be confined to those men, of either political party, who have

been recently insisting that it is impractical or unrepblican. The chief interest which the American people will have in the next Presidency, after that which concerns the personal character of the candidates, will lie in the treatment of the patronage of the Executive. We believe that it is being more generally perceived that the one fundamental reform of importance—without which the judgment of the country on any other question cannot be arrived at—is the thorough, general, and permanent divorce of politics and patronage. This is the people's reform, and through it alone may they hope to realize the aim of the Constitution, by the reënfanchisement of the voter.

That in this restoration of power to the individual the reform is fundamentally republican, is a doctrine which needs continually to be set forth. Opponents of the merit system tell us that republican equality requires that all citizens should have an equal chance to hold office, and that a system of appointment based on examination and probation, and requiring in candidates a degree of knowledge above the ordinary, is an aristocratic system, which ought not to be permitted in a free nation like this. Moreover, they maintain that a tenure of office during good behavior, or anything approaching it, would also be unrepblican, since it would restrict the offices to a small number of

men, and prevent the great mass of American citizens from attaining office at all. These arguments have been repeatedly urged in opposition to reform principles, and have probably had considerable influence with a certain order of minds, thus serving as an obstacle to the progress of reform.

Meanwhile, the opponents of free government in Europe, perhaps taking the hint from our own politicians, have shown a disposition to treat the abuses in our civil service as a natural result of republican government, and therefore as a condemnation of that government itself. Thus the alleged connection between republican principles and the spoils system is made to serve two purposes, the enemies of reform among ourselves using it to justify abuses, and the enemies of republican government in Europe using it as an argument against republicanism itself. It is well, therefore, to consider whether there is any foundation for the allegation thus made, whether the spoils system is really a consequence of republican principles of government, or whether it is not rather due to a perversion of those principles, and therefore opposed to the true ideal of a republican state.

Now, in regard to the charge preferred by monarchists, that the abuses in our civil service are the effect of our system of government, and a proof of its inferiority, we remark that this charge is not borne out by history. Bad as these abuses have been, they are not a whit worse than those that formerly prevailed in the monarchies of Europe, and in some respects not so bad. Until recent years, the spoils system was everywhere prevalent in a more or less aggravated form in all European states; and in the times when monarchy and oligarchy were most supreme, the abuses of the system were most flagrant. In England, for instance, but a few generations ago, the administrative offices were used in the most open way to reward the personal followers of kings and nobles, and to provide places for their broken-down servants; while the political corruption and bribery used to influence elections and parliamentary proceedings were far worse than anything of the kind ever seen in the United States.

The causes, too, of the spoils system are essentially the same everywhere, and are quite as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic. The chief cause, of course, is the passion for public office; but this is aggravated by the spirit of party, which leads men to wish that the offices should be held by members of their own party, even if meritorious officers have to be turned out to make room for them. Now the passion for office is well-nigh universal, and is quite as strong and as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic, and manifests itself in the same way. The spirit of party, too, is quite as prevalent, and party contests are quite as bitter, in a monarchy as in a free state; the only difference being that in an absolute monarchy they are carried on by intrigues and cabals around the throne, while in a free state they are conducted openly before the whole people. There is nothing, then, either in the nature of free government or in history, to indicate that the abuses of our civil service are effects of republican institutions, to which governments of a less popular character are not liable. Several European states, however, and notably England, have preceded us in the work of reforming their administrative systems, and so just at present

they make a better showing than we do. But there is nothing to indicate that the reform is any more difficult here than it was there, or that reformed methods are any less adapted to our method of government than to theirs, and we should not be at all surprised if our civil service should ultimately stand the highest.

But what shall we say, then, to those of our own citizens who maintain that a reformed service would be contrary to republican principles? The charge has been so often made that it would seem that there must be some foundation for it, at least in the minds of those who make it; and we think that its real foundation is not difficult to discover. That reformed methods are really in any respect opposed to republican principles we altogether deny; but there is a spurious version of those principles which has somewhat widely prevailed, and which furnishes, we think, all the basis there is for the charge we are considering. Republican government is professedly based on the doctrine of equality, that is to say, on the doctrine that all men ought to be equal before the law, and have an equal voice in the ultimate decision of political questions. But the principle of equality has sometimes been held to mean that one man is as good as another, and consequently that all have an equal right to office, whether they have taken pains to fit themselves for it or not. This spurious theory of equality has in times past been somewhat prevalent in this country, and has contributed to the abuses of our civil service. It has, in conjunction with the spirit of party, been the chief cause of the custom known as rotation in office. This custom has been far more prevalent in this country than it ever was in England; for though in that country, before the civil service was reformed, some changes were always made by an incoming administration, there was no such clean sweep as has commonly been made here when a new party came into power. Nor can there be much doubt that the prevalence of this custom in this country is largely due to the spurious doctrine of equality; for when once it is established that all men have an equal right to hold office, the practice of rotation becomes a natural method of "giving everybody a chance."

We believe, however, that the spurious doctrine of equality is much less prevalent among us than it was, and that the majority of our people now clearly recognize that, while all ought to be equal before the law, all are by no means equal in fitness for office. We believe that the true doctrine of equality is becoming the dominant one, and that popular sentiment in regard to filling the offices has already so greatly changed that rotation has lost its popularity. It is getting to be recognized that though no class ought to have a monopoly of office, yet no man ought to have an office for which he is not fitted, and that the only way to ascertain a man's fitness is by examination and probation for that purpose. It is getting to be recognized, too, that public offices are not prizes to be given as rewards to party servants, but public functions to be discharged by the best qualified persons, and that, other things equal, the man who has held an office for years is better qualified for its duties than a new man would be. Hence the growing popularity of the reformed methods wherever they are understood, and hence the favor with which initiation of reform in the national administration has been received.

Under the new system the offices will be filled by men who have proved themselves fitted to hold them; and when a man has an office, he will not be liable to be turned out after a brief term of service to make room for a new man no better than himself. Every citizen cannot have an office, for there are not enough offices to go round; but every one will have a chance to apply for office whenever there is one to be filled, and the place will be given to him who is deemed most worthy. It is hard to see how anything can be more truly republican than this. We are confident that as the new system becomes better known its popularity will increase, and that it will be found far more in harmony with true republican principles than the spoils system could ever be.

Business Gambling.

ELSEWHERE in this number of *THE CENTURY* business gambling is discussed as one of "Three Dangers" which most threaten society, the other two being intemperance and divorce. Perversion of business is certainly the most conspicuous evil, and probably the one from which society has most to fear in the future. Like all other forms of gambling, betting on the future price of stocks and produce is a delusion as a means of money-getting. But it is a delusion which appeals seductively to the popular ambition to get rich easily and quickly. The great exchanges, by letting it in through the same door with honest speculation, and by vouching for the regularity of the gambling transaction, have given the delusion the mask of business. Men of prominence have lent it the mask of respectability. Most of the gigantic fortunes of the country have with their support given it the mask of success. Into the bubble have been drawn "bright" office-boys, "trustworthy" clerks, "sturdy" farmers, "solid" business men, "leading" professional men, "conservative" bank presidents, railway "magnates," and "honored" or "aspiring" statesmen. Those of them who have enjoyed success as fleecers have reasoned that the profits justified the means; and those who have been fleeced have retired on their experience, some maimed, some ruined, and some to nurse the inveterate gambling passion by risking more in the effort to get back what has been lost. Under cover of the enormous gambling transactions, grasping managers of stock companies and dishonest schemers have swelled the bubble with diluted stock and funded moonshine, with the result of breaking down the honest investment market. Such bold-faced robbery as has been practiced in various ways under the name of "stock dividends" could never have happened had not bankers and dealers been demoralized by the profits of illegitimate business.

Men have gone into fictitious speculation who would not be suspected ordinarily of patronizing faro or roulette, much less of having a proprietary interest in the "game." But the difference is mainly in the form. Many of the terms in vogue among the blackleg fraternity are in use, either literally or by synonym, in Bowling Green, Hanover Square, and Wall street. Brokerage and the banker's interest on the money borrowed in the gambling transaction are the Wall street equivalents for "the usual percentage that goes to the game." So if the "lamb" has even luck,—if fortune favors as often as it fails,—every

time he turns over his fleece he loses a handful of it. In time it all disappears, if not in losses, then in percentage and interest. For, in the long run, money is made at business gambling only by the men who have the power to juggle with the market, or the means, as it were, of "loading the dice." Certainly it has not been uncommon for managers of corporations to make opportunities for fleecing the "street," or to take underhand advantage of circumstances coming within their official knowledge. It is common also for strong operators to raid the street, up or down, not with the appearance, to be sure, of guerrillas attacking an express train, but with the same profit at other people's expense. But even for the experienced manipulators of the market it is not all profit and no risk. Only recently we have seen a costly day of reckoning come to a desperate operator, who had been a financial king or freebooter, and to a miserly millionaire, both of whom have carried stock-gambling to the depth of peddling "privileges" to small speculators through curb-stone agents—a business which bears the same relation to the operations of the Exchange that the card and dice men on the outskirts of a country circus bear to a "responsible" gambling-house.

It is the fascination of business gambling that, apparently, it offers greater scope to brains than do the ordinary games of chance. Operations on 'change require, for any degree of success beyond occasional luck, knowledge of corporate transactions, the accumulation and coordination of other trustworthy information, and a nicety of judgment beyond the reach of any but the keenest business intellects. And here again, as in the following of gambling systems at Monaco, confidence and knowledge may be dangerous things. Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long" or selling "short" or dealing in "futures." Of course, stock exchanges and produce exchanges are useful adjuncts of honest commerce, and bankers and brokers are necessary to the operations of exchange. But, one year taken with another, the true interests of exchanges and bankers and brokers, like the interests of society in general, will be found to lie in the way of real trading. Fictitious trading demoralizes commerce with fictitious prices, and is the cause of extravagance, recklessness, and low business morality. When the gambling transactions exceed the honest investments more than twenty-fold, as some have estimated, it is impossible to have a sound condition of business. And when stocks suffer, as recently, a depreciation of over two thousand millions of dollars mainly because of gambling influences, stocks which are real property dissipate only less rapidly than those which were merely "water" and therefore disappeared like vapor.

Perhaps the most culpable, because the most responsible, of the men who have stimulated the gambling mania are the bankers who supply the capital without which these transactions could not be carried through the Exchange under the guise of transfers of stock. These bankers know very well that the business would be regarded by them as immoral and unsound if the profits were not so captivating. Said one of them to a new firm of brokers whose account he was taking: "Whatever you do, don't 'lay down' on your bank";—in other words: "When the day of disaster overtakes you, protect your financial partner from loss by 'lay-

ing down on somebody else." Of greater significance is the fact that "conservative" bankers and brokers, who are eager to help others into the mazes of Wall street, prefer to have their customers think it is a rule of the firm never to gamble on its own account.

It is a question to what extent these abuses of legitimate trade can be corrected by legislative remedies. But the subject is one which deserves careful study from legislators, and a different moral attitude on the part of business men; for it is plain to see that honest industry and honest commerce are suffering from a parasitic growth which is sapping both their physical strength and moral energy.

Legacies of the War.

THE year now drawing to its close has witnessed events in the United States of a nature calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions. It is not necessary to name over the long and melancholy list. Political scandals and revelations of commercial dishonor are fresh in the minds of all, and all have observed the apparently lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage, the growing tendency toward stock-gambling in all sections of the community, and the increased popular success of demagogism in public life.

If most of the events and tendencies which distress the judicious are examined, they will be found to be in some way connected with the great civil war which ended nineteen years ago; they are in a certain sense a part of the price we have had to pay for our national unity. The very prosperity which followed upon the reunion of the States gave rise to those gigantic schemes which brought the small but poisonous band of railroad-wrecking millionaires upon us; hence, too, the amateur speculation which is the ruin of the peace, fortunes, and morals of so many homes. Again, the unscrupulous demagogues, who have lately proved so successful in the various party organizations, have very often been men who traded on their "war records," either as actual soldiers or as promoters otherwise of the cause of the Union. More than one community has had the chance of watching the metamorphosis of a young and enthusiastic company of workers for the "Union cause," at the time of or soon after the war, into a middle-aged band of robbers of the public tills,—sometimes tolerated through the fatal apathy of honest citizens, more rarely exposed and sent to prison. The spoils system itself, though earlier than the war, and therefore not a direct outgrowth of it, was nevertheless intensified, and invested with a species of sacredness, by the natural heat and enthusiasm of the war feeling.

But he would be a shallow observer indeed who did not see beside the events and tendencies to which we have alluded others of a most hopeful and reassuring character. If there seems to be a culmination of evil things, there is a culmination of the good also. Nothing can stay the progress of the greatest reform that has been started since the old Anti-Slavery days. And the reform of the civil service means not merely a purification of our governmental system; it means also, ultimately, the reform of our entire public life. In both of the leading parties a new class of politicians have already begun to take the field, and

with the highest success; men like Mayor Low of Brooklyn and Theodore Roosevelt of New York City—such men as these have already done much to make the abused word "politician" the respectable designation of a highly useful and worthy class of citizens. It will be noticed that among the men prominent at this moment as connected in one party or the other with the reform principle, are many who have come up since the war. They have taken their places after the great questions growing out of that conflict were largely decided, and they are addressing themselves with energy to the new problems which are calling everywhere for attention.

Among the signs that the great body of the people are not thoroughly contaminated by the low and cynical views of expediency and the mephistophelian principles of the large number of political "strikers" and "boomers," of all parties and sections, who of late have been so noisy and apparently pervading—among these signs, we say, is the interest taken in the agitation of the temperance question, an agitation it may be not always wisely or justly conducted, but on the whole a moral movement of the deepest and most healthy significance. Another sign is the extraordinary courage of independence on the part of individuals connected with the various political organizations, and the quick and wide response to every point of conscience raised by those who are looked upon as the purest and least disinterested among the leaders of thought.

Indeed, there are many signs in the sky of a better day to come. The legacies of the war are not all bad. The good effects of national unity are now so apparent that many of those who did their heroic best to disserve these States are glad that they failed in the attempt. One of the legacies of the war is human freedom; and though the condition of the freed race to-day offers many serious and perplexing problems, still there are few, white or black, who despise or regret this priceless legacy of the war. But the greatest legacy of the war is a mighty and swiftly increasing nation, which has to work out,—through the moral stamina, public spirit, and watchfulness of its individual citizens,—not only its own salvation, but, one may almost say, the salvation of the human race itself. To despair of America is to despair of humanity. It is not time to despair of America until all the influences for good, which are now actively at work in every part of our enormous territory, shall be utterly exhausted.

American Monumental Art.

SOME of the New York papers have lately been discussing an American custom of giving out public monuments, not to professional sculptors and architects, but to business houses. These firms may or may not employ competent artists, and the artists, good or bad, are amenable, not to the persons engaging the work, but to the firms that directly employ them.

There can be no doubt that this system is a dangerous one. There is always a chance that a work of monumental art may never attain to be a "work of art" at all, through the failure of even a good artist to do his best, or through the certainty that a commonplace artist will do poorly. Indeed, committees may congratulate themselves if they manage to get hold of even a commonplace artist, when we see how many

committees have been the prey of wire-pulling ignoramuses. For it is a singular fact that there is more charlatanism in sculpture than in any other of the arts; in other words, it is apparently easier for a totally incompetent modeler to pose as a real sculptor, than it is for a totally incompetent painter to pose as a genuine master of the art of painting.

To the danger that committees may be imposed upon by the quackery of self-styled artists is added the danger that they may be imposed upon by the energy and wiles of business "drummers." Incompe-

tent "sculptors" are always seeking jobs, sometimes even originating them; and now we have prosperous and reputable business firms "making specialties" of soldiers' monuments and what not! The public, and especially committees, ought to bear in mind that the very best artistic talent can seldom be obtained through "middlemen," and that business houses, not composed of trained artists, are as little likely to produce masterpieces of monumental art as "literary bureaux" would be likely to furnish on demand, and at most-for-your-money prices, first-class novels or inspired poems.

OPEN LETTERS.

Young Alumni in Politics.

[The following Open Letter was written before the recent Presidential Conventions. Mr. Spahr's views will be read with special interest at the present moment.—EDITOR.]

THE editor of THE CENTURY has recently called attention to the fact that educated young men find nothing in the old political parties to rouse enthusiasm. The most stalwart partisans do not deny this statement, but in general claim that the lack of enthusiasm is the fault of the young men, and not of the parties.

It is not the object of this article to make any attack upon those who call themselves practical politicians. I fully realize that some of these "men without theories" are not men without thoughts, and that some who are subjectively "hard-headed" are not objectively "thick-headed." The object of this article is to start from the recognized fact that the young alumni of the country do not stand with the old parties, and to try to show where, as a body, we do stand. We do not pride ourselves upon being theorists. We have therefore no particular quarrel with those who claim to be practical. We would commend their attacks upon our lack of party spirit, did we think, as they do, that an interest in party and an interest in politics are identical. Our justification is in the fact that our increased interest in political problems has been as marked as our decreased interest in party manoeuvres. We hold that when parties are based upon offices they can only claim the devotion of those who hold the offices. If they will give us a party which is based upon principles, we who hold the principles will work for it enthusiastically.

Of the questions now before the American people, there are two upon which our faith is practically united, and in regard to which the vast majority of us desire to make our influence felt. Almost as a unit we are in favor of *Civil Service and Tariff Reform*. During the struggle to maintain the Union, the evils connected with the civil service and the tariff were lost sight of by the general public, but were watched and fostered by the privileged classes dependent upon them. During the political torpor which followed the struggle, these classes insisted that those who strove for reform were trying to revive "dead issues." The event has proven that the issues were not dead but sleeping, and in their

sleep had gathered power. The reformers were told that to attack the established order was un-American. The event has proven that the American people consider nothing to be un-American which means "equality before the laws." Indeed, it is more than probable that the accomplishment of these reforms will be the next great step in the consummation of national unity. The one reform will take away the bitterness of party strife, while the other will put an end to class legislation. The doctrine of "spoils" and the doctrine of "protection" both strive to benefit the part at the expense of the whole, which no national organism can ever permit. And the signs of the times are that each will be compelled to give way as the people more fully realize that "party rights" and "class rights" mean national wrongs.

When I say that the great body of young alumni are united upon the subject of protection, let me not be understood to say that we are united upon what would be called radical ground. We believe that the American people have heard a good deal of free-trade sophistry as well as protective sophistry. From the stump we hear free-traders appeal to class prejudice and hate. We hear the manufacturing classes attacked as robbers who are enriched by plundering the public. We believe that the public is impoverished, but to claim that labor and capital are better rewarded in protected industries than in any other is as decidedly the mark of the ignoramus as of the demagogue. Only when a moneyed lobby has controlled special legislation is there any division of plunder. And the industries thus protected will soon be so over-crowded that those who are engaged in them need "more protection" almost as much as they formerly needed any protection at all. It is for this reason that "protection which leads to free trade" is so generally a delusion. The wealth of the whole country depends upon the productiveness of its labor. The fallacy of protection is that it enriches a class while it impoverishes the nation. This, we hold, is bad philosophy, bad patriotism, and bad policy, and we claim that protection will always fail to benefit any class, while it will never fail to tax all classes.

From the professor's chair as well as from the politician's stump do we hear free-trade doctrines which we do not sanction. In fact, free-trade extremists

seem to have been the only ones to attract general attention. When a prominent professor, in writing for a prominent periodical, argues that all the wages paid in the protected industries are wasted because paid for work which we ought not to be engaged in, he does not have the support of the great body of the alumni. Most of us were brought up in the Republican party, and are conservative enough to believe that wages are not wholly wasted unless paid for work which is wholly unproductive. As a body, we believe in a conservative reform. All that we insist upon is that "conservatism" shall not mean stagnation.

These questions, upon which the young alumni are practically united, are questions upon which they will have considerable influence. Not only is practical good sense required, but a vast amount of investigation into the facts which relate to these problems. The American people have always overestimated our scholarship fully as much as they have underestimated our practical judgment, and they will be apt to attach some value to what we claim as the result of our investigations.

There is also another reason why our influence would be felt. Those who have managed the "machine" have been mistaken when they supposed that a false dignity kept us from becoming political workers. "Dignity" was never one of our vices. During our college days, when the fire department had turned out to throw water upon some already ruined barn, the regular workers of the machine were apt to curse our indifference and our criticisms. But when there was a real conflagration at hand, they found that we were as hard workers as the best of them. In the same way now, when the political machine shall be turned from its present uses and abuses into a power for the extermination of serious evils, we will take hold of it with a free-handed grasp instead of a "kid-gloved touch," and our "critical indifference" will give place to a whole-hearted enthusiasm.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Charles B. Spahr.

Two Notable Novels.*

I HAVE lately read two novels—or rather two fictions, for one of them, strictly speaking, is a romance rather than a novel—which struck me as being, in several ways, uncommonly interesting. Not the least interesting thing about them was the witness they bore of the prevalence of realism in the artistic atmosphere to such degree that two very differently gifted writers, having really something to say in the way of fiction, could not help giving it the realistic character. This was true no less of the romance than of the novel; and I fancied that neither the romancer nor the novelist had theorized much, if at all, in regard to the matter. Realism—the name is not particularly good—being almost the only literary movement of our time that has vitality in it, these two authors, who felt the new life in them, and were not mere literary survivals, became naturally part of it.

The novel was "The Story of a Country Town," and unless it shall have reached your readers in an Eastern republication, I imagine that I shall be giving most of

* *The Story of a Country Town.* By E. W. Howe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* *Miss Ludington's Sister.* By E. W. Bellamy. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

them the first news of it. The author is Mr. E. W. Howe, who is also the editor of an evening paper in Atchison, Kansas, and who printed and published the first edition of his novel himself. In his preface he tells, with a frankness that is at once manly and appealing, how he wrote the book at night, after his day's work on the newspaper was done; but it is with the novel, and not with the novelist, that we have to do at present. It is simply what it calls itself, the story of a country town in the West, which has so many features in common with country towns everywhere, that whoever has lived in one must recognize the grim truth of the picture. It does not lack its reliefs, — which are of a humorous rather than a joyous sort, — but is very grim nevertheless, and at times intolerably sad. Its earlier chapters represent the hard-worked, almost hopeless life of the women in a country neighborhood, and the plodding disappointment of the men, in whom toil and privation have quenched the light of dreams in which they came out to possess the new land. Out of this general sentiment are materialized certain types, certain characters. They are commonly good, and nearly always religious people, with a passion for religious observances and for Scriptural discussions; and their gloom, one feels, is a temporary but necessary condition, out of which the next generation is sure to emerge. The author has instinctively chosen the form which, next to the dramatic, is the most perfect, and supposes himself the narrator of the story. His mother is one of those worn, weary women; his father is the sternest of the religionists, who, after leading a life of merciless industry and perfect morality, breaks under the strain of the monotony and solitude at last, and abandons his wife for a woman whom he does not love. This tragedy does not develop till the scene of the story has changed from the country neighborhood to the country town,—Twin Mounds it is called; and here the narrator's father buys the local newspaper and sets about making it prosperous with tremendous energy, which finally achieves success. But his curse is on him, and he goes away to ruin and disgrace, while his wife and son remain to a sorrow and shame that are depicted with unsparing and heart-breaking fullness. The wretched man returns the night following the death of his wife, and, after looking on her dead face with his pitying and forgiving son, goes out into the snow-storm from which he has come, and is heard of no more. This Rev. John Westlock is the great figure of the book, and not Jo Erring, of whom the author is fond, and who finally comes near spoiling the strong, hard-headed, clear-conscioned story. Yet Jo Erring is admirably imagined,—or discovered,—and even in his sentimental excess and unbalance is true to the West, and to a new country. His timorous, bewildered wife, who has yet a strange, womanly dignity, is very courageously and powerfully drawn; there are many such women in the world, but they are new to fiction. She is scientifically derived from her father, too, and the misery into which they both fall is the result of a weakness to which one cannot help being tender. Jo Erring becomes insanely jealous of a reprobate with whom Mateel had a boy-and-girl engagement; he kills the man, and commits suicide in prison. All that is treated deplorably enough as regards the narrator's blindness to the fact that Jo is really a culpable

homicide; but on the artistic side, as regards the portrayal of character and conditions, there is no fault. The art is feeblest in the direction of Agnes, who is probably true to life, but seems rather more than the rest to have come out of books. Her termagant mother, on the other hand,—of whom we have scarcely more than a glimpse as she cuffs her way through a roomful of children,—and her uncle, the delicious cynic Lytle Biggs, with his frank philosophy and swindling life, are unmistakably out of the soil. It is not in the presentation of individuals, however, but rather in the realization of a whole order of things, that the strength of the book lies; and what I most admire in it is the apparently unconscious fearlessness with which all the facts of the case, good, bad, and indifferent, are recognized. Neither this thing nor that is exploited, but all things are simply and clearly portrayed. It is needless to note that, having something to say, the author has said it well; that follows. I do not care to praise his style, though, as far as that increasingly unimportant matter goes, it is well enough; but what I like in him is the sort of mere open humanness of his book. It has defects enough, which no one can read far without discovering; but, except in the case of Jo Erring, they are not important—certainly not such as to spoil any one's pleasure in a fiction which is of the kind most characteristic of our time, and which no student of our time hereafter can safely ignore. The book is full of simple homeliness, but is never vulgar. It does not flatter the West, nor paint its rough and rude traits as heroic; it perceives and states, and the results are perfectly imaginable American conditions, in which no trait of beauty or pathos is lost. There are charming things in it. Youth, with its ignorance, its ardor, its hopefulness and fearlessness, is more than once finely studied; and amidst the prevailing harshness and aridity there are episodes of tenderness and self-devotion that are like springs of water out of the ground. It is a fact so creditable to the community in which this remarkable novel was produced, without any aids of advertising or "favorable noticing," that I cannot forbear stating, at the risk of impertinence, that its uncommon quality was at once recognized, and the whole of the first edition sold there.

MR. BELLAMY works to an end very different in his romance, "Miss Ludington's Sister"; but he deals quite as frankly with his material, and has quite as little of that *mauvaise honte* which long prevented us from recognizing American conditions in the genteel presence of our English reviewers, as Mr. Howe. I observed that one of these critics lately arched a troubled eyebrow at a state of things presented in Mr. Bellamy's first story, "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," where apparently the drug-clerk and the gunsmith's apprentice are members of village society. A little while ago, and we would not have dared to betray this low fact. But Mr. Bellamy had touched upon it in the most matter-of-fact, casual way, and as something that needed neither defense nor explanation; and his transatlantic reviewer, by a heroic effort, succeeded in praising his book in spite of it, though his noble reluctance was plain. In fact, Mr. Bellamy has done in both of his romances about the only thing left for the romancer to do in our times, if he will be part of its

tendency: he has taken some of the crudest and most sordid traits of our life, and has produced from them an effect of the most delicate and airy romance. It always seemed to me that Hawthorne had some ironical or whimsical intention in his complaints of the unfriendliness of the American atmosphere and circumstance to his art; and the success of Mr. Bellamy, who is the first writer of romance in our environment worthy to be compared with Hawthorne, goes far to confirm me in this notion. By the boldness with which he treats our reality he wins a subtler effect for the fantastic and ideal when he introduces them. I think there can be in all fiction few stories more pathetic than "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," in which the poor lost girl seems to find, in the physician's invention for the extirpation of any given memory, release from the shame of her fall. It would be a pity to dull the interest of any reader who has not happened to meet with the book, and I will tell its story no further. Of course I shall not reveal the secret of "Miss Ludington's Sister," but it can do no harm to ask the reader to note with what skill the clew is kept from him, with what cunning the irrefragable chain of logic is forged, and with what consummate craft the possible and impossible are joined. All is told with the greatest quiet and plainness of manner, but there are moments when one's breath scarcely comes in the intense excitement of the situation: for example, where the medium suddenly dies in her trance, and the spirit which she has materialized remains in our world, bewildered, terrified, helpless. It is the earthly career of this strange being which fascinates the reader until the *éclaircissement* becomes almost intolerable; but, from first to last, nothing seems forced in character or situation. In this perhaps more daring flight of his imagination, Mr. Bellamy apparently finds himself no more embarrassed by fidelity to the every-day details of American life than he did in "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process." In both books these are treated with absolute unconsciousness of their difference from those of any other life. Up to a certain point it cannot be said that even Mr. Howe's novel is more realistic than Mr. Bellamy's romance, which, beyond that point, has earned the right to be as romantic as the author chooses. It indicates a direction in which a species of fiction, for which Hawthorne did so much that he may be almost said to have created it, can be continued and developed indefinitely. There is nothing antagonistic in realism to poetry or romance; perhaps the best and highest realism will be that which shall show us both of these where the feeble-thoughted and feeble-hearted imagine that they cannot exist. Mr. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" makes every stupid little American village poetic to the sympathetic witness, as geology renders every patch of earth historic; we grow indefinitely richer by such close and kindly study of human life, for if the study is close enough it is sure to be kindly; and realism is only a phase of humanity. Mr. Bellamy shows us that the fancy does not play less freely over our democratic levels than the picturesque inequalities of other civilizations, and both books enforce once more the fact that, whatever their comparative value may be, our own things are the best things for us to write of.

The new strength and the new freshness shown by

these authors are not rare among our younger writers. Mr. Lathrop shows both, for example, in that beautiful book of his, "An Echo of Passion"; and I have just been reading Miss Jewett's last volume of sketches with exactly the keen delight with which one would meet her farmer and sailor folk in the flesh and hear them talk. Indeed, one does meet them really in her book; and it would be easy to multiply instances on every hand of the recognition of the principle of realism in our fiction. The books of Mr. Howe and of Mr. Bellamy happen to be the latest evidences, as well as very striking performances apart from this.

W. D. Howells.

A Word with Countrywomen.

LIFE is a succession of choices. As some one has well said, "One cannot often have this *and* that, but this *or* that." We cannot, if we would, gather all the roses. There are too many of them. The question is, which to choose?

To choose and to hold fast to the very best that is within our individual reach — is not this the true philosophy of life? It is not a narrow or a selfish philosophy, surely, for we cannot share with our fellows what we ourselves do not possess. And do not we countrywomen sometimes fail to grasp the best because we are too eagerly striving to seize that which is of less value?

Is it not a mistake to let go of the quiet strength, the repose, the dignity of country life, in a feverish and ill-considered attempt to follow afar off the manners and customs of the town? In the first place, we cannot do it in any satisfactory way, even if we try. The conditions, the environment, as a certain clerical gentleman would say, are so different as to make it well-nigh impossible to ingraft upon the stock of country life the scions of city habits, city hours, city customs.

In the second place, if we could, *cui bono*?

Jenkins seems to have broken out, lately, in a new spasm of industry and enthusiasm. The daily papers — even such as, a very few years ago, would have considered it quite beneath their dignity to devote column after column to "society news," so called — now carry to the remotest hamlets among the hills or on the prairies minute details of Mrs. Midas's ball and Mrs. Grundy's reception, and of what the favored guests ate and drank and did and wore. Nobody finds fault with this. If there are those who care to read these details, thus getting brief and tantalizing glimpses of what they consider "high life," it is the privilege, and perhaps the duty, of the newspapers to supply the demand. But shall we vex our souls and wear out our bodies in vain attempts to copy, in a feeble and microscopic way, the doings of the above-mentioned ladies? Why not have our own ideas, our own standards, as to what is fit and becoming — not, perhaps, for Mrs. Midas, but for us?

Because Mrs. Midas, who dines at seven, finds it pleasant and convenient to receive her friends anywhere from nine to twelve, or later, why should we country-folk, who as a rule dine at one and have our cup of tea at six, think it necessary to yawn until nine or ten o'clock before we put on our best clothes and go to Mrs. Brown's party? Why make a burden of what might be a pleasure? Most people in the country find it necessary, or at least convenient, to breakfast as early as half-past seven. This certainly implies being in bed and asleep before the small hours.

Remember, I am not quarreling with Mrs. Midas. No doubt she orders her life after the manner that experience has proved most easy and comfortable — for her. But I fail to see why we, who are so differently situated, should consider it "the thing" to adopt her hours. Why should we go to parties at nine o'clock, when every mother's daughter of us knows it would be easier and more convenient to go at half-past seven?

Mrs. Midas has her retinue of a dozen servants — more or less. Yet, if she is to give a dinner of any pretension, she does not depend solely upon her household forces, but calls in aid from outside.

How is it in the country? The great majority of the women who read *THE CENTURY* keep one servant — at the most, two. The country housekeepers who are under bondage to more than two are the very rare exceptions. Why should we not entertain our friends with a simplicity commensurate with the service at our command? Simplicity is not meanness, it is not shabbiness, it is not inhospitality. It means just this: that, time and strength being limited quantities both for mistress and maid, many a woman who would delight to receive her friends cannot afford to spend two or three days in the kitchen concocting an array of delicacies for which, after all is done, very few people care a straw. Every hostess knows that man is an eating animal, and that some light refreshment greatly adds to the ease and pleasure of an evening entertainment. But why is an elaborate supper necessary on every occasion? If a dozen of your friends pass the evening with you, for a little music, or conversation, or whist, or what not, the chances are that not one of them would have thought of tasting anything if they had staid at home.

Since the appearance of a certain "Open Letter" in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1883, touching upon some phases of country life, many women have appealed to the writer for advice as to forming literary clubs and societies of one sort and another. Ladies, let me say this, right here: Set your faces as a flint against any proposition for having "refreshments."

"Oh, but," says some one, "it would be so pleasant to have coffee and sandwiches, or chocolate and sponge-cake, or something! We might confine ourselves to one or two things."

Yes, you might, if you would. But the trouble is, you will not. First one member will break over the rule and add a salad to the coffee and sandwiches; next week her neighbor will add scalloped oysters to the salad; and so it will grow as it goes, until the main object of your society is overshadowed by the eating business, and your Reading-circle, your Musical, your Fortnightly, becomes a burden. Finally, the members begin to say, "Oh, Mrs. President, I am so sorry, but my cook has given warning, and I can't possibly have the club this week." And ten to one, the club dies in three months. All which trouble will be avoided if you make up your minds to meet together and study, or read, or sing, or play, without being confronted with the grim necessity of providing something to eat.

Not long ago a journal of wide circulation printed words to this effect (I quote from memory): "Whatever a housekeeper does, or leaves undone, let her remember this: No lady who makes any pretensions to living elegantly, or even handsomely, will allow a

napkin to appear upon her table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained."

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is without doubt exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers, and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses, and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone, it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day—or anything else that may stand as their equivalent—and the new book, or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides,—then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have—they may absorb into their own beings—the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

LETTER FROM A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER.

THE CENTURY for June contains an extract from the diary of Miss Stone during the war in Egypt of 1882. The extract is preceded by an introductory letter from her father, Stone Pasha, which I think ought not to be accepted as final.

The Pasha's important position in the Egyptian army, held for so many years, his extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and his own character, combine to give his expressed opinion an almost overwhelming weight. This opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt, which, it seems to me, are merely stated and not proved.

I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolsley's staff as military and naval attaché. My own observations lead me to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha; and as no one else appears likely to question the accuracy of his *dictum*, I venture, very reluctantly, to suggest that the peculiar circumstances of the case may have caused him to say more than is, perhaps, capable of demonstration to others.

The newspapers, during the early part of July, 1882, may be cited as recording the almost universal belief that hostilities were certain to break out at Alexandria—the only difficulty being in fixing an exact date. The stampede of foreigners which followed the massacre of June 11 was largely due to this belief, and was encouraged by the British Government, which furnished free transportation as far as Malta to thousands of its citizens. The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre. It was, however, delayed for a whole month. I submit that ample opportunity was afforded to all, who *really* desired it, to leave the country.

Furthermore, Stone Pasha is on record in his daughter's diary, under date of July 8th, as expecting Admiral Seymour to bombard Alexandria. Knowing as he did, to use the words of his introductory letter, that "the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality," his duty to his family seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, perfectly clear. He reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it. The responsibility was his own; nor can he now complain if the solution was fraught with discomfort and danger to those near and dear to him.

That a foreign squadron on a confessedly hostile mission should give the extended notice of bombardment, with its possibilities of aggressive preparation, urged by Stone Pasha, is a new doctrine. More notice than the technical twenty-four or the actual forty hours (according to the introductory letter) was, however, practically given to Stone Pasha. On the 6th of July Admiral Seymour sent the following letter to the Military Governor of Alexandria:

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency that it has been officially reported to me that yesterday two

or more additional guns were mounted on the sea defenses, and that other warlike preparations are being made on the northern face of Alexandria against the squadron under my command. Under the circumstances, I have to notify your Excellency that unless such proceedings be discontinued, or if, having been discontinued, they should be renewed, it will become my duty to open fire on the works in course of construction."

In view of his position at court, Stone Pasha could not have been ignorant of this letter, nor of the certainty that its menace would be followed by energetic action, even if the correspondence had been confidential. Yet he postponed bringing his family within reach of the American fleet, where they would have been gladly welcomed; and even after the *ultimatum* was issued, while there was still time for them to take the train from Cairo on the 10th, he decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment. An efficient escort might surely have been found among the members of his staff to whose loyalty he and his family bear such willing testimony.

The objection that the ships of refuge were to quit the harbor three hours before the arrival of the train in Alexandria is not worthy of Stone Pasha. My own vessel, for instance, moved on July 10th from a mile and a half inside the end of the breakwater to a like distance outside, where, except that the pull in a man-of-war's boat would have been longer by three miles, the refuge was precisely as accessible on that day as the day previous.

The complaint that "all British subjects had been carefully sent away" implies what I am sorry to say is but too true—that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens. The statement is at once a compliment to Great Britain and a reproach to other nations.

In view of what I have already said, I cannot perceive that the extension from forty to forty-eight hours of the notice to bombard would have caused people to leave Egypt who had already made up their minds to accept the risk of staying in any event; nor, *passim*, do I think that it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children "perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town," as Stone Pasha states.

The history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet, but those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a *so-called massacre*.

I know that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as far as was possible. I was myself surprised at the small extent of the damage it sustained, and I venture to think that trustworthy returns would not bear out the Pasha's statement that, "during the Christian bombardment of Alexandria, scores of Egyptian women and children perished"; while I am sure that by none would such a fact have been more deplored than by the people in the attacking fleet.

If I have made it appear at least open to discussion whether or no the British were guilty of "barbarous disregard . . . of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities," etc., and have shown that the bombard-

ment did not take place, as it were, *on the sly*, I shall need no other apology for this tax upon your time and patience.

Very truly yours,

C. F. Goodrich,
Lieut.-Commander U. S. N.

A Sign of the Times in Lexicography.*

THE chief merit of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" is suggested by its title—it is the first thoroughly systematic and exhaustive *history* ever attempted of the words of a language. The principle upon which it is based is, of course, not new. The idea that lexicography is at bottom history, and demands historical accuracy and completeness, is conspicuous in Grimm and Littré, and, in fact, lies at the basis of every great modern lexicon. But the task of accumulating all the facts which constitute the history of words is so vast, incompleteness is apparently so inevitable, and it is so much easier to analyze and pass judgment upon contemporary or classical usage than to show by what steps it was reached, that even Littré, the greatest of modern lexicographers, virtually abandoned the purely historical field. To have highly resolved to realize the historical idea in all its fullness, and to have carried that resolve into successful execution, is the great merit of the Philological Society and of Dr. Murray. Their dictionary breathes a new atmosphere and is animated by a new spirit. With its great rivals, Littré and Grimm, it feels that the language—the French or German—of the present forms a limit up to which the past leads, but beyond which it does not point. "Contemporary usage," says Littré (preface), "is the first and principal object of a dictionary." The prime value of the word-history of the past is, he thinks, to establish the usage of the present; and this present usage seems, for him, to have in it a certain completeness, ultimateness, and sacredness. But the "New Dictionary" lifts us over this barrier, and shows us that present usage is only an imaginary section of the great stream of linguistic changes flowing toward us from the past and away into the future. It places us upon the summit of philosophic history, for which past, present, and future are more or less arbitrary divisions of one comprehensive view. Of the scholarship, toil, self-sacrifice, genius, by which this summit has been reached, it is unnecessary to speak.

This broad, philosophic view of its theme gives to the Philological Society's work a significance beyond that which belongs to it within its special province. It marks the movement of another department of thought into line with those sciences which have surrendered themselves wholly to the scientific spirit of the age; which recognize truth as existing in fact alone, and in the *whole* fact, and have turned resolutely away from individual inspiration, feeling, preference, to impersonal observation, analysis, and induction. How far at least English lexicography has hitherto been from this position, every one knows. Johnson's dictionary is hardly more a work of *science* than is "Sar-

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL. D., President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Part I. A-ANT. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

tor Resartus"; nor do Richardson, Latham, and the rest come much nearer the scientific ideal. They are monuments of literary taste, skill, knowledge, and even of genius, but they are not truly scientific; for not one of them recognizes that, as a man of science, the lexicographer has no right to express an opinion until all the facts upon which that opinion *ought* to be founded are before him. They exhibit everywhere the freedom of the *littérateur*. But the editors of the "New Dictionary" have proceeded differently. First, with the aid of hundreds of others, they have collected millions of facts, and only when these were all in their hands have they ventured to express their opinions as to the meaning of any. This is the true scientific spirit; and that it has taken firm hold of lexicography in all its branches is indicated by the similar scheme for a great Latin lexicon, which is being carried into execution by Professor Wölfflin. Is not this a sign of the times. And may we not hope that the same spirit will soon drive out the personal element, the arbitrariness of individual opinion and feeling, from the remaining departments of scientific thought, from literary criticism, aesthetics, biography, and philosophy? Certainly the fact that over one thousand persons (readers) have been found who have not only appreciated the scientific aim which the Philological Society has set before them, but have also enthusiastically devoted themselves to its promotion, ought to encourage those who are working for this grand result.

Detailed criticism of the book will undoubtedly reveal many errors. In the relatively small part of it (A-Ant) which has been published, critics have already discovered a number of omissions and other more serious imperfections. But the critics and all will do well to bear in mind what Dr. Murray, in a recent number of "Notes and Queries," suggests, that omissions are due not so much to those who *did* accept his general invitation to work as to those who *did not*. There is yet time for repentance. Let all who have any information which can be of use to Dr. Murray send it to him at once. S.

Recent Inventions.—Domestic Refrigeration.

A LOW temperature is often a sanitary necessity. The germs of disease can be controlled or destroyed by lowering the temperature. So clearly is this now seen that the power to lower the temperature of the air has come to be regarded in both the cure and prevention of disease. In all these domestic and sanitary applications of cold or refrigeration, ice has been the only material employed. In breweries, packing establishments, and abattoirs where refrigeration is required upon a large scale, or, in other words, where very great quantities of ice must be used, artificial refrigeration has in a large measure taken the place of natural ice.

Natural ice has several serious objections. It is heavy and cumbersome, wet and sloppy, exceedingly wasteful, and may be the vehicle for disease. These objections are so serious that the question is now raised whether in our larger cities mechanical refrigeration would not be safer, cheaper, and better. Intensely cold liquids or air chilled to many degrees below zero can now be delivered from a central station through pipes in the streets to all the houses within

any moderate area, say two blocks in every direction. The lofty apartment houses, accommodating in some instances one hundred families under one roof, can with equal facility deliver from a machine in the cellar any required degree of cold in the pantry or store-room of every tenant in the building. These refrigeration machines are now on a firm technical and commercial basis, and can be as safely depended on to do the work required as any ordinary machinery. Two types of these machines are made and used in New York; and from an examination of a number in actual operation it may be safely predicted that they will in time be largely used to supply domestic refrigerators in place of ice. These two classes of machines are the anhydrous-ammonia machines and the compressed-air machines. In theory the anhydrous-ammonia machines produce cold upon the following circle of operations. The ammonia is compressed in a compressor driven by a steam-engine. The immediate result, as in all compression, is heat. If now this heat is extracted by passing the ammonia through pipes cooled by water, the ammonia will be in the form of a liquid under pressure, and both eager to expand and greedy for heat. If it is now allowed to expand and to return to the form of a gas, it will absorb heat from everything near it. If allowed to expand in pipes submerged in water, the water will immediately freeze. By mixing salt with the water, it will part with its heat and become intensely cold without freezing. If the machine is to make ice, it is only necessary to sink metal cans filled with pure water in this cold brine, and they are soon frozen, and when lifted out can be dipped in warm water and the solid block of ice will fall out. If it is not intended to make ice, but only to refrigerate a meat-safe, or cold-storage room, it is only necessary to place coils of pipe in the chill-room and to pump the cold brine through them, when the brine will absorb the heat of the room and lower the temperature to any degree required. In a cold-storage warehouse examined, the temperatures ranged in the different rooms (according to the material stored in them) from eighteen above zero to forty above, each room being of a fixed temperature. In the colder rooms fish and poultry frozen hard were said to have been in that condition for many months.

The compressed-air machines are in theory essentially the same. The machines examined are known as the "dense-air" machines, the air following a closed circle and never expanding to the normal atmospheric pressure as in some of the European machines. Air is compressed by a steam-engine, developing heat which is removed by passing the air through pipes submerged in cold water. It is then allowed to expand, but in a wholly different manner from the ammonia machines. The air expands in a motor while doing work, and this motor is directly coupled with the steam-engine and assists it to drive the compressor. The exhaust of this air-engine is intensely cold. Two methods may now be pursued. The cold air may be led through pipes in a tank of brine and the brine circulated through the cold rooms, or the air-pipes may pass through the rooms and be the immediate agent of refrigeration. The air is not allowed to escape in the circle, but is condensed to a pressure of two hundred and twenty pounds to the inch, and expands in

the air-engine to a pressure of sixty pounds to the inch. In the machine examined, the temperature of the air in the pipes was, on starting the engine, sixty-four degrees Fahr., and in twenty minutes had fallen to thirty-two below zero, while in a few minutes after starting the pipes in the brine-tank were coated with frost.

There seems to be no reason why both of these types of machines may not be used to supply cold to domestic refrigerators by circulating either brine or cold air through a coil of pipes. The system would certainly be clearly safe in a sanitary sense (for only brine or air enters the house in closed pipes), and probably cheaper than ice. All the refrigerators in the stalls of the new Washington Market are to be kept cold by pipes filled with brine sent from a central station through the streets. One large apartment house has already this plan under consideration for supplying cold to all the tenants.

Charles Barnard.

Booth's Escape.

HAVING read the account of Booth's escape from Maryland into Virginia, in your April number, I cannot let the matter pass without correcting some errors in the narrative, as far as concerns the adventures of the fugitive and his appearance at Dr. Stuart's.

I was a guest at the home of Dr. Richard Stuart (not Stewart) when the unfortunate man came to the house. He asked to see Dr. Stuart, saying that he "was suffering from a broken leg, and wanted medical aid." The family had just risen from the evening meal (supper, not breakfast); there were a number of friends in the house just returned from Lee's army; every room and bed was occupied. Dr. Stuart was absent. Mrs. Stuart received the two men,—none of us knew who they were,—and, according to the usual custom of the family, they were invited in and given their supper. Booth, as one of them afterward proved to be, requested lodging. It was impossible to accommodate him, nor would any one unknown to the family have been taken in. A party of strangers who had been entertained on a former occasion proved to be spies. They afterward arrested Dr. Stuart, and conveyed him to the Old Capitol Prison, where he had remained many weary months. Profiting by this experience, no one was ever afterward received under suspicious circumstances, such as surrounded these men.

At bed-time the strangers were shown the way to the house of a respectable colored woman—a tenant of the Doctor's—near by, who had a spare room, where they slept that night. It frequently occurred that belated travelers were lodged there.

Dr. Stuart's fortunate absence in all probability saved the whole family from prison; and Mr. Townsend has neglected to state that, although the Doctor was away from home, and in fact never saw Booth, at that time or subsequent thereto, he was for this simple act of hospitality on the part of his family arrested again and thrown into solitary confinement, where he remained many weeks.

The letter which Mr. Townsend mentions was written from the woman's house, and though couched in polite but sorrowful language, interlarded with quotations from Shakspeare, was very mortifying to the family. However, it afterward proved to be the key which opened the prison doors to the Doctor—a noble Christian gentleman, the very soul of hospitality, a man who was never known to turn from his door the poor, the unfortunate, or the distressed.

Although the shot fired in the theater by Booth was the greatest disaster that ever befell the Southern people,—I do not except the fall of Richmond or the surrender of Lee,—yet to my dying day I can never think but with pity of the sad, handsome face of the poor wanderer as, with all hope dead within him, suffering agony in body and mind, leaning upon a broken oar, and wrapped in a heavy fringed shawl, which fell in graceful folds from his right shoulder, he slowly and painfully passed out into the night.

E. G. D. G.

Church Music: A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Robinson.

MY DEAR SIR: No one interested in church music can be otherwise than edified by your admirable letter in *THE CENTURY* for April. The error in it is, however, fundamental. You write of church congregations as assembled *for the worship of God*. Nothing could be further from the truth. The buildings and trimmings of churches are simply the survival of a practice around which a multitude of pleasant and tender recollections twine, but the true and original spirit of which has utterly perished. Indeed, the churches have very aptly been styled the dress-parade of modern civilization. Leaving out of sight, for argument, the consideration of the purpose for which people are in theory supposed to attend churches, and falling back on your own actual personal experience, ask yourself what are the real objects which engage the thoughts and attention of the persons whom you yourself actually know. Unless your experience differs vastly from mine, you will admit that these objects are, at one end of the church, dignified and polished oratory; at the other, sensuous and ravishing strains of music; and in the territory between, unexceptionable manners and rich and stylish apparel. When people are leaving church, what subjects other than these form the staple of conversation? And when the clergyman makes a "pastoral" (!) visit, in what other topics does he hope to interest his parishioners? I say it without a particle of irreverence, and with no desire to wound the feelings of any one, that modern church-going is simply a form of decorous Sunday amusement, differing only in degrees from the so-called "sacred" concert. If this be so, as I am very sure it is, and if it be found that the best music is furnished by foreigners, why should the easy-going German and the dark-browed son of Italy be banished from our organ-lofts? And if people want fine music, good oratory, and brave millinery, why should they not have them?

Sincerely yours,

A Pew-owner.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Countrywoman of Mine.

HANDSOME? I hardly know. Her profile's fine—
Delightful, intellectual, aquiline.

Her keen eyes light it—keen, yet often kind;
Her fair hair crowns it to an artist's mind.

Fine figure and fine manners, without doubt,
Determine half her charm, and bear me out.

Learned? Well, rather. See them for yourself—
Mill, Spencer, Darwin, on her favorite shelf.

Well-educated, certainly well-read;
Well-born, of course, and (not of course) well-bred.

Provincial? Never. Cockney? Not at all.
Her world is small enough, yet not too small.

To prove she knows it, only watch awhile
That humorous, tender, half-sarcastic smile.

Accomplished? She says not, but who can tell?
She does some simple things, and does them well.

She walks well, stands well, sits well—things so rare,
To praise as they deserve I hardly dare!

She rows, rides, dances—admirably done!
Delights in each, and yet depends on none.

What to take up she knows, and what to drop;
How to say clever things, and when to stop.

Few dress so well; she does what few can do—
Forgets what she has on—and so do you!

She's not too careless, not conventional quite;
Does what she likes—knows what she does is right.

Takes New World freedoms with the Old World ease:
She's but to please herself the world to please.

Elaine Goodale.

"That Bugle-Call."

HE was a stern and proud old man,
With a courtly air and grace,
And it was his boast that he never forgot
A once-known name or face.

A soldier every inch of him,
And he had a goodly store
Of stories of "When I was serving, sir,
With Scott, in the Mexican War."

A popular diner-out was he,
And once, as it befell,
Old comrades carried him off to dine
In state at the town's hotel.

The dinner was good, and the wine was good;
His stories raised a shout;
When suddenly, under the balcony,
A bugle-call rang out.

Once, twice, and thrice on the evening air
Its soul-thrilling notes were borne,
And the Major asked, with a frowning face,
"Who's tooting that old stage-horn?"

"What stage leaves here at this time of night?"

Then a comrade sadly said:
"Why, Major! it's old Buck Blowaway,
The fellow we thought was dead!"

No light came into the Major's face;
He tried to raise a smile,
As he said—with his usual courtly grace—
"I—don't recall his style!"

A murmur rose from the crowd outside;
Said the comrade then, "Oh—well!
That's the very 'To Boot and Saddle' he played
The day Cerro Gordo fell!"

The Major sprang to the balcony,
The crowd gave a mighty shout;
The fire of youth was in his eye,
And his words rolled grandly out.

"My friends! when I heard that bugle-call,
After all these many years,
It waked an echo of memory,
Which thrilled my old heart! [Cheers.]

"Afar in the pathless wilderness,
Where the weary traveler steers
His way by the stars, had I heard that note,
'Twould have waked that echo! [Cheers.]

"It has rung as we marched to victory,
It has raised us above all fears;
It has never sounded 'Retreat,' my friends—
Old Buck couldn't learn that! [Cheers.]

"Not another man in the world could call
To these dry old eyes the tears
As old Buck has done with his bugle-blast!"
[Tremendous, deafening cheers!]

Margaret Vandegrift.

The Mouse and the Lion.

ONE summer day, a hungry little mouse,
Who thoroughly had searched all through the house,
Looking in vain for some small bit or scrap,
Went out-of-doors, and fell into a trap.

'Twas nicely baited with a piece of cheese;
The door stood wide; he crept with perfect ease
Close up to where the tempting morsel hung,—
One nibble, and the cruel trap was sprung.

Just then a noble lion he chanced to see,
Who traveled with a large menagerie,
And early every morning left his lair
And strolled about to take the country air.

With trembling voice he called on him for aid.
"Why, certainly, of course," the lion said.
"It seems some thousand years or so ago
Your ancestor helped one of mine, you know.

"It now becomes my duty to repay
The favor shown to him, without delay."
He raised his foot, and with his mighty tread
He crushed the trap, and left poor mouse—dead.

It oft occurs that over-zealous friends,
Who strive to help us to attain our ends,
With very best intentions overdo it,
And often give us ample cause to rue it.

Robert S. Talcott.

A Bar Harbor Idyl.

THEY met at breakfast—she as sweet
As newly opened morning-glory;
And he a "little god" complete—
A mutual "hit!"—the old, old story!
His eager gaze, his candid stare,
Said more than Harvard lip could utter;
She read his thoughts, and, blushing rare,
Ingenuously passed the butter.

They took a pull up Frenchman's Bay,
He at the oars, she sternly steering;
Had Yale but seen his stroke that day!
Her face at each recover nearing,
A half-forbidding air it took,
But he, the mute rebuke defying,
Cried "Pardon! but I always look
Where I see Harvard's color flying."

They drove, of course, to Schooner Head.
—Ah, boys are bold, but maids are mockers!—
She with Manhattan coyness said:
"How nice you look in knickerbockers!"
He reddened, turned, she caught his eye,
Then with the reins his fingers fumbled;
She touched his arm with half a sigh,
And—well—in fact, he almost "tumbled."

When eve had all her burners lit,
Down the plank walk they promenaded;
The bats across their path would flit,
But bats that night he disregarded;
The moon o'er Ironbound shone clear;
From boat to boat sweet notes were calling;
Yet scarce a whisper reached her ear
Save "Let's go back; the dew is falling!"

Next morning saw them at the pier,—
The wary youth, the pretty schemer;
Her sapphire eyes wrung out a tear
As he, reluctant, took the steamer:
The plank is drawn, the paddles whirl,
He turns no longer to distress her.—
Well! he secured an Annex girl,
And she beguiled a Yale professor.

Edward A. Church.

A Fair Attorney.

ALAS! the world has gone awry
Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
For she has grown so learned I
Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo her now
She frowns that I should so annoy her,
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
A sunny waif from Eldorado;
I've learned how true the poet sings,
That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel,
I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
Strange birds that never plumed their backs
When Father Noah braved the billow.

Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
The splendid triumphs that await her,
When, in the court, a breathless hush
Gives homage to the keen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing *noes*
From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
Should have her heart bound up in leather.
'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,
Though Pallas' arms the Fair environ;
But worse to have her quoting Kent
When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
No barrister will pick a flaw
In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the Judge will set his cap
At her, and dream of love Elysian.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Her Bonnet.

WHEN meeting-bells began to toll,
And pious folk began to pass,
She deftly tied her bonnet on,
The little, sober meeting-lass,
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her
tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonnet did not make her fair;—
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring
such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
And set the bows beneath her chin;—
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away before the sermon
should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preached word,
Demurely, in her father's pew,
She thought about her bonnet still,—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—
About its pretty bows and buds which better than
the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
The reflex of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint,—
And maybe was one, on the whole,—
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.

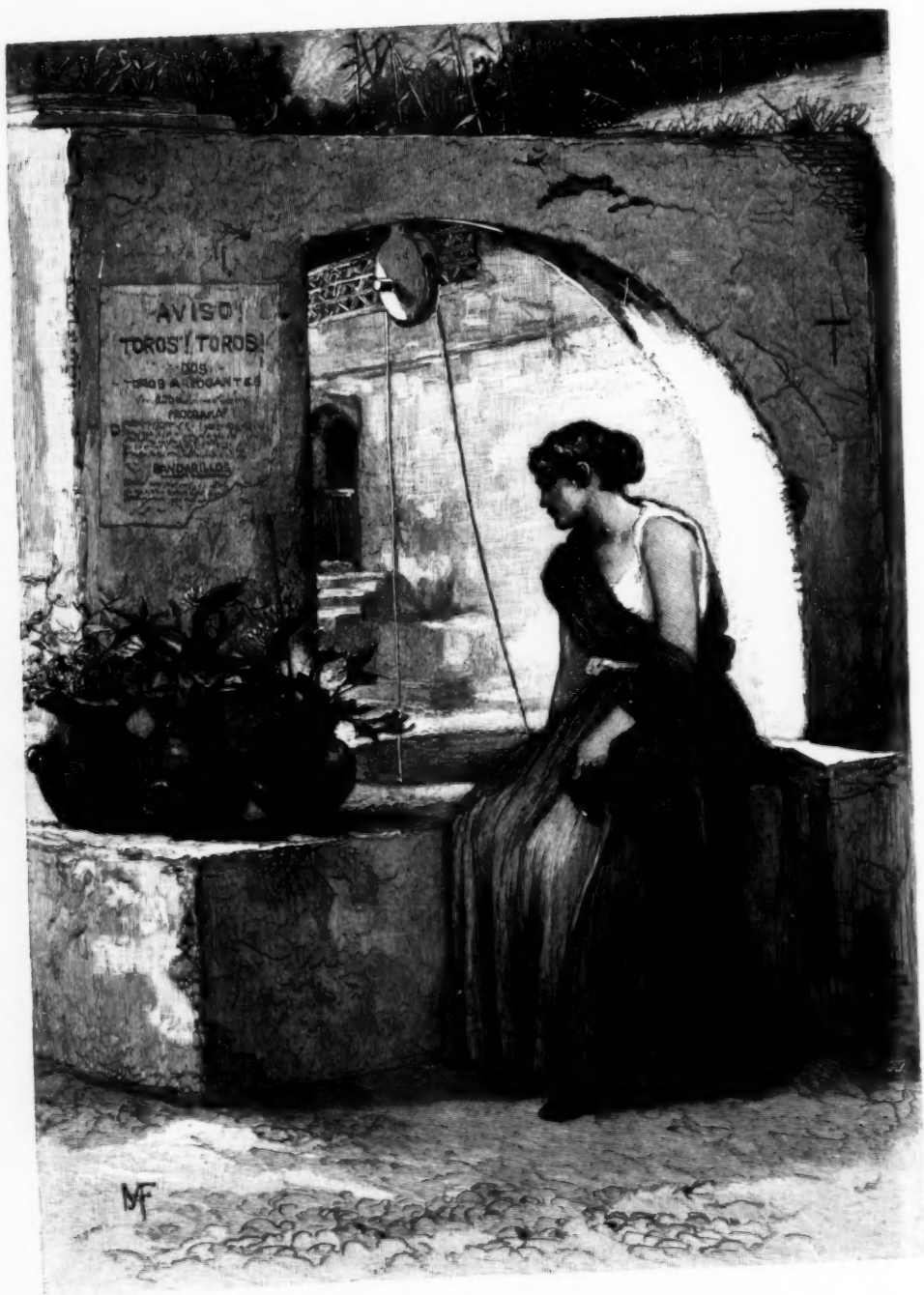
Mary E. Wilkins.

A Portrait.

MADAME, at sound of Gabriel's trump,
Would give no vulgar start nor jump,
But slowly rise with tranquil grace,
Lay all her pinion plumes in place,
Make them secure with safety-pins,
Account to Heaven for her sins,
And take the Paradisiac road,
A charming angel *à la mode*.

Edith Lapham.

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PANCHA.

[DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.]